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VOL. XXXIII
NO. V

Everybody's MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER
1915

SET *the* EAGLE FREE!

by

EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

If this article convinces you that two-fifths of our defense money—$100,000,000—is dumped annually into the Pork Barrel, will you—you, individually—act?

How?

Write to your Congressman. The Eagle needs the entire five-fifths of our present appropriation, and more. Let's see that he gets it.

Next month EVERYBODY'S will present the program outlined by the best Army and Navy experts to insure Adequate National Defense. It is complete—we can afford it—and it doesn't militarize us.—THE EDITORS.

IF WE could reach out to-day and get back all the defense money that Congress has wasted on pork-barrel appropriations and log-rollings, we should have a colossal fund, running into hundreds of millions. If we could turn all this money into the military channels where it should have gone, we could have an Army and Navy of sufficient strength to back up the honor of the United States.

The wasters of our defense money have done incredible damage to our Army and Navy; and they have done it in the face of repeated exposures and recommendations. It is no exaggeration to estimate that $80-000,000 a year is utterly wasted, out of the $250,000,000 we are spending for defense. The waste more likely is $100,000,000. We are spending this latter sum for our Army, and haven't a respectable one. The Navy is in better repute, but even this is disorganized and inadequate. It has fallen to third place among navies. As to submarines and air-craft—so vital in modern defense—it is ridiculous. In both our Navy and Army, aeronautics have been neglected because funds are diverted to waste in other directions.

We now confront the probability of getting a larger Army and Navy at the hands of Congress. We must. Our Army is defenseless against an invading force such as an enemy could send, once we lost control of the coast-line. And, in the opinion of many naval authorities, we have already lost that control. We must have additional tens of millions of dollars. Now is the time for the new millions, so far as possible,

Photograph on this page from American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.

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to go into real defense funds, and for the old wastage to stop.

Suppose, for illustration, that an industrial corporation, capitalized at millions, were to establish its principal plant at Washington, D. C. Then suppose it started out and established forty-nine branch factories all over the country, without any regard for markets, raw material, or labor conditions.

And then suppose that, after years of ruinous expenditures to maintain these forty-nine plants, a committee of the directors was appointed to find out how many of the factories were really needed. Suppose this committee discovered that, by concentrating the factories into eight and relocating some of them, five and a half million dollars in maintenance charges could be saved every year. Suppose the committee showed that in six years the saving would pay for the expense of the change, even without counting the funds that would come from the sale of real estate. But, above all, suppose that this reorganization of the business was recommended with a view to the highest strategy of future markets.

What would you think of the managers of the business if they went right along in the same way year after year and spent that five and a half million dollars in the same old way?

Yet that is exactly what the managers of our fighting funds—our Senators and Representatives in Congress—have done.

POLITICAL ARMY POSTS

They have done it for political reasons. The present absurd division of the Army into forty-odd posts is due to the greed of people and politicians to keep Army and construction pay-rolls in their districts. For the same reason, the expenditures on buildings and grounds have been swelled tremendously. These are the methods that have left us without an Army worthy of the name. The Army itself has fought these policies, and officers as eminent as Major-General Leonard Wood have been the most radical critics.

Now this five and one-half million dollars a year is only a fraction of our annual waste of military money, but for the moment let us pass the other wastes. In 1912 the War College, an institution of the United States Army, presented the results of a study of the Army posts, as instituted by Henry L. Stimson, then Secretary of War.

The War College showed in detail how, by concentrating the posts, five and a half million dollars a year could be saved in supplies, heating apparatus, lighting, cold storage, transportation, roads, hospitals, etc.

This saving of five and a half million dollars a year was not recommended simply from the standpoint of financial economy, but merely as incidental to military efficiency—national protection. It was pointed out that most of the Army posts, scattered through twenty-four states, were unnecessary and obsolete. They were not located with any view to invasion or strategy, but were being maintained so that the money might go into the districts of Senators and Representatives in Congress.

It was recommended that these forty-nine Army posts be concentrated into eight, with a relocation of some of the posts so as to protect the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards, and to form nuclei, between the Great Lakes and the Rio Grande, for reserves and for the development of the National Guard and volunteer forces. In this report of the War College eighteen posts were recommended definitely for abandonment, as grossly extravagant and inefficient from a tactical standpoint. Practically the same recommendations were made as to many other posts.

That was three years ago. What has Congress done toward bringing about the necessary military efficiency of our Army-post system, or toward saving that five and a half million dollars a year in maintenance?

Absolutely nothing! Not a single preliminary step has been taken. If Congress at its coming session provides fifty or a hundred million dollars additional, this money will go, in some measure, into these worthless and costly "forts."

The whole fabric of waste is so big and complicated that it almost defies description, but a few typical instances may be cited. Thus, for reasons purely local, such as protection against Indians (!), we have spent twenty million dollars on Forts Apache, Clark, Huachuca, Mackenzie, Meade, Missoula, Robinson, Sill, D. A. Russell, Douglas, Leavenworth, Riley, and Snelling.

In the last fourteen years we have spent some seven million dollars without reference to any plan of military expediency,

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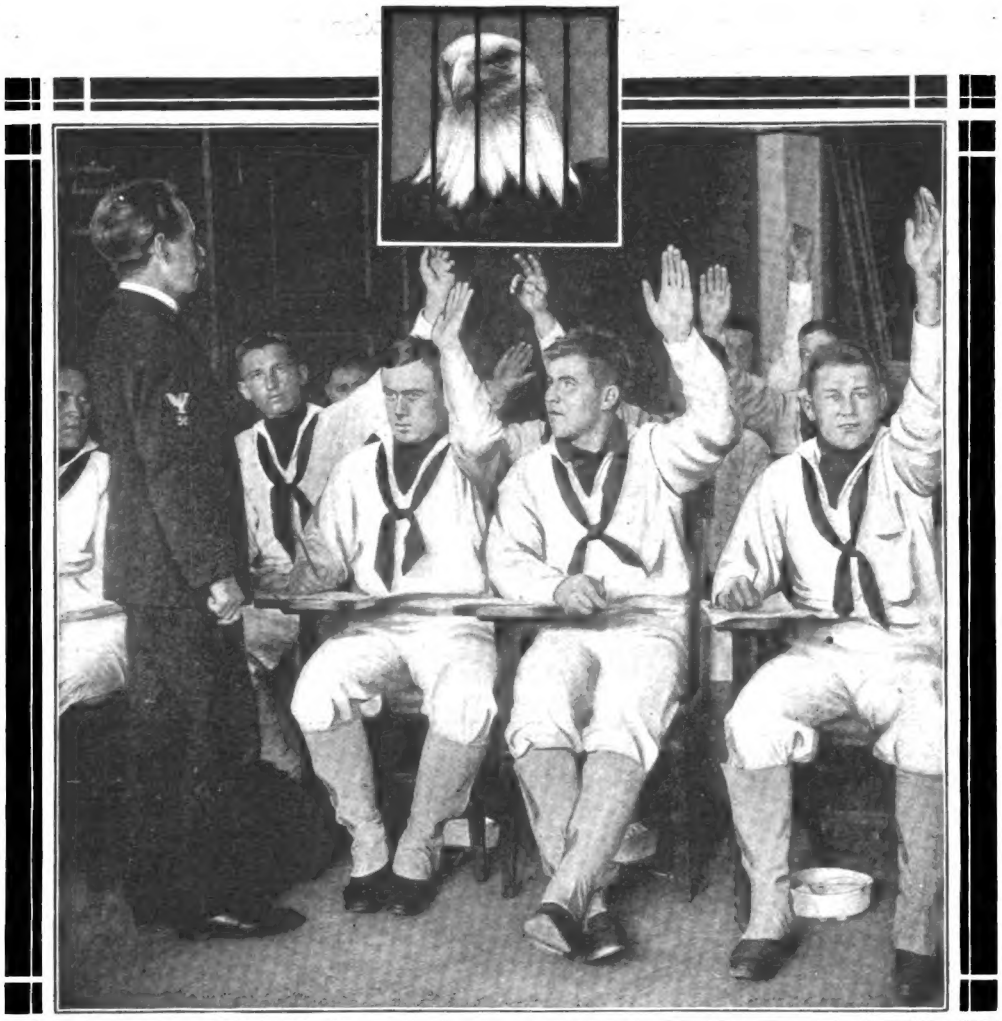

Photograph from Brown Brothers, N. Y.

THE NAVAL TRAINING STATION ON LAKE MICHIGAN, WHERE THERE ARE NO WARSHIPS, HAS COST NEARLY FOUR MILLIONS. ITS CAPACITY IS FOUR THOUSAND MEN. IT HAS NEVER HAD MORE THAN SIX HUNDRED.

in constructing eight army posts in Indiana, Georgia, Iowa, California, Oklahoma, and Alaska.

Imagine an industrial corporation going out deliberately and, on top of a long chain of unprofitable branch factories, establishing eight more without the slightest study of the strategy of location or of markets.

In the same fourteen years Congress has spent an additional thirty-five million dollars, mostly for construction work, on thirty-one other posts—still without any military plan, and without any financial plan of economy. No industrial concern could withstand such gross mismanagement.

Take a few notorious instances. They are not reflections upon the motives of any particular persons or upon their performance of their duties, but are rather indictments of the wasteful system under which our defense funds are spent.

About six million dollars have gone into Fort D. A. Russell at Cheyenne, Wyoming, the home of Senator Francis E. Warren, stock-raiser, once mayor of Cheyenne, former

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governor, and for many years chairman or member of the Senate Military Committee. Almost five million dollars of this money went into construction work in the ten years ending in 1911. The post was established in 1867 to protect the builders of the Union Pacific against savages. For decades it has been of little military use, a monstrosity of the Army that is very costly to maintain. It is a fine example, too, of log-rolling. Cheyenne, it is said, gets this post and in return the Army receives a Congressional approval of its general staff organization. This latter is of the greatest advantage, but that sort of trading in Congress is pernicious and indefensible.

Not satisfied with this post that doesn't help protect the nation with strategic effectiveness, Senator Warren and his colleagues have stood for the establishment of a new post at Sheridan, Wyoming, which the War College recommended three years ago for abandonment. It has cost us a million and a quarter.

Does Congress intend to abandon either Fort D. A. Russell or Fort Mackenzie? Not unless the people of Wyoming and other states are patriotic enough to put national defense ahead of local financial benefits. Yet it is the money of the whole people that is being spent there.

For many years John A. T. Hull, of Des Moines, Iowa, was a member of the Military Committee of the House of Representatives. In Iowa he had been Secretary of State, Lieutenant Governor, farmer, manufacturer and banker. Fort Des Moines was established without the recommendation of the War Department, but by act of Congress. Why? Because the people out there wanted some of the "pork" that could be had so easily—some of the national defense money.

William H. Rau, Philadelphia. Photograph from Brown Brothers, N. Y.

THE LEAGUE ISLAND NAVY YARD, NEAR PHILADELPHIA, HAS COST THIRTEEN MILLIONS. IT IS INACCESSIBLE TO PART OF THE NAVY.

Fort Des Moines, which has cost to date something like a million and a half dollars, was located, as the war studies show, without any regard for the fact that Fort Omaha, Fort Crook, Fort Leavenworth, and Fort Des Moines itself are within a hundred miles of a common center.

United States Senator Thomas H. Carter came from Helena, Montana. He was a lawyer, and Montana's first representative in Congress. Now out in Montana was Fort Assiniboine, which has cost the country a million dollars. Some of the opposition to worthless

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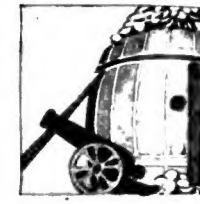


Army posts has been effective from time to time, in a small way, and somehow it happened that Fort Assiniboine was abandoned. But Montana was thought to be entitled to some of the Army money anyway, and hence Fort William Henry Harrison at Helena. Congress spent half a million dollars on it, but in 1912 the war studies showed it to be quite as useless as Fort Assiniboine had been. It was recommended for abandonment, but Montana didn't want to let it go—at any rate Congress ignored the recommendation.

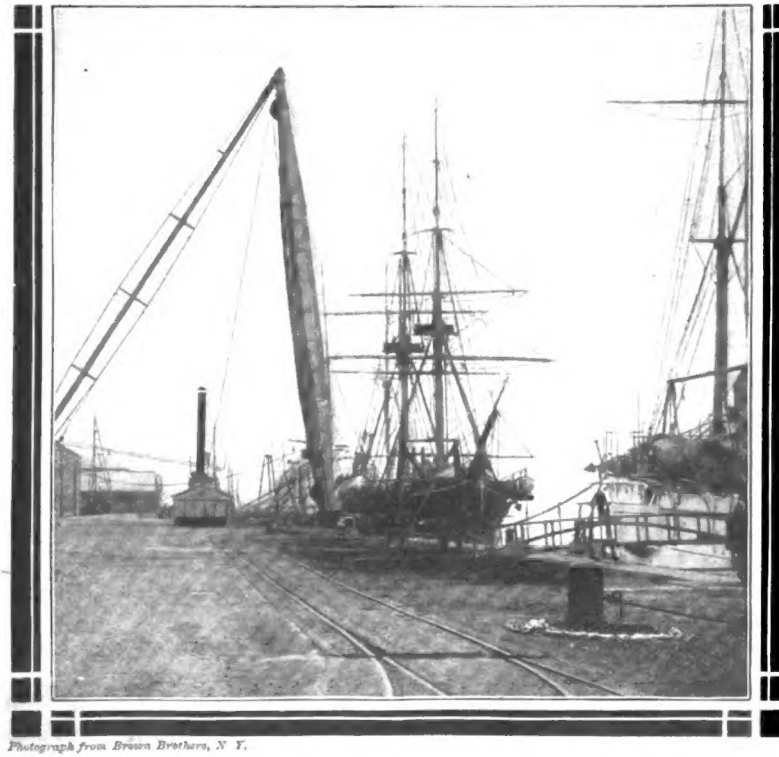
In Vermont lived United States Senator Redfield Proctor, an influential member of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. Fort Ethan Allen in Vermont has cost us a million dollars, and the war studies indicate the advisability of withdrawing its garrison to some effective concentration center. The late Senator Proctor was a lawyer and head of big local interests in Vermont; the people of Vermont are good citizens and patriotic —with qualifications when it comes to Fort Ethan Allen. Somehow, the people all over the United States have lacked the true patriotism necessary to relinquish the defense money to its real purpose.

Indeed, whenever proposals have been made looking to the reorganization of the Army posts for military efficiency, the people themselves have risen up and prevented it. The Senators and Representatives would have hurt themselves politically had they voted away from the states this "pork." The War Department at times has been flooded with letters of protest against taking away this post or that. Commercial bodies have organized in different communities to prevent it.

Fort Benjamin Harrison in Indiana was established by Congress without the recommendation of the War Department, and costing a million and a half.

In South Dakota Fort Meade has cost a million and a half; Fort George Wright in Washington, three-quarters of a million; Fort Yellowstone, in Wyoming, nearly a million; Fort Lincoln, in North Dakota, seven hundred thousand dollars; Whipple Barracks, in Arizona, almost as much. These are just examples of political posts, and all of them were recommended in vain three years ago for abandonment.

These and thirteen other posts recommended for discontinuance in 1912 have



Photograph from Brown Brothers, N. Y.

THE MARE ISLAND YARD NEAR SAN FRANCISCO HAS COST TWENTY MILLIONS. NONE OF THE BATTLESHIPS BUILT IN THE LAST EIGHT YEARS CAN GET INTO IT.

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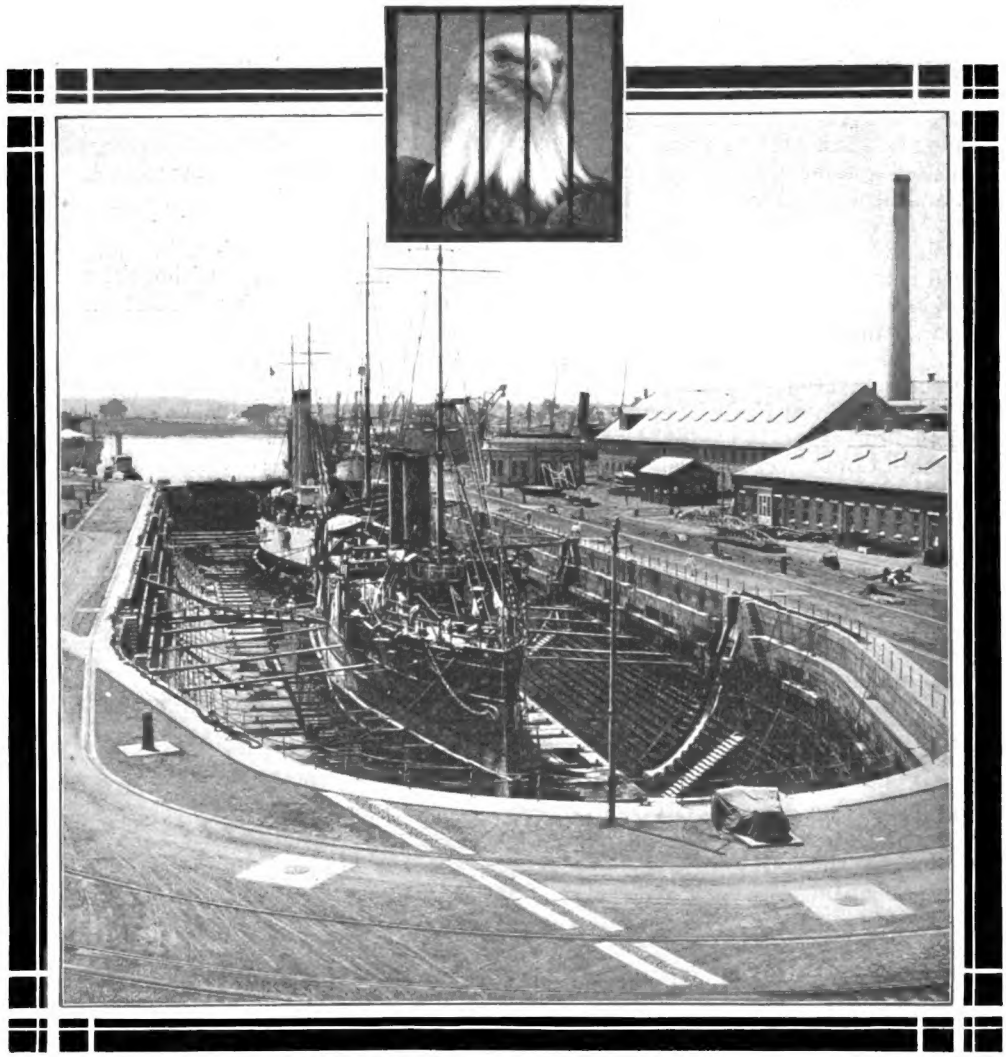

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THE NAVY YARD AT PORTSMOUTH, N. H., HAS COST TWENTY MILLIONS. NEW HAMPSHIRE HAS ALWAYS BEEN STRONGLY REPRESENTED ON THE NAVAL APPROPRIATION COMMITTEE.

cost us eleven million dollars, though they are valueless for military protection and condemned from every standpoint. Yet nothing has been done to save this waste. It is an almost unbelievable story of wasted millions and reckless disregard for the safety of the nation. Except for weariness of repetition and lack of space, it would be possible to keep on enumerating post after post, big and little, that stands damned for military purposes by the highest authorities, and still gets our good defense money year after year.

It would be possible, too, to go into the military phase of the subject and show how the Army authorities draw their conclusions; how they have partly worked out the concentration scheme; how helpless this country would be in case of invasion by a powerful enemy, under present conditions. But this is not so much a military article as a story of waste.

In many of these posts the "overhead" expense is atrocious. A post that represents an investment of millions of dollars in capital is used frequently to house a few

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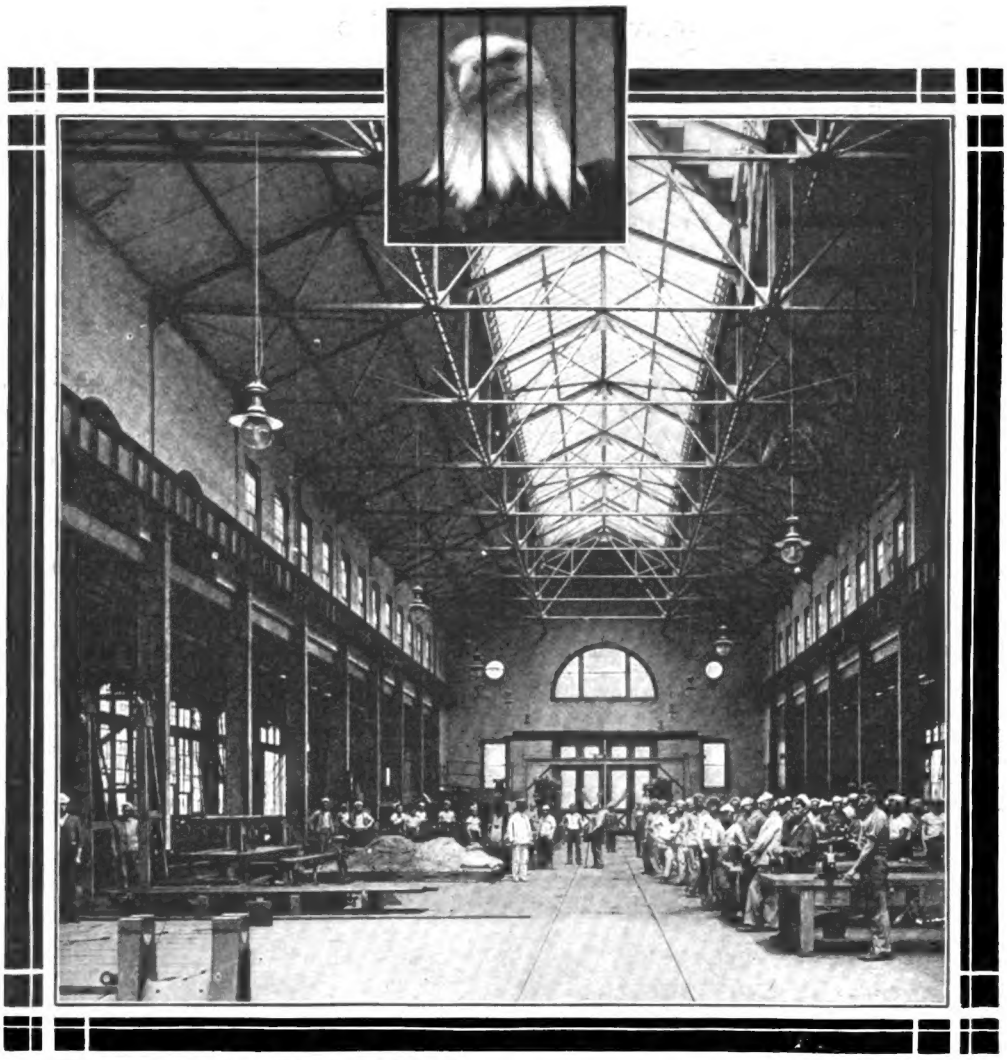

Photograph from Brown Brothers, N. Y.

THE CHARLESTON, S. C., NAVY YARD IS IN SENATOR TILLMAN'S STATE—ALSO IN SHALLOW WATER. IT HAS COST FIVE MILLIONS.

hundred soldiers. We could stand for the investment if the "forts" were real forts, giving us value received for our money. But we must demand the profits from the investment. Profits are always the ultimate end in every enterprise, and *the only profits from defense money are defense.* We haven't had any profits, and we face another huge investment with the prospects of scant profits in the future.

Not only is the military establishment itself split into forty-odd branch factories, but many of these factories are in turn scattered over plains and hills with a wonderful disregard for every principle of economy of time, men, and motion. They are rambling villages, with long winding roads, miles of lawn, and widely separated buildings.

This means that thousands of enlisted men are mere laborers, as General Wood himself said. Instead of studying military tactics, they are largely watchmen, walk-cleaners, and lawn-mowers. Half their time is taken up with menial service, and training for war goes by the board. An industrial

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plant that employed skilled machinists to do sweeping and trucking would get into the grip of a receiver.

Then, too, these useless soldier-factories have their costly organizations of high executives, so to speak. You can liken the captain and the first and second lieutenants to the branch manager, superintendent, and foreman of one of these subsidiary plants I have spoken of. Suppose you paid these three executives an aggregate salary of seven thousand dollars a year to boss twenty or thirty men! This is the average strength of a company assembled for military instruction. And in these small posts the troops can not be maneuvered and trained in large units; the officers get no experience in handling men as they would have to do in war.

But the waste isn't confined to the limits of the posts themselves. Forty-odd branch factories, remember, reach back to headquarters, where we find an undue proportion of clerical expense, and high rank absorbed by desk work.

The United States has spent more than a hundred million dollars on these military parks, getting back a modicum of military protection.

Photograph from Brown Brothers, N. Y.

FORT D. A. RUSSELL AT CHEYENNE, WYOMING, HAS COST SIX MILLION DOLLARS.

Now turn to the Navy record.

Here, to some extent, the same conditions hold true. From the standpoint of the present European war, however, naval authorities believe that we need a shore establishment pretty well scattered along our coastline. The great length of the coast and the new methods of fighting with small vessels make it necessary to have stations for manufacturing and repairing such craft, and for patrol bases. Yet the nine Navy Yards that now exist along the Atlantic coast have been largely unsuited to the past needs of the Navy, and are unsuited to future needs. Here, again, through the pork-barrel and log-rolling, stupendous sums of money have been wasted. Through the demands of private interests, Navy Yards have been located in the most inefficient and inaccessible waters imaginable. Even conceding that we shall need as many industrial Navy plants as we now possess, we have paid three times as much to get them as they should have cost. Our Navy Yards, and the harbor work necessary to make them even partially accessible, have cost more than $320,000,000.

Here in the United States we have spent in fifteen years, according to former Secretary of the Navy George von L. Meyer, $1,656,000,000 for the Navy. In the same period Germany has spent $1,137,000,000. Our Navy has cost forty-five per cent. more than Germany's, yet the German Navy is much more powerful than ours.

To discover why we have wasted these hundreds of millions on the Navy it is only necessary to look into the way communities have controlled the money.

Senator Benjamin R. Tillman lived in South Carolina, and, before him, Senator M. C. Butler. They were typical representatives of the spirit that demands a division of our fighting money by locality rather than the need for defense. Butler got a Navy Yard at Port Royal, S. C., that cost, including dredging, nearly three million dollars; and then it had to be abandoned for real Navy Yard purposes. Ships couldn't get to it. Then Senator Tillman got a Navy Yard located at Charleston, in shallow water, involving heavy cost for poor service. Five million dollars have gone into this yard. Shallow water or deep, makes no difference to

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the men who profit by the naval money.

From Chicago came Congressman George E. Foss, an able lawyer and politician, and for years chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs. There are no warships on the Great Lakes, but somebody conceived the idea that a naval training-station on Lake Michigan would be a nice thing. The argument was held out that through its influence many naval recruits would be secured. So the station was built, twenty miles north of Chicago. Three and three-quarters million dollars have been spent for an establishment with a capacity of four thousand men, although it has never had more than six hundred. Imagine building a factory with such an investment to take care of business that could be done on half a million!

William E. Chandler was from New Hampshire—United States Senator and former Secretary of the Navy. He, too, was a lawyer and politician, and member of the Naval Committee. Senator Jacob H. Gallinger succeeded him—a physician who had had a great deal to do with politics. An able man, too. All these men who direct the pork-barrel money are able men, and the people who benefit from it are good people.

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FORT ETHAN ALLEN, IN VERMONT, IS A CAVALRY POST WHICH IS USELESS IN WINTER.

But the Portsmouth Yard has cost about twenty million dollars, a great deal of which might have been saved. This yard for years has been unsuited to the purposes for which it was used. New Hampshire has almost always been strongly represented on the Naval Committee.

Senators Cameron and Penrose hailed from Pennsylvania, and each in his time was chairman of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs. At League Island, near Philadelphia, is a Navy Yard that has cost thirteen million dollars, and it lies in shallow water that makes it inaccessible to part of the Navy. It was established before the days of Cameron and Penrose, but they helped maintain it.

Members of the Senate and House Naval Committees succeeded in rehabilitating, at a cost of nearly three million dollars, the Navy Yard a hundred miles up the Mississippi River, which had been practically disused for half a century. Modern machine-shops were built, but modern battle-ships can not get up there.

The Navy Yard at Mare Island, near San Francisco, has cost twenty million dollars, not counting other millions spent in extra dredging; yet none of the battle-ships built in the last eight years, according to Ex-Secretary Meyer, can be berthed there. The history of our Navy Yards is singularly linked with shallow water—and "pork."

At the beginning of the Spanish War it is estimated that fifty million dollars were largely wasted in buying yachts, coasters, and colliers, because the Navy had developed no definite plan of defense in advance and had to take what ships it could get quickly.

The Navy has long wanted a drydock at Norfolk for the construction and repair of battle-ships—which are the main strength of our naval defense, despite the part played by submarines. Naval experts consider Norfolk the proper place for this proposed dock, and such request was made of Congress. But Pennsylvania members in Congress immediately got busy with a scheme to trade influence and have the dock built at Philadelphia, where the Navy authorities did not want it. After a bitter fight, the whole matter was dropped, and so the drydock has not been built at all.

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But if it is finally built, it is likely to be where the politicians say, not where it will help most in defense.

And now that the Navy has an appropriation of a million dollars to develop the long-neglected "eyesight" of the service, we already hear of plans afoot to build aeroplane factories in the district of this or that Senator or Representative. At the present time the Navy has only half a dozen aircraft, after several years of "experiment" which has been chiefly inactivity, but during which several hundred thousands of dollars have been used. Charges of extravagant and inefficient political management of aeronautics are beginning to be quite as plentiful, young as this branch of the service is, as in the old branches of the military establishment.

BUSINESS WASTES

Aside from all these immense wastes in the Navy Yards proper, there are other large wastes due to the lack of ordinary business management.

The Mare Island Yard had five separate manufacturing departments that had grown up, from lack of management, each with an independent head. Each had its own organization, officers, clerks, draftsmen, and shops. Several distinct shops for each kind of work. These were finally consolidated under one head and mostly into one shop for each line of work. The "overhead" expense was cut more than sixty per cent. Under the old plan there might be five ways of doing the same job. In one department a helper might successfully do a piece of work, and in another department a skilled mechanic might waste his time on the same sort of work. Then each department-head was his own inspector.

The change obviated the necessity of erecting new buildings to the extent of three-quarters of a million dollars. In one instance it advanced the date of completion for a vessel six months.

At Mare Island, also, the iron heads of evaporator coils were welded by smiths at a cost of forty dollars each; they are now cut from plate at a cost of eight dollars.

Here four screw propellers had to go to the scrap-heap, with a loss of a thousand dollars, because no specimens of the material were taken and tested. Condenser-tubes valued at four thousand dollars were melted as scrap. Floor-plates worth fifteen hundred dollars were junked because they were rusted on the edges. These instances are merely samples of inexperience and inefficient operation that were general—due largely to the lack of any industrial policy or competent scheme of business management.

At one Navy Yard the estimate for rebabbitting the crank-pin, crossheads, and eccentric brasses of a ship was $10,350; at another Yard the estimate for identical work was half that sum.

At the Norfolk Navy Yard the consolidation of the various shops conserved 74,000 square feet of storage space and postponed indefinitely the building of a storehouse that would have cost nearly half a million.

In the New York Navy Yard fuel to the extent of thirty-nine dollars a month was saved by turning the heat off the idle shops at night! Here, too, a reorganization showed a wage-saving of $16,875 a month; a trucking economy of $1,450 a month; a power gain of $2,262 a month.

At Iona Island, in the Hudson, new machinery enabled twelve-inch shells to be rebanded for $1.49 each, instead of $6.38.

Each department at the Portsmouth Navy Yard had its own transportation system. A regular delivery system was established, cutting out three double teams and one single rig.

At the Philadelphia Yard some rifle-butts, built by the naval constructor, cost fifteen thousand dollars. The civil engineer of the department duplicated them for less than half.

The Navy Department has never known what it costs to build its own ships. It means now to find out, through a new and elaborate cost system not yet installed. Many of the items of "overhead" in the Navy shops are meaningless, and charged hit and miss, or omitted. For the first time in this long history of wasted millions the government will know — let us hope — whether the work done in the Navy Yards is cheaper or dearer than work done outside. You can make your own guess as to that! You can guess, too, what this lack of industrial management has cost the taxpayers in fighting money!

In the days when capstans and steering-wheels were worked by hand, the anchor-hoisting and steering devices fell to the Bureau of Construction and Repair. When steam-engines supplanted hand power in

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HOW HIS STRENGTH IS WASTED

For construction of useless Army posts, as based on such expenditures covering a period of ten years	$4,500,000
Waste in maintenance of Army posts	5,500,000
Waste in paying the wages of unproductive soldiers, and in all other Army expenditures	60,000,000
Waste in the industrial Navy, or shops at the Navy Yards, due to inefficiency and the lack of specializing	30,000,000
Total Annual Waste	$100,000,000

these operations, the Bureau of Construction and Repair still continued, in this Navy of ours, to handle the anchor-hoisting and steering devices. The Bureau which existed for the purpose of supplying steam-engines to the Navy was not permitted to have anything to do with these devices. This is a little instance of the grip of long-whiskered tradition.

The electric motors in the turrets of battle-ships logically should have come under the control of the Electrical Department, but because of some antediluvian tradition they remained under the Bureau of Construction and Repair. At the same time, the electric motors for hoisting ammunition were in the sacred bailiwick of the Ordnance Department. The Electrical Department, supposed to be expert in its domain, had no functions in the turret except to furnish the lights.

Here you get a glimpse of a vital defect in the industrial Navy to-day: the chaos of organization in which little attempt is made to put given work into the control of those best fitted to handle it. You are likely to find a civil engineer in charge of a steam machinery plant, and a paymaster controlling the coal-handling machinery. You may find a rear-admiral placed in charge of a great Navy Yard to round out the last year of his service, but possessing no qualifications to conduct a large industrial plant. The fight between Secretary Daniels and the Navy has about destroyed whatever system of management existed. A new one is now struggling into being.

When Mr. Meyer was Secretary of the Navy he found himself greatly hampered in his powers of directing the expenditures as economy dictated. If he wanted to transfer certain duties from one bureau to another, the payment had to be O. K.'d by the first bureau. And if the head of that first bureau got on his high horse and refused to O. K. it, the Secretary had no power to fire him. All the Secretary could do was to go to the President of the United States and register a kick. In a private industrial corporation a competent general manager would make some fireworks under such conditions.

There have been a number of investigations, and several Secretaries of the Navy have had a hand in them. Many

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reforms have been made, mostly minor ones. The bigger reforms have scarcely been touched.

At any rate, the attempts at reform and economy haven't yet got at the heart of things, as evidenced by the fact that in 1914 six million dollars' worth of dead stock was unearthed in the various Navy Yards. And again by the fact that six Navy Yards are now manufacturing the small boats carried on war-ships, although the Department believes that all military ends would be subserved if they were made in three Yards, or possibly two.

All through the Navy Yard shops is this duplication of work and equipment and capital investment. Yet Senators and Representatives howl if any product is taken away from a yard.

WANTED—THINKING MACHINES

The industrial Navy, like the Army, has never had a thinking machine to control it. The various Navy Yards are now working over their scrap metal, but the method by which it is done is crude. A plan is now under way to establish at Norfolk a scrap-metal plant, with ingot furnaces to take care of the entire scrap metal. It is believed that a million a year can be saved by having this work done at Norfolk, yet the ingot furnaces will cost only a very small fraction of this. Moreover, colliers can bring the scrap metal to Norfolk and return with coal to their Yards. The colliers will be at work, and at the same time will be available for use in war. This is an example of what a thinking machine, instead of a political machine, could save.

In another instance, where thinkers really had their way, an appropriation for eight clerks in the Bureau of Ordnance brought a saving of $100,000 a year in administrative methods.

At the present time, small requisitions for electric wire are sent in from every Yard, and purchased in the open market. But the wire might be bought in lots of $50,000 just as well, at a large saving.

Various ideas have been advanced for a permanent civilian management of the industrial end of the Navy; and, on the other hand, for inaugurating a special course of training for a corps of Navy construction officers and business managers. Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, Franklin D. Roosevelt, has given this subject deep study.

Now if you want to nail the one evil that has done more than anything else to bring these vast wastes of fighting funds, put your finger on the lack of what is called a budget system of appropriating money.

In other words, Congress appropriates the public money without any reference to itemized necessities. The law does not provide that men responsible for the administration of the departments of the government shall present to Congress detailed estimates; nor are they permitted to show comparative records, which are the very bulwark of economical business administration. Cabinet heads are not permitted to go before Congress at all to argue for, or to defend, the real needs of their departments. Only by invitation do they go before committees of Congress.

Imagine, if you can, such a proceeding in a private corporation! Suppose the general manager were not allowed to present to the entire board of directors any schedule of his itemized needs, nor even to come into the directors' room! Suppose the directors, or groups of them, met in secluded places and voted the money without any regard for the needs of the business, but, on the other hand, with a decided view-point on benefits to accrue wholly outside of the business!

It is almost inconceivable, yet the United States, both in its national and state governments, has been without a budget system. No definite decision has been reached by the administration as to whether the budget system should be recommended to the coming Congress. A Congressional Committee report will be made in December. But a political budget system would not help much. To be of real benefit it would have to eliminate log-rolling and give the Army and Navy experts power to spend the money where it is needed.

At the New York State Constitutional Convention recently a budget system proposal was adopted, and this was the first instance of the sort in America.

Reform movements are slow, but sometimes along toward the end they come with a rush. Some of our national legislators have spoken fearlessly, but it is now a matter largely up to the communities themselves. If they say so, our Senators and Representatives in Congress will put all these unnumbered millions of dollars into real fighting funds.

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"I'M 'FRAID HE'LL GET KILLED IN A WRECK."

"ONLY *the* ENGINEER"

by

LLOYD OSBOURNE

AUTHOR OF "BABY BULLET," "THE ADVENTURER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE BREHM

SHE was a telephone operator, and he was a locomotive engineer on the C. H. R. & L., and they met first at a party the Master Mechanic's wife gave, where they sat together on the same sofa, balancing refreshments on their knees and shyly making friends. Ben thought she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen, bar none, and so stylish and ladylike that he was almost afraid to speak to her; while she thought Ben just too nice for anything, even if he were only an engineer, and so big and manly and fine-looking that delicious little thrills ran through her every time she gazed up at him. Each went home that night bemused, in a curious elation and pain, for Nature, the ever-restless, the ever-scheming, was whispering her immemorial message, and troubling the peace of these two simple hearts.

Seven months later, the humble romance had run its humble course, and Amy and Ben were married, and went to housekeeping on ninety dollars a month. They rented a dark, rear flat up many flights of stairs, with an outlook on a dreary court usually criss-crossed with their neighbors' washing. But Amy had the nest-making instinct, so strong in many women; she was capable, resourceful, and had inherent taste; she set herself to

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brighten her little home and make it attractive to her man as he returned tired from his work. To him it was always a haven of tenderness and rest, with his pretty wife on the threshold, smiling. Love, the divine, cast its effulgence over that mean place, over those small, scantily furnished rooms; cast it, too, over this pair, who found their all in each other, without thought of privation or sacrifice.

Then the baby came, with all its agonizing demands on body and nerves, on purse and peace. Pale, pretty Amy drooped, and life at times was hard—very hard, and the stairs terrible to climb, and the outgo of money more than she could check, try as she would. But the divine effulgence remained undimmed, nay, glowed even the brighter for the cares so bravely borne, for those secret, silent tears, for the welling tenderness of motherhood. Amy considered herself the happiest woman in the world, and much to be envied, for who had a husband like hers, or such a child? And Ben, scrimping and saving to overtake the bills, and making unpoetic economies on pie and cigars, was all of a mind, too, that he had been specially favored by fate.

Though they knew it not, love had made their insignificant lives beautiful, and ennobled them with something so rare and precious that one might seek for it in many, many places, and never find it.

The baby grew into a sweet little girl, with her father's earnest eyes and her mother's pretty mouth, and quaint, old-fashioned ways that were her very own. Like most only children, she was prematurely thoughtful, with gleams of understanding quite beyond her years, and to her the routine of the household was a series of sacred rites in which she early had a share and which she performed with anxious solemnity. Her baby tasks done, she was wont to sit in her little chair, with her hands clasped in her lap, and gaze out at the court in a sort of dream. This was what she called "tinking," and was as much a daily rite as bringing in the paper in the morning or fetching her father's slippers when he came home from work.

One day Amy asked her as usual: "And what has my pet been thinking now?" with the expectation, seldom disappointed, of finding entertainment in the answer.

"Just wishing daddy wasn't a 'gineer," was the unexpected reply.

Amy was shocked at such disloyalty, declaiming warmly that it was very fine to be an engineer and be trusted with the lives of thousands of people. There were no men so brave and splendid as engineers, and it was the proudest thing in the world to be an engineer's little daughter. What had come over the child to be ashamed of her father?

"I am not 'shamed," protested Agnes, in a trickle of tears at being unjustly scolded. "I'm 'fraid he'll get killed in a wreck."

Amy, in a revulsion, clasped the tot to her bosom, and told her not to have such foolish fancies. It seemed there was always a guardian angel watching over daddy; and in hearing the description of this dazzling personage the woebegone little face soon became radiant again and altogether reassured. But it was strange that Amy's first serious misgivings about her husband's employment should have dated from that moment. The truth was that, sub-consciously, she had long been growing apprehensive, with a deepening and ever-increasing sense of her husband's danger; and this now was the sudden climax of thoughts she had never dared let become too coherent.

Originally the hazards of Ben's calling had made very little impression on her; he was a locomotive engineer just as other wives' husbands were employees in shops or factories, drummers, or struggling tradesmen. Her feeling had been more a rankling jealousy that such as these should look down on him, when as a matter of fact few were better paid or held securer positions. First-class engineers like Ben were always in demand. Already he had refused two offers to go with Western roads, and one with a line in Mexico; and this loyalty to the C. H. R. & L. had been promptly recognized by promotion. These other women's husbands, with their soft hands and white shirts, often could not call their souls their own, and had the dread of dismissal constantly over them. With Ben, thank God, it was the other way about, and he was treated with marked respect and consideration.

Of course, she frequently read of railroad accidents in the papers, and had remarked with unutterable dismay how seldom the trainmen escaped. Indeed, the phrase was almost stereotyped: "With the exception of the engineer and fireman, who perished in the wreck, etc."—as though these belonged to a less considered race of beings

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HE GLOATINGLY EXPLAINED THE NEW SCHEDULE WHILE SHE PRETENDED TO BE ALL DELIGHT.

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than the passengers. What bitterness of resentment that phrase always evoked in her as she visualized the desolation of two stricken homes.

Yet it was hard to associate Ben with such possible tragedies. Ben was so competent and fearless—so big and resolute and sure of himself — that she instinctively caught something of his courage. Besides, she tried to tell herself that every promotion made him safer; it was the poor dubs on the freights who took the most chances and oftenest got caught; the limiteds had the right of way over everything, and were the cherished darlings of the system.

But little Agnes's words left a stab that was never afterward healed. The lurking, long-repressed terrors in her heart suddenly took voice and cried out. As she soothed the child with a picture of that guardian angel, and answered artless questions as to what it wore, and where it sat, and how it kept its shining robe so clean in daddy's cab, it stole over her, with a quivering tremor of realization, that Ben had never been wholly frank with her in discussing railway accidents.

In his breezy, confident way he had always put the blame on the engineer or, where that was impossible, dwelt reassuringly on the superior equipment of the C. H. R. & L. which made similar smashes on his line impossible. Looking back, she began to perceive how cleverly she had been lulled into a false security; how Ben, ostensibly so straightforward, had hoodwinked her with no mean skill.

But as she thought it over she realized her powerlessness, and how futile any complaint or repining would be. What could be more unkind, more ungenerous than shaking the nerve of her brave, splendid man who had to earn his living in the only way he knew? At night, as she tried to conceive what his loss would mean to her, her pillow was wet with tears.

Nature had given her love and home, husband and child, and, in the great harmony of the universe, her lowly, inconspicuous place. Now it touched a finger to the filmy fabric of her happiness and cried: "Beware!"

When Ben brought back his great news, he was far too excited to notice how Amy's cheeks paled as she heard it, or how her hand stole surreptitiously to her breast. They had given him the new flyer, the famous new Metropolitan State Limited, the finest, most luxurious, fastest train in the world. He was among those assigned to the new service, his name heading the list, by George! It was the most tremendous honor that had ever come his way, the limit of everything an engineer could hope for, the kind of thing a fellow might dream of but never thought he would get.

But Amy seemed so little able to comprehend the great news; stood there, indeed, so oddly and silently that Ben had to tell her again, with a clang of triumph in his voice, that it was the fastest train in the world and was going to cut the time to New York from twenty-four hours to eighteen; expatiating as well on its unparalleled magnificence of equipment, on the extra twenty-five-dollar fare; on the barbers, valets, maids, typists, and other millionaire fixings that all went to make it a palace on wheels.

He snatched Amy in his arms and gave her a resounding kiss. Great, wasn't it! Simply tremenjous! Squeezed her till she gasped, exclaiming again and again how he could hardly believe it—no, he could hardly believe it; kissing and shaking her with boyish exuberence as though his joy had to find some violence of expression. Then he sat down at the table, smoothed out a railroad time-table with his big, work-stained hands, and gloatingly explained the new schedule; while she, poor hypocrite, bending over his shoulder, pretended to be all astonishment and delight.

"It's you I have to thank for this," he said, suddenly looking up at her. "If a fellow ain't happy at home he don't get far in this business, but starts dissipating and using up his nerve. It's you who have made me the man I am to-day."

At this the words Amy might have said died on her tongue. She had been on the point of breaking out in passionate entreaty and protest as her horror of the new Limited became almost uncontrollable. Ordinarily so gentle, so submissive, she was for the first time in her married life stirred by a tumultuous revolt. But Ben's gratitude, so simply expressed, yet with such shining affection in his brave, true eyes, with such a quiver of voice and lip as he looked up at her, stifled the outburst that only too surely would have wrung his heart.

Within Amy's bosom, however, there raged a tempest he little suspected—a sick, unreasonable resentment at the men who

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conceived such things, and ordered their engineers to execute them. Good God, that run between Newburg and Deming had to be taken at seventy-five miles an hour! These fine gentlemen, whom Ben reverenced as demigods, had ordained it, and for their good-will, for a little extra money, and for the "honor" of which he was so proud, he was to thunder his great express through rain and storm, fog, snow, and blizzard at a speed that made one's soul shrink to think of.

Aloud, all she said was: "Oh, Ben, is it safe?"

"Sure," he answered, with his usual confidence. "The company has been running experimental trains and has shown it to be absolutely practicable. I have the reports in my pocket."

"Even at seventy-five miles an hour between Newburg and Deming?"

"Oh, that doesn't worry me any," said Ben. "With our roadbed and our big, heavy engines I don't count the risk more than normal."

He hesitated before saying the last word, and then added: "Of course all railroading is risky; one simply has to face up to that; but a fellow who would turn down a prize like the Metropolitan State Limited ain't worthy to be called an engineer."

Amy suddenly clung to him, and hid her face on his shoulder, softly sobbing, while he, not a little surprised and wholly misunderstanding her emotion, soothed and petted her. Indeed, he was rather pleased. Amy had taken the great news so quietly that he had been just a trifle disappointed.

"Don't cry, old lady," he said, comfortingly, pulling her down on his knee. "It's foolish to cry when everything has come our way. There, there, wipe them away, and don't take on about it."

"I'll be all right in a moment," she exclaimed brokenly. "I need a little time to get used to it, that's all; for I am really very glad, Ben—awfully g-glad and p-pleased and p-p-proud."

The principal result of Ben's promotion was to take them to the country. The little flat, once such a joy, had grown insupportable to Amy, and at times she felt she would go mad unless she had more air and room. Her anxiety for Ben consumed her like an evil, secret drug. She realized the need of defending herself with every resource unless she were utterly to be destroyed. Somehow, in the spaciousness of fields and sky, peace would return, or if not peace, at least some degree of resignation. It was with an instinct of self-preservation that Amy turned toward the country.

A few weeks after Ben had started driving the Metropolitan State Limited, they were settled in a little cottage on the outskirts of a city that ranked as a divisional headquarters of the C. H. R. & L. The situation delighted Amy and was well-chosen for Ben, whose convenience as a railroad man had to be carefully considered, and who had applied for the run over this division. The cottage itself stood on high ground, set very prettily in trees and garden, and overlooked the passing trains in the valley below.

Most young wives would have thought themselves buried alive in such a spot, and would, no doubt, have bitterly bewailed their fate; but to Amy it was the haven she had so dearly longed for, and transcended her fondest hopes. She was one of those single-hearted women whose husband, child, and home comprised her whole world; one of those simple, feminine natures, unquestioning and devoted, whose supreme ideal was to love and be loved. They are often referred to with great contempt by people who consider themselves much wiser and better; but to many men as single-hearted and as simple, as brave, loyal, and unrepining, they are the comrades who make life worth living.

The color came back to Amy's cheeks; little Agnes thrived astonishingly in the air and sunshine; the specter that had loomed so menacingly in the city now receded to a respectful distance, and crouched among the minor cares and worries that attend all mundane existence. If it emerged at some early, sleepless hour, it was with less of his bygone terrors, for the Metropolitan State Limited had been sensationally successful, and had given the lie to all its foreboding critics. It was keeping the schedule to the minute; was justifying the experiments that had made it possible; and was earning a renown that seemed to carry with it the assurance of safety.

Every evening at ten minutes after nine, Amy was on her porch, watching for it to pass—a swift, bright ribbon of lighted windows, darting by in a rhythmic rumble that rose, pulsed, and sank again till the straining ear could hear no more; and every other

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night (for Ben "lay over" the odd ones in New York) there would sound out a mellow blast that showed he was at the throttle and was thinking of her as she looked down on him, unseen but not forgotten.

That mellow blast, prolonged and deep-throated, bearing its message through the dark, never failed to thrill her as she waited there in breathless expectation. The ribbon of lights vanished; the reverberations died away; but Ben had called to her and she was comforted. How little did the passengers know, as they sat or lolled in their luxurious seats, that a grimy man in overalls, who held all their lives in his sooty hand, was thus speaking across the void to the wife he loved.

"Good night, dear heart," cried the mellow blast, and then the fastest train in the world thundered on into the night.

Another baby came; a lusty boy, who was named Benny, after his father; and Amy experienced that primitive emotion, so profound and so infinitely moving, of the mother who nestles her first-born son to her breast. Yet as it was little Agnes who had planted within her the first seed of apprehension in regard to Ben's employment, so it was now this tiny mite who was the means of throwing her into fresh throes of dread. She began to tremble again for her happiness; to brood over the railway accidents she read of in the papers; to cling to Ben as he kissed her good-by, and almost fret him by her pathetic, foolish artifices to delay his going. Always she said to herself: "Perhaps it is for the last time."

The truth was that the sweet country air, at first so tranquillizing, had lost its power to soothe; the peace it had brought had been but transitory. Her confinement, travail, and slow recuperation had sharpened her faculties at the expense of her nerves, and had made her realize, with a clearer perception than ever before, the fragility of her humble paradise. No pretty boy could take Ben's place; she could get no comfort from that ancient illusion, as old as man. Ben was her idol, her all in all, and every day his life was in jeopardy.

"Only the engineer."

With what fierce anguish she would read that phrase, recurring so often in the daily paper. Would they print the same of Ben some day? Thus dismiss him from the living world in which he was so little considered? Mock the widow and orphans with this newspaper epitaph that seemed kept in stock for the engineer who died at his post?

"Only the engineer."

Oh, the inexpressible dismay of it, the catch at the heart, the suffocated breath as the words leaped before her in the staring headlines!

Ben noticed how thin she was becoming; how wan and changed; but he never suspected the real reason, which was concealed from him like a guilty secret. Apart from a natural consideration for his feelings, from a natural desire to spare him a distress nothing could alleviate, Amy knew the very real danger of impairing his self-confidence. The most terrible thing that can happen to a railroad man, short of maiming or death, is to "lose his nerve." Once thus mysteriously stricken, he is thenceforth useless in his chosen calling; he may be as strong and vigorous as ever, but something has gone out of him that can never be replaced—his poise, his nervous balance, his capacity to endure the daily stress and risks of his employment.

Amy had seen Tom Pettigrew, a former yardmaster, suddenly change from one of the most fearless men alive to a miserable craven who was afraid to cross the street. Boiling steam had done that for Tom. He had made a good recovery, but his "nerve" was gone. It cost him a two-hundred-dollar-a-month job, the early prospect of becoming a division superintendent, all his ambitions and hopes. With the memory of Tom before her, and other examples hardly less deplorable, Amy shrank with unspeakable repugnance from burdening her husband with her woes and causing him to falter in even the least degree. Silence was imposed on her, a silence as agonizing as the hidden tortures that were rending her.

But at last her long overstrained heart gave way, and the explosion was all the worse for her previous self-control. It came altogether without warning, as Ben was saying good-by before going to work, and as she was crying a little as she held to him —tears she tried to hide against his rough coat.

"Do you know, Amy," he said, "I believe this place is too lonely for you? I've been thinking a lot lately of pulling up stakes and getting out."

"Oh, Ben, I love it," she exclaimed poignantly. "I wouldn't go back to the city for

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"A RAILROAD MAN HAS NO RIGHT TO MARRY," SHE BURST OUT.

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nything. And just see how it agrees with N.e children."

bl "But what about you, my darling?" said a.en, gazing down at her, greatly troubled. c You've been looking awfully thin and sick .iese last few weeks."

At this the tears flowed faster, and the soft cheek snuggled closer against his coat.

Then he added irritably: "I believe it's all this damned lonely place."

His tone roused in her a sudden passion of resentment—a sense of mounting and intolerable injustice. He was blaming her, then, for keeping him in the country? Was threatening the little home that alone kept her from going mad? Was willing, determined, to sweep it all away? In her overwrought state she lost all mastery of herself; sanity and reason whirled in a sort of hurricane of emotion; she was the most ill-used woman in the world, and it was Ben who had made her so. She drew away from him convulsed and flaming. In a sobbing breath she told him that she wished to God she had never married him.

"A railroad man has no right to marry," she burst out in a paroxysm of self-exculpation. "He has no right to expose a woman to such horrible, unending misery. If I am thin and sick, isn't it because I haven't a moment when I am ever sure you will come back alive? Not a moment when that dread isn't stabbing me like a knife? Do you know I never look in the kitchen fire but I think of yours, roaring in your engine, and how in a second you might be roasting in the middle of it. That's what an engineer's wife is condemned to—has to bear every minute of the day and night, till it eats, eats, eats into her like a cancer in her brain. And she mustn't say a word; must bottle it all in; be crucified, but not give a whimper lest it should shake her husband's nerve, and bring about the very thing that keeps her trembling and shivering. That's what my life is; that's what I married when I took you; and if I am sick and thin, the wonder is I am not dead. But don't rob me of my house, Ben. I warn you not to rob me of my house, which is the one thing that helps me to be a little happy and resigned. Take away my home and I'll soon find a smaller one in a black box, Ben Pardee."

Ben's rugged face had grown darker and darker as he listened.

"Don't you think you are putting it pretty strong, Amy?" he said, stung to the quick. "You used to think there were compensations once in being an engineer's wife."

"Well, I've got over that," retorted Amy. "All I know is that if you have a spark of consideration for me or the children, you'll quit the flyer."

"Quit the flyer!" cried Ben, in a sweat of consternation, and his voice rising. "Whatever would I do if I quit the flyer? Do you think good jobs grow on trees, Amy, and all you need to do is to pick them off like oranges or apples?"

"There are construction trains," said Amy, with undiminished bitterness. "There are lots of station jobs."

"Construction trains—station jobs," repeated the engineer of the great Limited with ineffable scorn. "Selling peanuts is a likely occupation, too, Amy, or being a night-watchman at fifty a month."

"You needn't sneer about it," said Amy, beginning to cry. "Things are hard enough already without your sneering and jeering at me."

Ben choked back a hot rejoinder, his face all the darker for the unsaid words. With compressed lips and an expression of intense gloom he slowly took out his watch and looked at it in silence. Then with the same sullen deliberation he put on his hat and overcoat, and, taking up the shabby valise that was his inseparable companion, walked to the door, opened it, and departed on his way. For the first time in six years husband and wife had parted in anger.

Amy's mood changed swiftly to remorse. It was consuming her before she heard the garden-gate click. Nothing but perverse pride kept her from running after Ben; perverse pride and a kind of self-consciousness that paralyzed the impulse her heart bade her follow. Instead, she threw herself on a chair and burst into uncontrollable sobs.

But the supper dishes had to be washed; the kitchen and dining-room had to be tidied. Though the heavens fell a self-respecting housewife could not neglect her house, which had to be made clean and neat for the morrow. Amy went about these tasks with a dejection that weighed her down like lead. She felt disgraced; unutterably humbled and conscience-stricken; she longed to throw herself at Ben's feet and implore his forgiveness.

How could she have said such things to him—such heartless, wicked lies? What had possessed her, after all these years of a

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love so perfect and beautiful, that she should have turned on him in a fury that now seemed so inexplicable? What had possessed her to say she wished she had never married him? She, who had not a thought that was not his; she, who loved him with all her heart and soul! Oh, the craziness of it! Oh, the shame and wretchedness of it!

But she would make amends on her knees; abase herself pitifully till he kissed away her tears; would remind him of the two children she had borne him; the money she had saved up, dollar by dollar; the good, true, loving wife she had always been to him. Ben would understand; Ben would forgive her. There wasn't a mean bone in Ben's body. He was too noble and generous to harbor rancor, and revenge himself in the spiteful ways some men might do. There was no yellow streak in Ben, thank God.

All the while, as she went about her duties, her eyes kept seeking the clock in a fever of suspense. Would Ben relent and sound his whistle as he passed, or would he, in unappeased bitterness, ignore the watcher, now so contrite and crushed, who was hoping against hope that he would call to her across the night? She craved this expression of his tenderness, of his forgiveness and love. Surely six years of devotion ought to weigh against a single hysterical outburst?

But she remembered how stern he had looked, how set and grave, and the memory made her falter. Had she not said she wished she had never married him? Would Ben think of that as he reached toward the release, and then stop, with his message left unsaid? Or would he, softened, sound out the mellow blast as usual, in appeal, in conciliation, in a love too big to punish or long hold a grudge?

At nine she was on the porch, restlessly gazing down on the line and the twinkling green lights that showed it was clear. It seemed an interminable waiting; the minutes lagged inconceivably; hope alternately rose and died in her quivering breast. Then at last she heard the faint, distant rumble of the oncoming Limited; saw the headlight flash into view, with its dazzling beam piercing the night; saw the blanks of the express and mail cars, and fast behind them the lighted Pullmans in a sparkling string. But that vibrating second was unmarked by any blast; the train sped on and disappeared. Ben, brooding and hurt, had passed in silence.

Amy spent a miserable night, turning and tossing on her bed in the intervals of a fitful slumber. Every awakening was a torment, for she was oppressed afresh by the enormity of her conduct, as in dim transitions it was pitilessly revealed to her. If she had been contrite before, she was now abject and despairing. She had alienated Ben; perhaps nothing would ever be the same between them again. Fool that she had been to let slip her secret—to poison their future so irreparably. Some things once said could never be unsaid.

Ben was justly proud of his position. With his annual bonus he received the biggest salary probably paid to any engineer but three in America. He had ambitions for his children and the means to carry them out. How unendurable for him to lose all this at the behest of a frightened woman—or if not to lose it, to be conscious at least of an enemy in his house mutely undermining his courage by her wan face and hollow eyes. That is how it would seem to Ben. Yes, an enemy, a creature he would learn to hate; whom he hated now—oh, my God; or else would he have passed her like that, without the accustomed blast of his whistle—without the *Good night, dear heart*, which she had been longing to hear?

The early morning light was peeping into her room as she, wide awake, was suddenly startled by the ringing of the telephone-bell. A wild hope told her it was Ben. Oh, it was Ben, repentant, loving her still, wishing to make it up. It was twenty past six. She noticed the hour on the clock as she leaped out of bed and ran to the telephone, which continued to ring insistently.

But it was not Ben. It was a strange voice which she had difficulty in recognizing finally as that of Briggs, the telegraph operator at the station. He had to say "Briggs" several times before she understood—Briggs, Briggs, Briggs. He was very sorry to disturb her. He was terribly sorry to disturb her, but——

"What is it, please?"

"Oh, Mrs. Pardee, I am afraid I have bad news for you."

Bad news? Her heart stood still.

"The Limited is off the rails nine miles this side of Hazleton."

Amy quivered out the one word, "Ben." It was all she could utter. Just "Ben."

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"There are no particulars," said Briggs, in that unnaturally kind voice. "But I am afraid that it is pretty serious — I — I thought you ought to know."

The receiver dropped from Amy's hand, and she stood dizzy and trembling. Then she tottered to the bed, panting like a wounded animal, and tried, with shaking hands, to draw on her stockings.

The Limited was off the rails. . . . The words beat in her head like a hammer. . . . *The Limited was off the rails.*

Hurry, hurry! Fumble them on anyhow! Dress and get down to where there was news —where the wires would soon answer the question that was tearing at her heart. Hurry, hurry!

She was almost dressed when the telephone rang again.

It was Briggs, his voice still in the key of unnatural consideration. Briggs ordinarily was a very abrupt, offhand young man, a trifle familiar and rude. But not this Briggs, whose young crudity had strangely softened.

"You had better come right down," he said. "I am trying to arrange for the doctors' special as it passes here to pick you up. Mr. O'Hara, the yardmaster, is willing, but he says he can't give the order without the superintendent's O. K. He's off trying to get it now. I've telephoned my wife to go up and take care of your children. Don't worry about leaving them—my wife will be up there at once, and she'll take every care of them, you may be sure. But you had better come right down."

"Is there no more news?"

"Not a word," said Briggs.

On the road Amy encountered Mrs. Briggs coming up. The operator's wife was crying. The two women passed each other with inarticulate greetings, Amy hurrying faster lest she might be detained. At the station, which was fairly well thronged for such an early hour, Briggs brought out a chair from his office for her to sit on; brought her a cup of coffee; tried to be as sympathetic as possible. No, there was no news —no news at all.

Briggs was in a great fret about the doctors' special. Nobody would answer him; nobody seemed to know whether it would stop or not; the whole service was deranged. He looked careworn and anxious; had an air of knowing more than he would say. When the special was signaled, he came out to help her on board, warning her that it might only slow down—not stop. Amy, in a blur of misery, resigned herself to him. Every one was staring at her in commiseration. She was the engineer's wife, you know; the wife of the engineer who had just been killed on the Metropolitan State Limited, the fastest train in the world. A thousand miles in eighteen hours! Gosh, what chances them fellers took!

But the doctors' special never ground a brake as it thundered past like a whirlwind. Amy had a lightning glimpse of a nurse at a window in a queer little cap; a vision, seen and instantly lost again, of other white-clad figures; then she was blinded in a hail of hot cinders. The superintendent's O. K. had not been forthcoming; the injured and dying had greater claims than any engineer's wife, no matter how desolate. Briggs led her back to her chair. Perhaps they would pick her up on the wrecking train that was to follow the special. Yes, they would surely pick her up on the wrecking train. Meanwhile would she like another cup of coffee, or care to see the morning paper he pushed into her unresisting hands?

She thanked him mechanically, her one thought not to break down before these gaping spectators, whose attention was odious to her. Grief needed its screen as sorely as nakedness, and there was a similar shrinking. She was condemned to sit in an agony of restraint, hiding her tear-stained face behind the newspaper. A beetle-browed Italian nurseryman undid a basket, chose a handful of white carnations, and sent them over to her by a shy little boy. As she took the flowers the flood-gates of her heart seemed suddenly to open; she had misjudged these coarse, rough people. Unashamed, she wept, with the carnations pressed to her lips.

But here was Briggs telling her to rise. The wrecking train was coming. The din of its approach was already in her ears.

"She's slowing down!" cried Briggs, catching Amy's arm as the locomotive shot into view, imminent and daunting, pulsating with its mighty breath. Behind the tender were two flat cars, crowded with men snatched from some construction job; next, a box-car marked "Emergency" in huge letters; next a giant crane on its ponderous bed, uncouthly strutted and reinforced—the vulture of wrecks, the rusty harbinger of misfortune, that had hovered over so many

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a scene of disaster, chaos, and death; next, and last, a weather-worn caboose, fluttering a soiled green flag and offering the only steps where Amy could mount.

Running and stumbling, Amy and Briggs made for the caboose, which had come to a standstill some distance away. But the steps were barred by a brakeman, who spread out his arms at the sight of them and cried: "Get back. Keep off of here!" in a tone of offensive authority. Did he not mean to let her on the train then? Why was Briggs dragging at her—pulling her away? Amy tore herself from his grasp; she was going to get into that caboose, or die; yes, if rebuffed she would throw herself under the wheels and let them crush out her miserable life.

As she struggled forward, resisting Briggs, who again attempted to detain her, a man emerged hurriedly from the caboose door, pushed the brakeman aside, and dropped to the ground—a burly man, with little curls showing at the edges of his battered derby, and carrying a shabby valise—and the man was Ben!

He caught her, half-fainting, in his arms, kissed her there before all those goggling faces, pressed her to him in passionate thankfulness. He had not been on the flyer at all; had quit railroading the night before—had quit it forever in spite of O'Hara's pleading and the superintendent's wrath. Said it was killing his wife, and that he had run his last engine, so help him.

"I NEVER LOOK IN THE KITCHEN FIRE BUT I THINK OF YOURS, ROARING IN YOUR ENGINE."

Amy listened in a dream, clinging to him dizzily in a wonder of rapture and relief; felt her legs giving way like paper as he supported her to old Smith's hack, and, regardless that it cost fifty cents, told the old fellow to drive them home. In it he gave her an account of his night's doings: how he had gone to his former pal, Joe Sweetzer, who manufactured ice-making machinery, and begged a job—any old job—at anything.

It was a shame that he had kept away from Joe so long, thinking he had grown too rich and grand, for Joe was just the same whole-souled fellow that he ever was, and as happy as a kid to oblige him. And what if Joe didn't have a job ready-made for him—superintendent of an ice factory in Oklahoma City at a hundred and seventy-five a month! The people out there were in a frantic hurry, and wanted a first-class man at once, passage paid, wife included.

So Joe kept him up till two, teaching him ice-making, theory and practise, and giving him pointers, and heartening him to make a bluff at it, which seemed easy to anybody who knew engines inside out. With a day more in the shops Joe said he would be fit to hold the job, and was going to telegraph the Oklahoma people he had found just the man they needed.

"And so now I am an ice-man instead of a——"

He stopped abruptly; his face grew overcast; Amy felt him shudder.

"Oh, God, what a smash!" he exclaimed in an altered voice.

"And it was I who saved you," murmured Amy in a sort of awe. "If it hadn't been for that wretched quarrel, and all the unkind, untruthful, cruel things I said—and could have bitten my tongue out afterward for saying—you wouldn't be here now, Ben — you wouldn't be here now!"

Ben bowed his head.

"That's right," he said.

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"YOU CAN'T GO IN HERE TO-NIGHT," HE SAID.

NAN of MUSIC MOUNTAIN

by

FRANK H. SPEARMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
CHARLES SARKA

HENRY DE SPAIN, of Medicine Bend, has been summoned to Sleepy Cat, to represent the railroad and stage men in a shooting contest. He is outshot by a young girl, Nan Morgan, of the outlaw clan of Morgan's Gap, who, with a gang from Calabasas, have had their own way with Thief River Valley and the Thief River stage-line for years.

The same day de Spain is made general manager of the stage-line—a post of responsibility and danger, for his real job is to subdue the Morgans. They promptly challenge him, demanding that he discharge a stage-guard who has put one of their men, Sassoon, off a stage for disorder.

De Spain flatly refuses, and the conflict is on. Sassoon stabs the guard, during an altercation over cards, and the railroad men—Lefever, Bob Scott, and de Spain—get out after him. They pick up his trail at Calabasas Inn, and

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"YOU KICKED UP SOME ALKALI," SAID SATT MORGAN, GRINNING.

de Spain, at night, follows him into the natural stronghold of Morgan's Gap, and by a clever ruse drags him from his shack.

At the exit of the Gap, while the other two men wait just outside, he encounters Nan Morgan. She halts him, questions him and his prisoner sharply, threatens to call her uncle—the head of the clan; but at the critical moment the men beyond the Gap raise a commotion, and in the confusion de Spain rushes his prisoner out of the Gap.

Nan immediately dashes back to give the alarm, and the capturing party is pursued by two little parties of men, converging upon them from two directions.

The captors dismount and, spreading out, begin firing. One party of pursuers halts to return the fire, but the others ride hard to cut Sassoon's captors off. until de Spain, after repeated warnings, drops the leader's horse and topples him to the ground.

SCOTT and Lefever yelled loudly. Out of the cloud of dust the man scrambled to his feet, looked coolly around, and brushed the alkali disgustedly from his eyes, just as a second bullet from de Spain's rifle tore up the earth a few feet to one side of him. He jumped like a rabbit and did not even make a further pretense of composure. Grabbing his hat from the ground, he ran like mad toward the hills.

Meantime his mounted companion had turned about. De Spain sprang to his feet, jerked up his horse, and cried: "Make for the cañon!" Pushing Sassoon into the saddle, the railroad men rode hard for their refuge and reached it without more molestation than an occasional shot from their distant pursuers on the main trail.

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De Spain and his scouts now felt assured of their escape. The foot-hills contingent was left far behind, and though the remaining pursuers rode in at times with a show of rushing, the chase was a stern one and could be checked whenever necessary. Halting at times in this way to breathe their horses or to hold off the rear pursuit, de Spain with his two companions and their prisoner rode into Sleepy Cat, locked Sassoon up, and went to the Mountain House for breakfast.

The abduction of Sassoon, which signalized de Spain's entry into the stage-line management, created a sensation akin to the exploding of a bomb under the range.

De Spain himself, somewhat surprised at the storm he had raised, listened to the counsel of Scott, and while the acute stage of the resentment raged along the trail he ran down for a few days to Medicine Bend. Both Gale and Duke Morgan proclaimed in certain public places in Sleepy Cat their intention of shooting de Spain on sight; and as a climax to all the excitement of the week following his capture, the slippery Sassoon broke jail and after a brief interval appeared at large in Calabasas.

This feat of the Morgan satellite made a great laugh at de Spain's expense. It mitigated somewhat the humiliation of Sassoon's protectors, but it in no wise diminished their expressed resolve to punish de Spain's invasion. Lefever, who kept close to the drift of public sentiment, concluded soon after de Spain's return to Sleepy Cat, that the stage-line authorities had gained nothing by Sassoon's capture.

"I suppose you understand," he remarked one night in Jeffries' office, speaking in as well-modulated a tone as he could assume to convey information not wholly cheerful, "that they expect to get you for this Sassoon job?"

De Spain flushed. Even the somber birthmark darkened a little. But the red anger lasted only a moment. "Who are 'they'?" he asked after a pause.

"Deaf Sandusky, Logan, of course—the Calabasas bunch, and the Morgans."

De Spain regarded his companion with resentment. "What do they expect I'll be doing while they are getting me?"

Lefever raised a hand deprecatingly. "Don't be over-confident, Henry—that's your danger. I know you can take care of yourself. But I'd like to get the folks here acquainted with your ability to do so, without taking unnecessary chances. You see, people are now asking questions of themselves: Who is this newcomer—an accident or a genuine arrival? An ordinary squib or a real explosion? Now don't get excited," he added, soothing as best he could de Spain's obvious irritation. "You have the idea. It's time to show yourself."

"I can't very well do business here without showing myself," retorted de Spain.

"But it is a thing to be managed," persisted Lefever. "Now suppose—since the topic is up—we 'show' in Main Street for a while."

"Suppose we do," echoed de Spain ungraciously.

"That will crack the début ice. We will call at Harry Tenison's hotel and go to his new rooms—go right to society headquarters first—that's my theory of doing it. If a man declines to eat anybody up at Tenison's, we put him down, Henry, as not actually hungry."

"One man I would like to see is that sheriff, Druel, who let Sassoon get out."

"Ready to interview him now?"

"I've got some telegrams to answer."

"Those will keep. The Morgans are in town. We'll start out and find somebody."

When, followed by Lefever, de Spain walked into the lobby of Tenison's hotel a few moments later, the office was empty. Nevertheless the news of the appearance of Sassoon's captor spread. The two men sauntered into the well-lighted billiard hall, which occupied a deep room adjoining the office and opening with large plate-glass windows on Main Street. Every table was in use. A fringe of spectators in the chairs, ostensibly watching the pool games, turned their eyes toward de Spain—those who recognized him pointing him out by nods and whispers to others.

Among several groups of men standing before the long bar, one party of four near the front end likewise engaged the interest of those keener loafers who were capable of foreseeing situations. These men, Satterlee Morgan, the cattleman, Bull Page, one of his cowboys, the sheriff Druel, and his brother, a lawyer, who had been drinking together, did not see Lefever and his companion as they came in through the rear lobby door. But Lefever, on catching sight of them, welcomed his opportunity and, walking directly forward, laid his hand on

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Satt Morgan's shoulder. As the cattleman turned, Lefever, genially grasping his hand, introduced de Spain to each of the party in turn.

Morgan threw the brim of his weather-beaten hat back from his tanned face. He wore a mustache and a chin-whisker of that variety designated in the mountains by the most opprobrious of epithets. But his smile, which drew his cheeks into wrinkles all about his long, round nose, was not unfriendly. He put out his hand and looked with interest from his frank but not overly trustworthy eyes at de Spain. "I heard you made a sunrise call on us one day last week," he said in a good-natured, slightly nasal tone. "I wasn't at home. And from what I hear, I reckon it's pleasanter to meet you now than it would have been then."

"I think, barring misunderstandings, you and I could meet in a friendly way almost any time, Mr. Morgan," returned de Spain. "I've wanted for some time to get acquainted with your people; and I want to say, if I had thought they would take it so hard—I mean, as any affront intended to them—I never would have gone into the Gap after Sassoon. I just assumed—making a mistake, as I now realize—that my scrap would be with Sassoon, not with the Morgans."

Satt's face wrinkled into a humorous grin. "You kicked up some alkali."

De Spain nodded candidly. "More than I intended to. And, I say, without any intention of impertinence to anybody else, Sassoon is a cur. And I supposed when I brought him in here after so much trouble that we had sheriff enough to keep him." He looked at Druel with such composure that the latter was nonplused. Then Druel, discharging a volley of oaths, demanded what de Spain meant. De Spain did not move. He refused to see the angry sheriff.

"That is where I made my second mistake," he continued, speaking to Morgan and forcing his tone just enough to be heard. Druel with more hard words began to abuse the railroad for not paying taxes enough to build a decent jail. De Spain took another tack. He eyed the sheriff calmly as the latter continued to draw away and left de Spain standing somewhat apart from the rest of the group. "Then it may be I am making another mistake, Druel, in blaming you. It may not be your fault."

"The fault is, you're fresh," cried Druel, warming up as de Spain appeared to cool. The line of tipplers backed away from the bar. De Spain, stepping toward the sheriff, put out his hand in a friendly gesture. "Druel, you're hurting yourself by your talk. Make me your deputy again sometime," he concluded, "and I'll see that Sassoon stays where he is put."

"I'll just do that," cried Druel. "Next time you want him locked up you can take care of him yourself."

The sharp crack of a rifle cut off the words; a bullet tore like a lightning bolt across de Spain's neck, crashed through a mahogany pilaster back of the bar, and imbedded itself in the wall. The shot had been aimed from the street for his head. Instantly the noisy room was hushed. Spectators sat glued to their chairs. White-faced players leaned motionless against the tables. De Spain alone acted; all that the bartenders could remember after the rifle-shot, was seeing de Spain's hand go back as he whirled and shot instantly in answer to the heavy report. He had whipped up his gun and fired sidewise through the window at the sound.

The bartenders breathed again and looked. Men were crowding panic-stricken through the back doors. De Spain, at the cigar-case, looked intently into the rainy street lighted from the corner by a dingy lamp. The four men near him had not stirred, but startled and alert, the right hand of each covered the butt of a revolver. De Spain spoke first. While the pool-players jammed the back doors to escape, he spoke to, without looking at, the bartender. "What's the matter with your curtains?" he demanded, pointing to the big bare sheet of plate glass. "Is that the way you build up business for the house?"

Those who looked at the window saw that the pane had been cut in the middle by two bullet-holes. Curious men examined them after de Spain and Lefever left the saloon. The first hole was the larger. It had been made by a high-powered rifle; the second was from a bullet of a Colt's revolver. But it was remarked that the two were hardly an inch apart.

In the street a few minutes later, de Spain and Lefever encountered Scott, who, with his back hunched up, his cheap black hat pulled well down over his ears, his hands in his trousers pockets, and his thin coat collar turned up against the drizzling rain, was

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walking across the parkway from the station.

"Sassoon is in town," exclaimed Lefever with certainty after he had told the story. He waited for the Indian's opinion. Scott, looking through the water dripping from the brim of his seasoned derby, gave it in one word: "Was," he amended with a quiet smile.

"Let's make sure," insisted Lefever. "Supposing that he might still be in town, Bob, where is he?"

Scott gazed up the street through the rain lighted by yellow lamps on the obscure corners and looked down the street toward the black reaches of the river. "If he's here, you'll find him in one of two places. Tenison's—I mean across the street, up-stairs, or at Jim Kitchen's barn. If he was hurried to get away," added Scott, reflectively, "he would slip up-stairs over there as the nearest place to hide; if he had time he would make for the barn, where it would be easy to cache his rifle."

Lefever took the lapel of the scout's coat in his hand. "Then you, Bob, go out and see if you can get the whole story. I will take the barn. Let Henry go up-stairs to Tenison's and wait at the head of the stairs till we can get back there. It is just around the corner, Henry—second floor—a dark hall running back, opposite the double doors that open into an anteroom. Stay there, till we come. It won't be long, and if we don't get his trail you may spot your man yourself."

De Spain found no difficulty in locating the flight of marble stairs that led to the gambling-rooms. Around three sides of this room were placed the keno lay-outs, roulette wheels, faro tables, and minor gambling devices. Off the casino itself small card-rooms opened.

The big room was well filled for a wet night. The faro tables were busy and at the central table at the farther end of the room—the table designated as Tenison's because at the rare intervals in which the proprietor dealt, he presided at this table—a group watched silently and intently a game in progress.

De Spain strolled into the room and, beginning at one side, progressed in leisurely fashion from wheel to wheel and table to table inspecting the players. Few looked at him and none paid any attention to his presence. At Tenison's table he saw in the dealer's chair the large white, smooth face, dark eyes, and clerical expression of the proprietor, whose presence meant a real game and explained the interest of the idlers crowded about one player whom de Spain, without getting closer in among the onlookers than he wanted to, could not see. He moved on and, after making the round of the scattered tables, walked again through the archway into the anteroom only to meet, as she stood hesitating, apparently about to enter the room, Nan Morgan.

De Spain Becomes Masterful

THEY confronted each other blankly. Nan's hat was wet and the limp shoulders of her khaki jacket and the front of her silk blouse showed the wilting effect of the rain. In one hand she clutched wet riding-gloves. Her cheeks, whether from the cold rain or from some mental stress, fairly burned, and her eyes, which had seemed, when he encountered her, fired with some resolve, changed to an expression of dismay.

This was hardly for more than an instant. Then her lips tightened, her eyes dropped, and she took a step to one side to avoid de Spain and enter the gambling-room. He stepped directly in front of her. She looked up, furious. "What do you mean?" she exclaimed indignantly. "Let me pass."

The sound of her voice restored his self-possession. He made no move to get out of her way; indeed, he pointedly continued to obstruct her passage. "You've made a mistake, I think," he said evenly.

"I have not," she exclaimed with resentment. "Let me pass."

"I think you have. You don't know where you are going," he persisted, his eyes bent uncompromisingly on her own.

She showed increasing irritation at his attempt to exculpate her. "I know perfectly well where I am going," she retorted angrily.

"Then you know," he returned steadily, "that you've no business to enter such a place."

"I know where I have business," she flashed. "I need no admonitions from you. You are impertinent, insulting. Let me pass!"

His stubborn opposition showed no signs

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"WHAT IS HER HORSE DOING HERE?" DEMANDED DE SPAIN, COLDLY.

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of weakening. "One question," he said, ignoring her angry words: "Have you ever been in these rooms before?"

He thought she quailed the least bit before his searching look. She even hesitated as to what to say. But if her eyes fell momentarily it was only to collect herself. "Yes," she answered, looking up unflinchingly.

Her resolute expression supported her defiant word and openly challenged his interference, but he met her once more calmly. "I'm sorry to hear it," he rejoined. "But that won't make any difference. You can't go in to-night."

"I will go in!" she cried.

"No," he returned slowly, "you are not going in—not while I am here, at least."

They stood immovable in their attitudes. He tried to reason her out of her determination. She resented every word he offered. "You are most insolent," she exclaimed. "You are interfering in something that is no concern of yours. You have no right to act in this outrageous way. If you don't stand aside I'll call for help."

"Nan!" De Spain spoke her name suddenly and threateningly. His words fell fast and he checked her with his vehemence. "We met in the Gap a week ago. I said I was going to tell you the exact truth. Did I do it?"

"I don't care what you said or what you did——"

"Answer me," he said sharply. "Did I tell you the truth?"

"I don't know or care——"

"Yes, you do know——"

"What you say or do——"

"I told you the truth then. I am telling it now. I will never see you enter a gambling-room as long as I can prevent it. Call for help if you like."

She looked at him, overcome with amazement. She seemed to try to speak—to make another protest. Instead, she turned suddenly away, hesitated again, put both her hands to her face and hurried toward the stairs. De Spain instantly followed. "Let me take you wherever you are going!"

Nan turned on him, her eyes blazing through tears, with a single scornful, furious word: "No!" She quickened her steps from him in such confusion that she ran into two men that had just reached the top of the stairs. They separated with alacrity to give her passage. One of the men was Lefever, who, despite his size, was extremely nimble in getting out of her urgent way, and quick in lifting his hat. Nan fairly raced down the stairs, leaving Lefever to look after her in astonishment. He turned to de Spain: "Now who the deuce is that?"

De Spain ignored his question by asking another: "Did you find him?"

Lefever shook his head. "Not a trace; I covered Main Street. I guess Bob was right. Nobody home here, Henry?"

"Nobody we want."

"Nothing going on?"

"Not a thing. If you will wait here for Bob, I'll run over to the office and send my telegrams." De Spain started for the stairs.

"Henry," called Lefever, as he trotted hastily down the broad flight, "if you catch her, kindly apologize, will you, for a fat man?"

But de Spain was balked of an opportunity to follow Nan. In the street he ran into Scott. "Did you get the story?" demanded de Spain.

"Part of it."

"Was it Sassoon?"

Scott shook his head. "I wish it was Sassoon."

"What do you mean?"

"Deaf Sandusky."

The two regarded each other for a moment. "The fellow Lefever calls the butcher," said de Spain, reflectively.

"The fellow everybody calls the butcher."

The two rejoined Lefever at the head of the stairs. They discussed the report. Even Lefever seemed more serious when he heard it. Scott, when asked where Sandusky now was, nodded toward the Gap.

He then warned de Spain to keep within doors. De Spain promised to do so. But when they left him he slouched secretly down street to see if he could not by some happy accident encounter Nan.

A Cup of Coffee

THE other incidents of the evening would have given any man food for reflection—indeed, they did force de Spain to realize that his life would hang by a slender thread while he remained at Sleepy Cat and continued to brave the

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rulers of the Sinks. But this danger, which, after all, was a portion of his responsibility in freeing his stages from depredations, failed to make on him the moving impression of one moment of Nan Morgan's eyes. She could upset him completely, he was forced to admit, by a glance, a word, a gesture, a mere turn of her head. There was in the whole world nothing he wanted to do so much as in some way to please her —yet it seemed his ill luck to get continually deeper into her bad graces.

It had so stunned and angered him to meet her intent on entering a gambling-hall that he was tormented the whole night. Long association with outlaws—what might it not have done for even such a girl? While her people were not all equally reprobate, some of them at least were not far better than the criminals of Calabasas. To conceive of her gambling publicly in Sleepy Cat was too much. He had even taken a horse, after cautiously but persistently haunting the streets for an hour, and ridden across the river away out on the mountain trail, hoping to catch a sight of her.

Every day for a week he rode across the open country, his eyes turned to the far range and to Music Mountain. The rounded, distant, immutable peak—majestic as the sun, cold as the stars, shrouding in its unknown fastnesses the mysteries of the ages and the secrets of time—meant to him now only this mountain girl whom its solitude sheltered.

Within two weeks he became desperate for a sight of her. He rode the Gap trail from Sleepy Cat again and again for miles and miles in the effort to encounter her. He came to know every ridge and hollow on it, every patch and stone between Rat River and the lava-beds. And in spite of the counsels of his associates, who warned him to beware of traps, he spent, under one pretext or another, much of the time either on the stages to and from Calabasas, or in the saddle riding toward Morgan's Gap looking for Nan.

Killing time in this way, his persistence one day most unexpectedly promised reward at the Calabasas barns. He had ridden through a hot sun from Sleepy Cat, passing the up-stage half-way to Calabasas, and had struck from there directly out on the Sinks toward Morgan's Gap. Riding thence around the lower lava-beds, he had headed for Calabasas, where he had an appointment to meet Scott and Lefever at five o'clock.

When de Spain reached the Calabasas barn, McAlpin, the barn-boss, was standing in the doorway. "You'd never be comin' from Sleepy Cat in the saddle!" exclaimed McAlpin incredulously. De Spain nodded affirmatively as he dismounted. "Hot ride, sir; a hot day," commented McAlpin, shaking his head as he called a man to take the horse, and followed the manager into the office.

The heat was oppressive, and de Spain unbuckled his cartridge belt, slipped his revolver from the holster, mechanically stuck it inside his trousers waistband, hung the heavy belt up under his coat, and, sitting down, called for the stage report. When McAlpin had given him all minor information, de Spain walked with him out into the barn to inspect the horses. Passing the first of the box stalls, the manager saw in it a pony. He stopped. No second glance was needed to tell him that this wiry, sleek-legged roan, contentedly munching Company hay, was Nan Morgan's.

McAlpin, talking volubly, essayed to move on, but de Spain, stubbornly pausing, only continued to look at the handsome saddle horse. McAlpin saw he was in for it and resigned himself to an inquisition. When de Spain asked whose horse it was, McAlpin was ready. "That little pony is Nan Morgan's, sir."

De Spain made no comment. "Good-looking pony, sir," ventured McAlpin dubiously.

"What's it doing here?" demanded de Spain coldly.

Before answering, the barn-boss eyed de Spain very carefully to see how the wind was setting, for the pony's presence confessed an infraction of a very particular rule. "You see," he began, cocking at his strict boss a questioning Scotch eye from below his visorless cap, "I like to keep on good terms with that gang. Some of them can be very ugly when they want to be, you know. It's better to be friends with them when you can—by stretching the barn rules a little once in a while—than to have enemies of 'em all the time—don't you think so, sir?"

"What is her horse doing here?" asked de Spain, without commenting on the explanation, but without showing, as far as McAlpin could detect, any growing resentment

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at the infraction of his strict regulations.

McAlpin made even the most inconsequential approaches to a statement with a keen and questioning glance. "The girl went up to the Cat on the early stage, sir. She's coming back this afternoon."

"What is she riding away over here to Calabasas for, to take the stage, instead of riding straight into Sleepy Cat?"

Once more, McAlpin eyed him carefully. "The girl's been sick."

"Sick?"

"She ain't really fit to ride a step," confided the Scotch boss with growing confidence. "But she's been going up two or three times now to get some medicine from Doc Torpy—that's the way of it. There's a nice girl, sir—in a bunch o' ruffians, I know—though old Duke, she lives with, he ain't a half-bad man except for too many cards. I used to work for him—but I call her a nice girl. Do you happen to know her?"

DASHING THE BLOOD FROM HIS EYES HE SPURRED BLINDLY AWAY.

De Spain was on guard. "I've spoken with her once or twice, Jim. I can't really say I know her."

"Nice girl. But that's a tough bunch in that Gap, sure as you're alive; yes, sir."

De Spain was well aware the canny boss ought to know, because he had lived at some time in the Gap, and was reputed to have been a hardy and enduring rider on a night round-up.

"Anything sick, Jim?" inquired de Spain, walking on with McAlpin down the barn and looking at the horses. It was only the second time since he had given him the job that de Spain had called him "Jim," and McAlpin answered with the rising assurance of one who realizes that he is "in" right. "Not so much as a sore hoof in either alley. I try to take care of them, sir."

"What are we paying you, Jim?"

"Twenty-seven a week, sir: pretty heavy work at that."

"We'll try to make that thirty-two after this week."

McAlpin touched his cap: "Thank you kindly, sir, I'm sure. It costs like hell to live out here, Mr. de Spain."

"What did you say," asked de Spain, indifferently, "had been the matter with Nan Morgan?" Her name seemed a whole mouthful to speak, so fearful was he of betraying interest.

"Why, I really didn't say, sir. And I don't know. But from what I hear, and what she says, and the way she coughs, I'm thinking it was a touch of this what they call p-newmonia, sir."

His listener recalled swiftly the night he had seen her wet through, in the cold rain, at Sleepy Cat. He feared Jim's diagnosis might be right. And he had already made all arrangements to meet the occasion now presenting itself. Circumstances seemed at last to favor him. He looked at his watch. The down-stage bringing Nan back would be due in less than an hour.

"Jim," he observed, thoughtfully, "you are doing the right thing in showing some good-will toward the Morgans."

"Now I'm glad you think that, sir."

"You know I unintentionally rubbed their backs the wrong way in dragging Sassoon out."

"They're jealous of their power, I know—very jealous."

"This seems the chance to show that I have no real animosity myself toward the outfit."

Since de Spain was not looking directly toward him, McAlpin cocked two keen,

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curious eyes at the speaker's face. However, the astute boss, if he wondered, made no comment. "When the stage comes in," continued de Spain, quietly, "have the grays hitched to my own light Studebaker. I'll drive her over to the Gap, myself—to show I harbor no ill feeling."

"The very thing," exclaimed McAlpin, staring while he struggled with his breath.

"In some way, I've happened both times I talked with her, to get in wrong—understand?" McAlpin, with clearing wits, nodded more than once. "No fault of mine; it just happened so. And she may not at first take kindly to the idea of going with me."

"I see."

"But she ought to do it. She will be tired—it's a long, dusty ride for a well woman, let alone one that has been ill."

"So it is."

De Spain looked now shamelessly at his ready-witted aid: "See that her pony is lame when she gets here—can't be ridden. You'll take care of him and send him home in a few days—see?"

McAlpin half closed his eyes. "He'll be so lame it would stagger a cowboy to back him ten feet—and never be hurt a mite, neither. Trust me."

"No other horse that she could ride in the barn?"

"No horse that could be ridden between Calabasas and Thief River."

"If she insists on riding *something*, or even walking home," continued de Spain dubiously—for he felt instinctively that he should have the task of his life to induce Nan to accept any kind of a peace-offering—"I'll ride or walk with her anyway. Can you sleep me here to-night, on the hay?"

"Sleep you on a hair mattress, sir. You've got a room right here up-stairs."

With arrangements so begun, de Spain walked out of doors and looked reflectively up the Sleepy Cat road. One further refinement in his appeal for Nan's favor suggested itself. She would be hungry, possibly faint in the heat and dust, when she arrived. He returned to McAlpin. "Where can I get a good cup of coffee when the stage comes in?"

"Go right down to the Inn, sir. It's a new chap running it—a half-witted man from Texas. My wife is cooking there. She'll fix you up a sandwich and a cup of good coffee."

It was four o'clock and the sun beat fiercely on the desert. De Spain walked down to the Inn unmindful of the heat. In summer rig, with his soft shirt collar turned under, his forearms bare, and his thoughts engaged, he made his way rapidly, looking neither to the right nor the left.

As he approached the weather-beaten pile it looked no more inviting in sunshine than it had looked in shadow; and, true to its traditions, not a living being was anywhere to be seen. The door of the office stood ajar. De Spain, pushing it all the way open, walked in. No one greeted him as he crossed the threshold, and the unsightly room was still bare of furnishings except for the great mahogany bar, with its two very large, broken mirrors, and the battered pilasters and carvings.

De Spain pounded on the mahogany slab. His effort to attract attention met with no success. He walked to the left end of the bar, lifted the hand-rail that enclosed the space behind it, and pushed open the door between the mirrors leading to the back room. This, too, was empty. He called out: there was no response. He walked through a second door, opening on an arcaded passageway, toward the kitchen—not a soul was in sight. There was a low fire in the kitchen stove, but Mrs. McAlpin had apparently gone home for a while. Walking back toward the office, he remembered the covered way opening on a *patio* which in turn opened on the main road. He noticed also that at the end next the office the covered way faced the window at the end of the long bar.

Irritated at the desertion of the place, due, he afterward learned, to the heat of the afternoon, and disappointed at the frustration of his purpose, he walked back through the rear room into the office. As he lifted the hand-rail and, passing through, lowered it behind him, he took out his watch to see how soon the stage was due. While he held the timepiece in his hand he heard a rapid clatter of hoofs approaching outside. Thinking it might be Scott and Lefever, arriving from the south an hour ahead of time, he started toward the front door—which still stood open—to greet them. From without hurrying footsteps reached the door ahead of him, and a large man, stepping quickly into the room, confronted de Spain, with one hand resting lightly on his right side. De Spain recognized him instantly—the small, drooping head, carried well

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forward, the keen eyes, the crooked jaw, the huge hand—and had there still been a question in his mind, the loud-patterned, shabby waistcoat would have proclaimed, beyond doubt, Deaf Sandusky.

The Glass Button

EVEN as the big fellow stepped lightly just inside and to the left of the door and faced him, the encounter seemed to de Spain accidental. While Sandusky was not a man he would have chosen to meet at that time, he did not at first consider the incident an eventful one. But before he could speak, a second man appeared in the doorway and this man appeared to be joking with a third, behind. As the second man crossed the threshold, de Spain recognized Sandusky's high-voiced, little fighting crony, Logan, who now made way, as he stepped within to the right of the open door, for the swinging shoulders and rolling stride of Gale Morgan.

Morgan, eyeing de Spain with insolence, as was his wont, closed the door behind him with a bang. Then he backed his powerful frame significantly against it.

A blind man could have seen the completeness of the snare. When Gale Morgan stepped into the room on the heels of his two Calabasas friends, de Spain would have sold for Nan's prospective cup of coffee all his chances of life. Nevertheless, before Morgan had set his back fairly against the door and the trap was closed, de Spain had mapped out his fight, and he had already concluded that, although he might not be the fortunate man, not more than one of the four now within the room would be likely to leave it alive.

He did not retreat from where he halted at the instant Sandusky entered. His one slender chance was to hug to the men that meant to kill him. Morgan, the nearest, he esteemed the least dangerous of the three; but to think to escape both Sandusky and Logan at close quarters was, he knew, more than should be hoped for.

While Morgan was closing the door, de Spain smiled at his visitors. "That isn't necessary, Morgan. I'm not ready to run."

Morgan only continued to stare at him.

"I need hardly ask," added de Spain, "whether you fellows have business with me?"

He looked to Sandusky for a reply; it was Logan who answered in a shrill falsetto: "No. We don't happen to have any business that I know of. A friend of ours may have a little—maybe!" And Logan, lifting his shoulders with his laugh, looked toward his companions for comment on his joke.

De Spain's smile appeared unruffled. "You'll help him transact it, I suppose?"

Logan, looking again toward Sandusky, grinned. "He won't need any help."

"Who is your friend?" demanded de Spain good-naturedly. Logan's glance had misled him; it did not refer to Sandusky. And even as he asked the question de Spain heard through the half-open window at the end of the bar the sound of hoofs. Hoping against hope for Lefever, the interruption cheered him.

"Well," answered Logan, talking again to his gallery of cronies, "we've got two or three friends that want to see you. They're waiting outside to see what you look like in about five minutes—ain't they, Gale?"

Some one was moving within the rear room. De Spain felt hope in every footfall he heard, and the mention this time of Morgan's name cleared his plan of battle. Before Gale, with an oath, could blurt his answer, de Spain had resolved to fight where he stood, taking Logan first, and Morgan as he should jump in between the two. It was at the best a hopeless venture against Sandusky's first shot, which de Spain knew was almost sure to reach a vital spot. But desperate men can not be choosers.

"There's no time for seeing me like the present," declared de Spain, ignoring Morgan and addressing Logan. "Bring your friends in now. I don't expect to be able to talk very long," he continued bluntly; "but while I am talking I may as well talk to a few more of you. What are you complaining about, Morgan?" he asked, resenting the stream of abuse that Gale hurled at him whenever he could get a word in. "I had my turn at you with a rifle the other day. You have yours now. And I call it a pretty soft one, too—don't you, Sandusky?" he demanded, suddenly, of the big fellow.

Sandusky alone through the talk had kept an unbroken silence. He was eating de Spain up with his eyes, and de Spain not only ached to hear him speak but was

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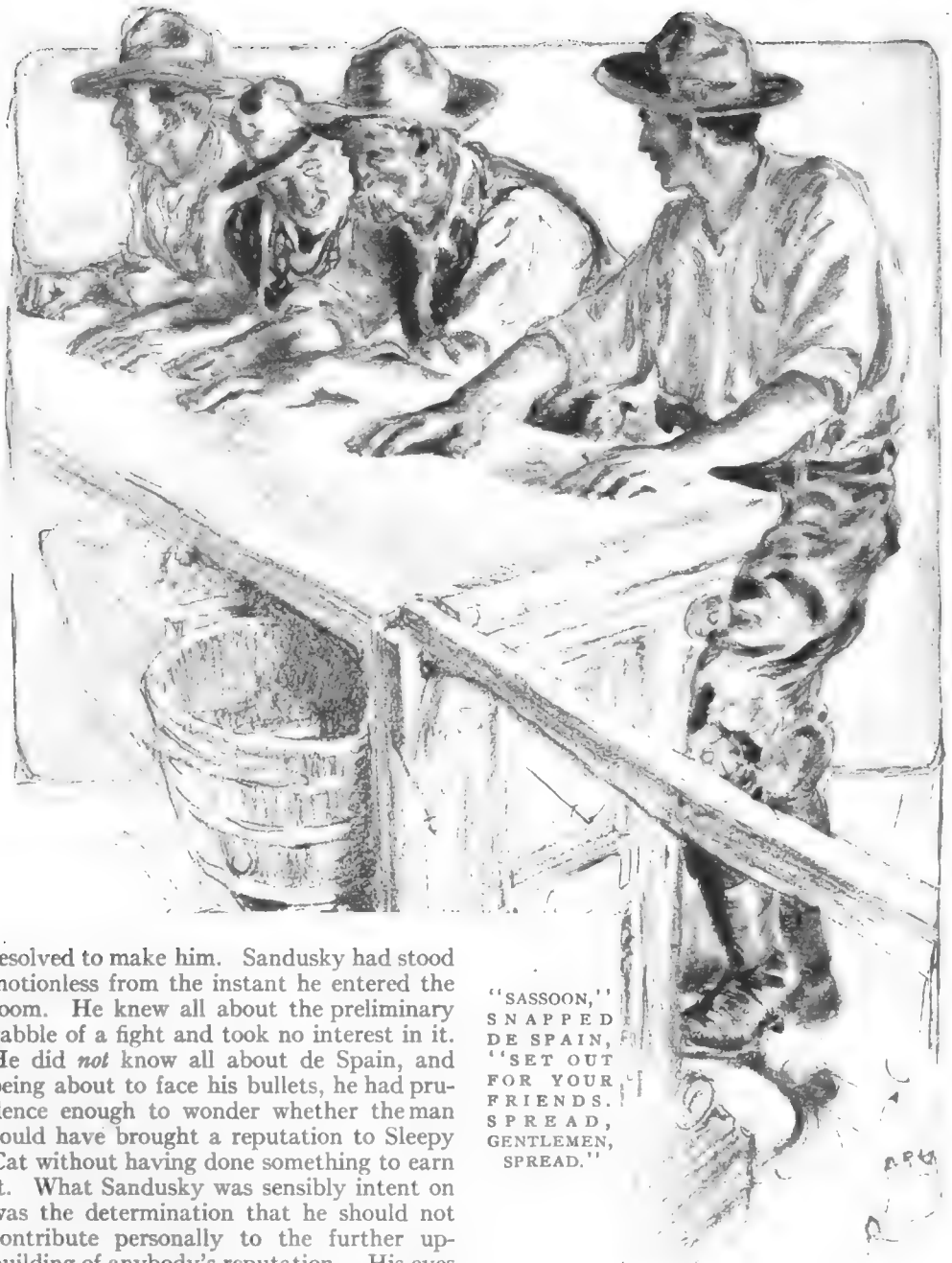

"SASSOON," SNAPPED DE SPAIN, "SET OUT FOR YOUR FRIENDS. SPREAD, GENTLEMEN, SPREAD."

resolved to make him. Sandusky had stood motionless from the instant he entered the room. He knew all about the preliminary gabble of a fight and took no interest in it. He did *not* know all about de Spain, and being about to face his bullets, he had prudence enough to wonder whether the man could have brought a reputation to Sleepy Cat without having done something to earn it. What Sandusky was sensibly intent on was the determination that he should not contribute personally to the further upbuilding of anybody's reputation. His eyes —this resolve shining in them—rested intently on de Spain, and at his side the long fingers of his right hand beat a soft tattoo against his pistol holster. But de Spain's question seemed to arouse him.

"What's your name?" he demanded abruptly. His voice was heavy and his deafness was reflected in the strained tone.

"You'll find it on the butt of my gun, Sandusky."

"What's that he says?" demanded Sandusky, asking the question of Logan without taking his eyes off his shifty prey.

Logan raised his voice to repeat the words and to add a ribald comment.

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"You make a good deal of noise," muttered Sandusky, speaking again to de Spain.

"That ought not to bother you much, Sandusky," shouted de Spain, trying to win a smile from his taciturn antagonist.

"His noise won't bother anybody much longer," put in Logan, whose retorts overflowed at every interval. But there was no smile even hinted at in the uncompromising vigilance of Sandusky's expressionless face. De Spain discounted the next few minutes far enough to feel that Sandusky's first shot would mean death to him even if he could return it.

"I'll tell you, de Spain," continued Logan, "we're going to have a drink with you. Then we're going to prepare you, nicely, for going back where you come from — with flowers."

"I guess you thought you could come out here and run over everybody in the Spanish Sinks," interposed Morgan, with every oath he could summon to load his words.

"Keep out, Morgan," exclaimed Logan testily. "I'll do this talking."

De Spain continued to banter. "Gentlemen," he said, addressing the three together, and realizing that every moment wasted before the shooting began added a grain of hope, "I am ready to drink when you are."

"He's ready to drink, Tom," roared Morgan in the deaf man's ear.

"I'm ready," announced Sandusky in hollow assent.

Still regarding de Spain with the most business-like expression, the grizzled outlaw took a guarded step forward, his companions following suit. De Spain, always with a jealous regard for the relative distance between him and his self-appointed executioner, moved backward. In crossing the room, Sandusky, without objection from his companions, moved across their front, and when the four lined up at the bar their relative positions had changed. De Spain stood at the extreme left, Sandusky next, Logan beside him, and Gale Morgan, at the other end of the line, pretended to pound the bar for service.

De Spain, following mountain etiquette in the circumstances, spread his open hands, palms down, on the bar. Sandusky's great palms slid in the same fashion over the checked slab in unspoken recognition of the brief armistice. Logan's hands came up in turn, and Morgan roared for some one to serve.

De Spain in the new disposition weighed his chances as being both better and worse. They had put Sandusky's first shot at no more than arm's length from his prey, with Logan to cover the possibility of the big fellow's failing to paralyze de Spain on the first instant. On the other hand, de Spain, trained in the tactics of Whispering Smith and Medicine Bend gunmen, welcomed a short-arm struggle with the worst of his assailants closest at hand.

"You'll wait a long time if you wait for service here, Morgan," he said, commenting with composure on Morgan's impatience.

Logan looked again at his two companions and laughed.

Every hope de Spain had of possible help from the back room died with that laugh. The door behind the bar slowly opened; the scar-featured face of Sassoon peered cautiously from the gloom. The horse-thief walked in with a leer; it was directed triumphantly at the railroad man.

If it were possible to deepen it, the sinister spot on de Spain's face darkened. Something in his blood raged at the sight of that malevolent face. He glanced at Logan. "This—" he smiled faintly, nodding toward Sassoon as he himself took a short step farther to the left—"is your drink, Harvey, is it?"

"No," retorted Logan loudly, "this is *your* drink."

"I'll take Sassoon," assented de Spain, good natured again, and shifting at once still another step to the left. "What do you fellows want?"

"We want to punch a hole or two through that strawberry," said Logan, "that beauty-mark of yours. When did you get it, de Spain?"

"I might as well ask where you get your gall, Harvey," returned de Spain, watching Logan hunch Sandusky toward the left that both might crowd closer to him. "I was born with my beauty-mark, just as you were born with your damned bad manners," he added composedly. "You can't help it, neither can I. Somebody is bound to pay for putting that mark on me. Somebody is bound to pay for your manners. Why talk about either? Sassoon," he added sharply, "set out for your friends—or I will. Spread, gentlemen, spread."

He had reached near enough to the end

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of the bar to turn it. Sandusky pushed closely along after him. De Spain had spoken without hesitation or break, but the words seemed to have no place in his mind. He was thinking only, and saw only within his field of vision, a cut-glass button that fastened the bottom of Sandusky's greased and gaudy waistcoat.

"You've waited one day too long to collect for your strawberry, de Spain," cried Logan shrilly. "You've turned one trick too many on the Sinks, young fellow. If your man ain't in this room, you'll never get him."

"Which means, I take it, that you're going to try to get me," smiled de Spain.

"No," bellowed Morgan; "it means we have got you!"

"You are jumping into another man's fight," protested de Spain steadily, addressing Logan.

"Sassoon's fight is our fight," interrupted Morgan.

"I advise you," said de Spain once more, looking with the words at Sandusky and his crony, "to keep out of it."

"Sandusky!" yelled Logan to his partner, "he advises you and me to keep out of this fight. We'll keep out—won't we? What?" he laughed shrilly.

"Sure," asserted Sandusky, but with no variation in tone and with his eyes attentively on de Spain.

Logan, with an oath, leaned over the bar toward Sassoon and pointed contemptuously at de Spain. "Shike!" he cried. "Step through the rail and take that man's gun."

De Spain, looking from one to the other of the four faces confronting him, laughed for the first time. But he was still looking without seeing what he seemed to look at. In reality he saw only the glass button. He was face to face with taking a man's life or surrendering his own; and he knew that life must be taken in such a way as instantly to disable its possessor. These men had chosen their time and place. There was nothing for it but to meet them.

Sassoon was stepping toward him very doubtfully.

De Spain laughed again, dryly this time. "Go slow, Sassoon," he said. "That gun is loaded."

"If you want terms, hand over your gun to Sassoon," blurted Morgan.

"Not till it's empty," returned de Spain deliberately. "Do you want to try taking it?" he demanded of Logan, his cheeks burning a little.

Logan never answered the question. It was not meant to be answered. De Spain asked it only to cover the spring he made, at that instant, plump into Sandusky. Catlike though it was, it did not take the big fellow unprepared. He had heard once —when or where he could not tell, but he had never forgotten the hint—that de Spain, a boxer, was as quick with his feet as with his hands. The outlaw whirled. Both men shot from the hip. The reports cracked together. One bullet, grazing the fancy button, smashed into the gaudy waistcoat; the other, as de Spain's free hand struck at the muzzle of the big man's gun, tore into de Spain's foot. Sandusky, convulsed by the frightful shock, staggered against de Spain's arm, the latter dancing close against him.

Logan, alive to the trick, but caught behind his partner, fired over Sandusky's right shoulder at de Spain's head, already flattened against the gasping outlaw's breast. Hugging his shield, de Spain fired over Sandusky's left shoulder into Logan's face. Logan, after he dropped to the floor, never moved. Supporting with extraordinary strength the unwieldly bulk of the dying butcher, de Spain still managed to steady him as a buffer against Morgan's fire until he could send a slug over Sandusky's head, just as the latter collapsed. Morgan, knocked backward, fell against the bar.

Sandusky's weight dragged de Spain down, and for an instant the four men sprawled in a heap. Sassoon, who had not yet got one effective shot across his agile enemy, dropping his revolver, dodged under the rail to close with him. De Spain, struggling to free himself from the dead man, saw through a mist Sassoon's greenish eyes and thirsty knife. He fired at his enemy from the floor. The bullet failed to stop him, and de Spain, partly caught under Sandusky's body, thought, as Sassoon came on, the game was up.

But with an effort born of desperation he dragged himself from under the twitching giant and rolled away till he could handle his revolver once more. Conscious of failing strength, and with his vision swimming, he swung the gun, as he lay, over his head at Sassoon's middle, meaning to kill him. The bullet whirled the gray-faced thief to one side. He dropped on his hands, but rose full of fight to his knees and, clutching

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his knife, crawled forward, panting. De Spain, rolling hastily in, before Sassoon could strike, beat him down with blow after blow from the butt of his gun.

His own eyes were streaming blood. His head was reeling, he was breathless. But he could still dimly see the shape of the window at the end of the bar. Dashing his hand across his forehead through the red stream, he ran for the window and jumped through the sash into the *patio* where Sassoon's horse stood trembling at the fusillade. Catching at the pommel, he stuck his wounded foot up again and again for the stirrup. It was useless. But, summoning all his fast-ebbing strength, he threw himself across the horse's back, lashed the brute through the open gateway, got at last into the saddle, and spurred blindly away.

On the Wounded Man's Trail

IT WAS well along toward midnight of the same day when two horsemen, after having ridden circumspectly around the outbuildings and corrals, dismounted from their horses at some little distance from the door of the Calabasas Inn. They shook out their legs as men do after a long turn in the saddle and faced each other in a whispered colloquy. An overcast sky, darkening the night, concealed the alkali crusted over the riders and their horses; but the hard breathing of the latter in the darkness told of a pace forced for some hours.

"Find your feet before you go in, Pardaloe," said the heavier of the two men guardedly to the taller one.

"Does this man know you?" muttered the man addressed as Pardaloe, stamping in the soft dust and shifting slightly a gun harness on his breast.

"Pedro knew me," returned Lefever, the other man, "but McAlpin says there is a new man here, a half-wit. They all belong to the same gang—coiners, I believe, every one of them. They work here and push it in Texas."

Instead of meeting de Spain, as appointed, Lefever had come in from the Thief River stage with Scott three hours late, only to learn from McAlpin of the fight at the Inn and de Spain's disappearance. Jeffries had already sent a party, of whom Pardaloe, from Medicine Bend, had been picked up as one, down from Sleepy Cat to look for the missing man, and for hours the search had gone forward.

"Suppose you go back to the barn," suggested Pardaloe, "and wait there while I go in and have a little talk with the landlord alone."

"Why, yes, Pardaloe, that's an idea," assented Lefever feebly. Then he laid the first two fingers of his fat right hand on the lapel of his companion's coat. "Where should you like your body sent?" he asked in confidence. "It's just as well to know now your wishes concerning these little details."

"You don't suppose this boob will try to fight, do you, when he knows Jeffries will burn the shack over his head if another railroad man is attacked in it?" demanded Pardaloe.

"We can burn the boob's shack down—of course," answered Lefever; "but if you go in there alone the ensuing blaze would be of no particular interest to you."

"All right. We go in together."

"Not exactly that, either. You go first. Few of these forty-four bullets will go through two men at once."

Ignoring Lefever's pleasantry, Pardaloe shook himself and, like a big cat walking in water, stepped toward the door. He could move his tall, bony frame, seemingly covered only with muscles and sinews, so silently that in the dark he made no more sound than a specter. But once before the door, with Lefever close at hand, he pounded the cracked panels till the windows shook. Some time elapsed before there was any response. The pounding continued till a flickering light appeared at a window. There was an ill-natured colloquy, a delay, more impatience, and at length the landlord reluctantly opened the door.

He held in his hand an oil lamp. The chimney had been smoked in such a way that the light of the flame was thrown forward and not back. Lefever, in the background, nothing disturbed, at once threw a counter flashlight back on the half-dressed innkeeper. His hair was tumbled sleepily across his forehead, and his eyes—one showed a white scar across the pupil—set deep in retreating orbits, blinked under heavy brows: "What do you want?" he demanded shortly.

Pardaloe, without answering, pushed

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SUPPORTING THE DYING BUTCHER AS A BUFFER AGAINST MORGAN'S FIRE, HE SENT A SLUG OVER SANDUSKY'S SHOULDER.

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through the half-open door into the room.

"We're staying here to-night," announced Pardaloe, as simply as possible. Lefever had already edged through the door, pushing the stubborn innkeeper aside by sheer bulk of weight and size.

The sleepy man gave ground stubbornly. "No beds," he growled surlily. "You can't stay here."

Lefever at once assumed the case for the intruders: "I could sleep this minute standing on my head," he declared. "And as for staying here, I can't stay anywhere else. What's your name, son?" he demanded, buttonholing in his offhand way the protesting man.

"My name is Philippi," answered the one-eyed defiantly.

Lefever laughed: "No offense, Philippi; but would it be indiscreet to ask which side of your face hurts the most when you smile?"

"Who are you fellows?" demanded Philippi, looking from one to the other.

"I am a prospector from the Purgatoire," answered Pardaloe.

Philippi turned his keen eye on Lefever. "You a railroad man?"

"No, sir," declared Lefever, dusting the alkali vigorously from his coat sleeve.

"What *are* you?"

John looked as modest as it was possible for him to look: "Few people ask me that: but in matter of fact I am an *objet d'art*."

"What's that?"

"Different things at different times to different men, Philippi," answered Lefever quietly, exploring, while he spoke, different corners of the room with his flashlight. "Come now, get us something to eat. I'll go up-stairs and pick out a room to sleep in."

"I tell you," insisted Philippi profanely, "there are no rooms for you to sleep in, up-stairs."

"And I," retorted Lefever, "tell you there are. Anyway, I left a sewing-machine up-stairs here three years ago. I promised then to keep it oiled for the lady. This is a good time to begin."

With Lefever making the old steps creak, ahead, and Pardaloe, with his long, soft, pigeon-toed tread close behind, the unwilling landlord was taken up the stairs, and the two men thoroughly searched the bedrooms—few of which contained even a bed—Lefever keeping up a running fire of talk that gave Philippi no respite from anxiety.

Outside the kitchen quarters, which likewise were rigorously searched, not a soul could be found in the house. Finally only one room remained—a room over the kitchen, which the party reached through a narrow, tortuous passageway along an attic gable. The door was locked. Philippi told them it belonged to a sheepherder who did not use it often. He protested he had no key. Pardaloe knocked and, getting no response, tried unsuccessfully to force the lock. Lefever motioned him aside and, after knocking loudly on the door himself, laid his shoulder against it. The door creaked and sprung in crazy protest. The panels cracked, the stubborn frame gave, and with a violent crash Lefever pushed completely through the locked barrier, and threw his flashlight inside. Pardaloe, urging the unwilling Philippi ahead, followed.

The room, unfinished under the rafters, was destitute of furnishings and bore traces of long disuse. Stretched on the floor toward the middle of it, and side by side, lay two men. One of them was very large, the other not more than half his companion's size. Lefever, kneeling over the man nearest the door, examined him, listened for breathing, and laid his head to the man's heart. Having completed his examination, he went around to the other—Pardaloe and Philippi silently watching—and examined him with equal care. When he had done, he examined the wounds of each man. Then, rising, he turned to Philippi:

"Were these men dead when you brought them up here?"

"I didn't bring 'em up," growled Philippi.

"Where were you when this fight was going on?"

"Down at the stage barn."

"Getting your alibi ready. But, of course, you know that won't let you out, Philippi. Your best chance is to tell the truth. There were two others with this pair—where are Gale Morgan and Sassoon?"

"Satt Morgan was over with hay to-day. He took them over this evening to Music Mountain."

"Where were they hit?"

"Morgan was hit in the shoulder, as far as I heard. Sassoon was hit in the side and in the neck."

"Where is de Spain?"

"Dead, I reckon, by this time."

"Where's his body?"

"I don't know."

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"Why do you think he is dead?"

"Sassoon said he was hit in the head."

"Yet he got away on horseback."

"I'm telling you what Sassoon said. I didn't see him."

Lefever and Pardaloe rode back to the stage barn. "Certainly looks blue for Henry," muttered Lefever, after he had gone over, with Pardaloe and McAlpin, all of the scant information that could be gathered. "Bob Scott," he added gloomily, "may find him somewhere on the Sinks."

At Sleepy Cat, Jeffries, wild with impatience, was on the telephone. Lefever, with McAlpin and Pardaloe standing at his side, reported to the superintendent all he could learn. "He rode away—without help, of course," explained Lefever to Jeffries in conclusion. "What shape he is in, it's pretty hard to say, Jeffries. Three more of the bunch, Vance Morgan, Bull Page, and a lame man who works for old Bill Morgan, were waiting in the saddle at the head of the draw between the barn and the hotel for him if he should get away from the Inn. Somehow, he went the other way and nobody saw hide nor hair of him, as far as I can learn. If he was able to make it, Jeff, he would naturally try for Sleepy Cat. But that's a pretty fair ride for a well man, let alone a man that is hit—and everybody claims he was hit. If he wasn't hit he should have been in Sleepy Cat long before this. You say you've had men out across the river?"

"Since dark," responded Jeffries. "But John," he asked, "could a man hit the way de Spain was hit, climb into a saddle and make his getaway?"

"Henry might," answered Lefever laconically.

Scott, with two men who had been helping him, rode in at two o'clock after a fruitless search to wait for light. At daybreak they picked up de Spain's trail. Studying carefully the room in which the fight had taken place, they followed de Spain's jump through the broken sash into the *patio*. Blood that had been roughly cleaned up marked the spot where he had mounted the horse and dashed through an open corral gate down the south trail toward Music Mountain. There was speculation as to why he should have chosen a route leading directly into the enemy's country, but there was no gainsaying the trail—occasional flecks of blood blazed the direction of the fleeing hoofs. These led—not, as the trailers hoped they would, in a wide detour across easy-riding country toward the north and the Sleepy Cat stage-road—but farther and farther south and west into extremely rough country, a no-man's land where there was no forage, no water, and no habitation. Besides, the trail as they held it farther and farther showed the unsteady riding of a man badly wounded.

Beyond the ridge they found where he had dismounted for the first time. Here Scott picked up five empty shells ejected from de Spain's revolver. They saw more than trace enough of how he had tried to stanch the persistent flow from his wounds. He seemed to have worked a long time with these, and with some success, for his trail thereafter was less marked by blood. It was, however, increasingly unsteady, and after a time it reached a condition that led Scott to declare de Spain was no longer guiding Sassoon's pony—it was wandering at will.

Confirmation, if it were needed, could soon be read in the trail by all of them. The horse, unrestrained by its rider, had come almost completely about and headed again for Music Mountain. Within a few miles of the snow-covered peak, the hoof-prints ran directly into the road from Calabasas to Morgan's Gap and were practically lost in the dust of the wagon road.

*The next instalment of "**Nan of Music Mountain**" will appear in the December number.*

WORKABLE PLANS
for
NATIONAL DEFENSE
will be discussed in
NEXT MONTH'S EVERYBODY'S

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DR. HIDEYO NOGUCHI, OF THE ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE, THE STRATEGIST OF BACTERIOLOGY. KNIGHTED BY THE KING OF SPAIN AND THE KING OF DENMARK FOR HIS MASTERLY CAMPAIGNS AGAINST VIRULENT DISEASE.

NOGUCHI

The Man behind the Contagion Fighters

by

CARL SNYDER

AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD MACHINE," ETC.

This is the story of a dramatic laboratory achievement in New York that is helping to hold back the hosts of disease from war-stricken Europe.

THE story of the gallant battle of the Red Cross against the typhus scourge which has swept over Servia since the war began, is perhaps one of the most dramatic in the history of humanitarian medicine. Last January this plague, which has been called camp fever, jail fever, shop fever, and was supposed to be a relative of

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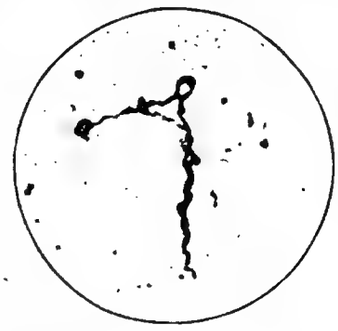
typhoid, broke out wildly in a corner of Servia, due to some captured Austrian prisoners. More than one hundred thousand of the population—poor, vermin-ridden, ill-fed—were carried off. They died on the doorsteps of hospitals too crowded to admit them. Two out of six American Red Cross surgeons sent to south Servia died. Servia lost one hundred and five physicians from the plague. The Dutch and Greek Red Cross contingents were so depleted that they withdrew from the country. The corps organized by Dr. Richard P. Strong of the Harvard Medical School, the foremost plague expert in the world, stuck to their posts. Dr. Edward F. Ryan was left in charge of all the hospitals in Belgrade when the Serbs evacuated the city. He himself was stricken and narrowly escaped death from the plague.

But Science won. In six months the outbreak was under control and on its way to the end.

The names of these brave fighters on the field will never be forgotten. But behind them stands an equally brilliant history of quiet, obscure toil in the laboratory, which made this conquest of contagion possible. Nicolle in Algiers, Anderson and Goldberger in our Public Health Service, had shown long ago that typhus was probably transmitted in but one way—by the bile of infected *lice*, exactly as in the case of yellow fever and the mosquito.

Then at Mt. Sinai Hospital, in New York, a very young worker, Dr. Harry Plotz, succeeded in isolating the germ and showing its identity with a milder malady known as Brill's disease.

But back of all these and other victories over disease stands the work of a young Japanese, who up to two years ago had been working obscurely in the laboratory of the Rockefeller Institute. Then in quite another connection than that of typhus his name burst upon the scientific world.



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THE BACTERIA WHICH CAUSE RELAPSING FEVER, MAGNIFIED 500 TIMES. THIS DISEASE, DUE TO DIRT, FAMINE, AND OVERCROWDING, IS COMMON IN WAR-TIME.

Three years before the war, a distinguished group of medical men met in New York. Specialists of note were there from distant cities to discuss the newest and perhaps most momentous thing in medicine since the discoveries of Pasteur fifty or sixty years ago—a specific test to disclose the deadliest infection known to man—syphilis. If it succeeded the physician would be able to say, "I know!" instead of "I think!"

Consider for a moment what this means. A man, a woman, a child, is stricken suddenly with a grave illness; the physician is called, and from certain vague appearances, from symptoms which may mean a dozen different things, he is expected to single out the true nature of the malady and apply a remedy if he has one. If he fails, plainly he is not a skilled physician. If, sensing the situation, he feels rather than thinks his way to a lucky guess, plainly he is a great man.

But suppose now the physician could draw a drop of blood from your finger and hold it up to the light, or put it under the microscope and say without further ado, "You have this or that." Then, if it be an illness for which a sure countervail has been found, he could prescribe with the certainty of a chemist making a laboratory experiment.

Now in the case of one of the world's greatest scourges, very near such a test-miracle had seemingly been found. This scourge was that "grand mal" or great pox which about the time that Columbus discovered America swept Europe like a wildfire, and still remains the most persistent and pervasively evil malady of which we have clear record.

The great question at issue was: Is the test specific? And if it is, does this eventually mean a clear test for every kind of disease? This was the question which distinguished workers in this field had gathered to discuss.

There was a disappointing lack of agreement. Then the chairman rose and said, not very distinctly: "Gentlemen, we have with us this evening—one whose distinguished work—it gives me great pleasure——"

In the confusing murmur of voices the name is lost. A young man rises and comes forward. He does not look over thirty; he has an engaging, boyish manner. Dark and Oriental in feature, he is obviously a Japanese, though he speaks English without a trace of accent. He talks in a

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low tone; you do not get a great deal of what he says. But he speaks with a certain decision and authority; and it is so received. When he has finished, the discussion is closed.

A dozen years before, Dr. Simon Flexner, then of the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, had taken into his laboratory a young Japanese student who very quickly disclosed remarkable experimental powers. He had received a careful and singularly wide education, not merely in things scientific but in things literary. He had studied medicine and received his degree in the medical school of Tokyo; he had studied in the schools of Europe. They formed then—Dr. Flexner and this young Dr. Hideyo Noguchi—a kind of working partnership which has subsisted ever since. When Dr. Flexner was called to become the head of, and organize, the great institution for medical research which Mr. Rockefeller had founded, he brought his Japanese coworker with him. He had been in the quarantine service of Japan, physician in charge of the Central Hospital in Niuchwang in China, been made a titular professor by the government of Japan and carried out a series of researches which had gained for him a high reputation with other workers all over the world.

A MASTER METHOD

It was the work of Flexner and Noguchi on snake venoms which in great part opened the way to the development of the Wassermann reaction for syphilis, to which I have alluded above. It was therefore natural, when this epochal discovery was announced, that Dr. Noguchi should be among the foremost to take up and perfect the process. This he has done, not merely by refining the Wassermann test, but by devising an entirely new test, called the butyric acid reaction, which is entirely his own and has formed a valuable supplement thereto in doubtful cases.

By these means it is possible to take a few drops from the blood of the patient to be examined, put this in a test-tube, add a little extract from an infected tissue, and by the degree of reaction which ensues judge not merely whether infection exists, but to some extent the degree, that is the virulence of the poison for a given individual. It is the first of human maladies for which such a specific test has been devised. It gives promise of the day when such a specific will be found for every kind of infection and therewith, perchance, an equally specific serum or drug.

But even under the best of conditions it was early established that the Wassermann test was available only in a very high percentage of cases. Its word is not final. There are a number of instances where it quite fails.

Now in a number of contagions, as malaria, typhoid and the like, it is possible to put a drop of blood under the microscope and determine with a high degree of certainty whether the germ of these particular diseases happens to be present or not. Then in a number of others, as pneumonia, tuberculosis and cholera, where this as yet can not be done, it is still possible to take a little of the suspected blood and put this in a "culture medium" and develop an enormous number of the germs in the test-tube. If now you inject a quantity of these into a test animal and the animal develops all the symptoms of pneumonia or relapsing fever or the like, you may be fairly certain that it was the germs of this or that particular disease which you started with.

But for a long line of other contagions none of these tests is available, because for them no responsible and reliable microbe could be found. This was, and still is, true, for example, of smallpox, yellow fever, scarlet fever, and it was equally true of the grim scourge for which the Wassermann test was devised. This led Dr. Noguchi to a wholly new field.

Ten years ago, a young German worker, Fritz Schaudinn, announced that he had found a certain curious organism in the blood of so many persons stricken with this infection, that he believed this was the causal agent, as the physicians say. It was no bacterium; it was not just a little rod or speck, as most bacteria are. It was highly microscopic, but shaped very much like a slender little tadpole twisted up into a kind of corkscrew. For this reason it was classed among the *spirochætæ*, or "borers"; and because it was so difficult to stain, it was given the sub-name of *pallida*, the pale one. It was very active—most of the bacteria are quite inert—and it darted across the field of vision at times with a twisting motion of quite astonishing rapidity.

But every effort to cultivate the suspect—

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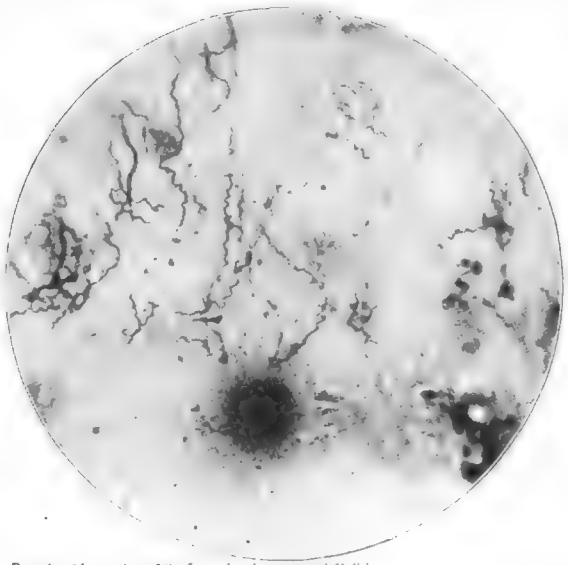
to rear it in captivity, as it were—failed completely until Dr. Noguchi took it up. Then, too, it was found in such a great number of individuals who did not show any sign of lues—that is the physicians' name for the contagion—that there were grave doubts of the supposed discovery. When the Wassermann reaction came in and showed that fully one case of lues in three is wholly unconscious and unsuspected either by the victim or the physician, the grounds for this doubt were removed. But there was still no decisive proof.

The decisive proof was to grow the germ, obtain a pure culture and then experimentally produce the disease in a test animal. Almost all of Dr. Noguchi's work hitherto had been rather in the field of biological chemistry — that is, the chemistry and reactions of the blood of the living body. He was not primarily a bacteriologist, who works rather with microscopic and culture mediums. But as he had written the most authoritative work in English on the Wassermann test and allied reactions—a model of simple and lucid exposition—Dr. Noguchi became possessed of the idea that there must be some method of growing the *spirochætæ*.

Though he tried every kind of human and animal fluid, none seemed to offer a favorable milieu. Then came another thought. Almost from the beginning of his revolutionary work on bacteria, Pasteur found certain types or strains to which, strange as it may seem, oxygen was more or less fatal—to some absolutely so. The discovery was so curious that if it had been announced by any one with less authority than that of Pasteur, it would never have been believed. But there was no questioning the fact. Along with this, in later years, came the discovery that even to many of the bodily tissues—the human body tissues—oxygen has no access. This is true, for example, of the nerves, in spite of the fact that we lose consciousness if the oxygen supply is cut off even for a few minutes. But it was in the nerves and small tissues that *spirochæta pallida* was very often to be found. Suppose it was what Pasteur called an "anaërobe"—that is an organism which lives without oxygen and to which oxygen perhaps is positively harmful!



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THE SPIROCHÆTA WHICH CAUSES SYPHILIS, THE MOST WIDE-SPREAD OF CONTAGIONS. TRACES OF IT HAVE BEEN FOUND IN BONES OF PREHISTORIC PEOPLES, AND UNTIL THE PRESENT DAY IT HAS BEEN INCURABLE.

It was what the French term a genial thought, for in a few months Dr. Noguchi was able to announce that he had succeeded in producing pure cultures, and that these cultures injected into monkeys as test animals, had developed the characteristic symptoms. The verity of Schaudinn's discovery was absolutely confirmed.

Once in possession of pure strains of the spiros, Dr. Noguchi was able to develop a new and third test for lues which differs wholly from the other two. This is a skin reaction, induced by means of an extract expressed from his cultures, and is close of kin to the tuberculin reaction for tuberculosis, hence called *luetin*. It is especially valuable in late and obscure cases where the symptoms are cerebral or motor, as in paresis and locomotor ataxia, which are now known to be due wholly to this infection.

But the new method was destined to result in far more than merely the cultivation of a single new kind of microscopic species. It opened the gate, as it were, to a whole line of discoveries, in both number and importance greater than those of any single individual since Pasteur and Koch and their coworkers entered and overran a virgin field.

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Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C. Photograph from Paul Thompson, N. Y.

DR. EDWARD W. RYAN, DIRECTOR OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS WORK IN BELGRADE, THE SERVIAN CAPITAL.

First of all came strange revelations regarding the *spirochætæ* themselves. It was found that, unlike the other bacteria, the pale one, called treponema, could undergo considerable variation in form. Conceivably these variations are the reflection of internal differences, perchance chemical differences, which may make one strain extremely virulent and another quite harmless. With the new method it will be possible to follow minutely the life, habits and condition of growth of this fateful species and perhaps gain an insight into the conditions which make this organism so deadly for the human race. It seems to have little such effect upon many of the lower animals.

Another curious thing was that the treponema seemed to secrete no special poison—no toxin, as the physicians say. From cultures of many kinds of bacteria they may draw off a fluid which acts as a violent poison, just like snake venom. So far this has not been possible with the germ of lues. Why, then, should it harm its human host? That is a problem for the future.

Much more extraordinary was the discovery which followed. From the mouths of normal healthy individuals Dr. Noguchi was able to isolate and grow strains of *spirochætæ* which from their shape and appearance and characteristic motion could in no wise be distinguished from those which produce the deadliest of human ills. So far as can be discovered these unrecognized guests are quite harmless, create no disturbance and seem incapable of being transformed into what the physician terms a pathogenic—a disease-pro-

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SPIROCHÆTÆ FOUND IN THE MOUTH OF A HEALTHY HUMAN. NOGUCHI PROVED THAT BACTERIA OF MANY OF THE MOST DEADLY DISEASES ARE NORMALLY THERE.

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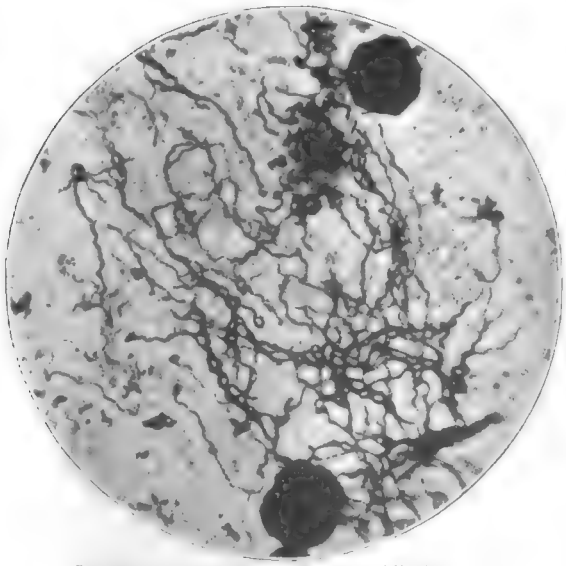
ducing—germ.

There are still other *spirochætæ* which make trouble for the human race, some of which have long been known. These are responsible for the four distinct types which in widely separated countries are each known as relapsing fevers. African tick fever belongs to the same brood. Pursuing the same methods which had yielded so great a success with the other cultures, Dr. Noguchi was able to grow pure strains of each of these four types, to mark their variations and to provide a way for the rapid identification of these fevers by means of the microscope. Along with these he cultivated also the spirochæta which causes the relapsing fever of chickens.

Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

DR. HARRY PLOTZ, OF MT. SINAI HOSPITAL, NEW YORK. AT TWENTY-FOUR HE DISCOVERED THE CAUSE AND CURE OF TYPHUS.



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SPIROCHÆTÆ OF CHICKEN CHOLERA. NOGUCHI SHOWED THAT THE BACTERIA OF MANY HUMAN AND ANIMAL DISEASES ARE CLOSELY RELATED.

It is easy to see how immensely valuable will be this new method of cultivation in studying the action of drugs and antidotes upon these parasites. Working quite blindly and with no rapid means of testing out his preparations, Professor Ehrlich, after six hundred and five experimental failures, finally found the special admixture of arsenic which he called Salvarsan or "606," and which when injected into the veins of man, seems to strike with instant death the invading hosts of spirochætæ.

Consider how immensely his work would have been facilitated if he could have had Dr. Noguchi's cultures upon which to experiment and watch in test tubes the effect of one preparation after another. Now that such cultures can be had for the mere trouble of making them, the way is opened to the discovery of other and perhaps yet more wonderful remedies than Salvarsan,

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if more wonderful in efficacy are possible.

From the fact that Dr. Noguchi's new method has proven of such utility in such a wide variety of species, and especially with these which so long defied detection, it may soon be possible to cultivate the germs of every ill known to man or animals. In fact, this promise has already been brilliantly realized in two others of the most dreaded human infections, and this in the hands of the same gifted investigator. The first of these was the devastating epidemic among children which has come to be known as infantile paralysis. Although it has been recognized for a half-century or more; it is only in recent years that it has been shown to be infectious. Never very virulent in this country a general epidemic appeared a few years ago on the northern border and followed a strangely irregular line southward. It is estimated that from its ravages fifteen or twenty thousand children have been maimed for life.

PARALYZING INFANTILE PARALYSIS

It is quite a dreadful malady to watch. It is fatal in a very high number of cases and worse than fatal where it is not—paralyzing the little victims and often leaving them more or less idiots. Formerly it was supposed to be relatively rare even as an epidemic; now it is known that there are a great number of unrecognized and half-submerged cases whose after-effects may be traced for years. It specially attacks the spinal cord and the brain.

Dr. Flexner and his assistants had for years made a particular study of this contagion. They were able to show that it also was a "filterable virus" and that they could inoculate one animal from another. But that was all. Then Dr. Noguchi thought to try his new method in the detection of this micro-organism. A large number of specimens from affected human beings or monkeys had been collected in the Rockefeller Institute, and working with these Dr. Noguchi was able to develop a vigorous growth by the same means he had used with spirochætæ. He found that pieces of the brain were much to be preferred to the spinal cord or other tissues, showing that in the brain, where they would be farthest removed from the presence of oxygen, these minute organisms thrived best. At the end of about five days' incubation a faint whitish film appears about the fragments of tissue at the bottom of the test-tube and after three or four days more this extends to the whole of the fluid under the oil. From this fluid other tubes may be inoculated and others still from these, and so on in an endless series.

By means of these pure cultures it is possible by staining to recognize the organism under the microscope and from this to detect its presence in the tissues. It is exceedingly small, very near the limit of visibility, and in fluid cultures appears among the dancing granules as minute globular bodies hanging together in chains, pairs or small masses, devoid of any motility. Monkeys inoculated from these cultures showed unmistakably the symptoms and effects characteristic of the disease. Not all the cultures were sufficiently virulent to do this, which may be interpreted to mean that an animal or a child may be infected without showing any of the characteristic symptoms. This raises the possibility that the disease may be carried even by persons who seem well.

It is to be hoped that every reader of this article knows how the disease is now supposed to be carried. An epidemic in Massachusetts started the State Board of Health there on an investigation which revealed the fact that through a chain of villages which had been stricken there ran a parallel epidemic of *pig paralysis*. It was inferred from this that pigs were the carriers of the disease. But what was the intermediate carrier?

The ordinary house fly probably does not carry disease, because it does not bite. But its first cousin, the little biting stable fly—first cousin in turn of the deadly tse-tse fly which carries the sleeping sickness of Africa—is another kind of bird. The Massachusetts workers believe that this is the main agent in the transmission of infantile paralysis; and Dr. Rosenau of Harvard has shown experimentally that the stable fly may transmit the disease. Thanks to Dr. Noguchi's discovery, it will soon be possible to find out whether this is the sole means by which the infection is carried from one little sufferer to another victim.

Perhaps horses are also carriers or intermediate hosts of the same scourge and perhaps some day we shall come to dread the bite of these flies as much as intelligent people—they are few—now dread a mosquito, a flea or a bedbug. Perhaps for the

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same reason we shall protect our horses and carefully screen our manure piles in which these deadly pests lay their eggs.

And yet one more brilliant conquest. Although the water-madness, hydrophobia, is one of the rarest diseases known to man, it is so fatal and so horrible that it has a strange kind of terror for most folk. *Although it was probably for thousands of years the one contagion whose true mode of transmission was known*, it had never been possible to distinguish the virus which caused it. It was one of the first which Pasteur sought, and probably thousands of attempts have been made to find it in the sixty years which have intervened. But all of them had failed. It was by making a serum from the spinal cord of an infected animal that Pasteur won his first great success in his dream of a vaccination against every human malady. There was no question as to where this organism develops in the body of its victim. But when he tried cultivating bits from the brain or medulla from rabbits, dogs or other infected animals, if he kept the cultures free from any trace of oxygen, Dr. Noguchi was able to disclose the presence of very minute, granular bodies.

By inoculating other cultures with these he produced a pure strain. With these it has been possible to reproduce the disease in dogs, rabbits and guinea-pigs; and film preparations from the brains of test animals contain always these granular bodies in large numbers. In other words, for the first time the organism has been artificially grown.

COMING CONQUESTS

So much at thirty-nine. What next? Perhaps the germ of trachoma—human pink-eye—which has baffled investigators so long. Or perhaps he has done enough in this field, which is not that to which his main life-work has been devoted. Now that the method has been shown to be of such extraordinary fertility, other conquests by this means, and by other means which it doubtless will suggest, may be left to other hands. It was needful to establish experimentally that there is no form of contagion which has not its living individual germ—needful because there are always doubting folk who will doubt on until their last defenses are smashed. It was an immense service to medicine that all these new agents of infection should be identified and easily identifiable. It will be a great advantage when this is true of every malady known to man.

By being able to make pure cultures of every kind of organism, it will be possible to discover just how poisonous they are, and then, perhaps, solve one of the most interesting problems in medicine—that is, whether practically every serious infection, every serious illness, is not the result of a mixed infection and rarely due to any single kind of germ. With these same cultures it may be possible also to make new serums as successful as those for hydrophobia and for diphtheria.

THE ELUSIVE ENEMY

But by far the greatest good will be the aid in tracing the germs from one victim to another, and working out their life-cycle in the same fascinating way as has been done with the malarial germ in the mosquito and the bubonic plague germ in the flea. Then we shall know how much of human disease can be prevented by simple screening or avoiding contact with any living carrier.

Dr. Plotz's proof of the identity of typhus and Brill's disease will be of great service in adding yet another instance to an already considerable list which indicates that there are singularly few evil-working strains among all the millions or tens of millions of varieties or parasites which might infect the human race. To perhaps .999999 per cent.—that is, to all but one in many millions of types or species of micro-organism—we are immune!

It has taken long to learn that disease is *not* carried by milk, or water, or food, or filth, or air, but in all but a few isolated instances, like hay-fever, is due *solely to direct inoculation*, from one animal to another, or by means of a carrier insect.

Of greater avail than all these things, perhaps, is the new chemotherapy—that is, the means of sterilizing the victims of an infection so that there are no germs left to transmit. That is the work of the future. It reaches down into the deeper mysteries of disease itself, one may say into the deepest mysteries of life. It is here that the larger part of Dr. Noguchi's work has been done, and it is to this, probably, that he will return after the fruitful excursion into other fields which I have here recounted.

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SHE STAYED IN HER ROOM A LONG TIME.

STERNER STUFF

by ETHEL M. KELLEY

AUTHOR OF "THE EPIDEMIC."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGINEL W. ENRIGHT

"HE ISN'T going to—" Margery thought to herself—"he isn't going to eat it!"

Her mother ran the beets through the chopper, then the carrots and the cold corned beef and potatoes. They came out in wonderful *squzzling* skeins, red, yellow, white, black. There were four little mounds on the platter before her mother began stirring them together. Hash was a very pretty thing if you thought of it that way. After hesitating a moment, her mother took the onion that was standing in a saucer on the kitchen dresser, and ran that through the chopper also.

"Are you going to put in an onion?"

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Margery asked in a whisper; but her mother didn't answer her.

Her father sat in the corner by the stove, smoking. He had not spoken to her mother since breakfast, when she had forgotten to get him any condensed milk for his coffee. He had taken the coffee and poured it down the kitchen sink, and then he had taken off the stove-lid and thrown the toast and the two fried eggs and the saucerful of quince preserves into the fire. After that he wouldn't answer anything that any one said to him.

Margery had been sitting in her little rocking-chair by the fire, making paper-doll clothes, almost all the morning. There wasn't any fire in the sitting-room. The coal was low, and her mother said she guessed they could manage in the kitchen till evening. It wasn't cold winter weather, when you kept your gas-burner going all night. The front part of the house was almost warm enough to stay in without a fire.

Margery put her little plaid shawl over her shoulders, and went and sat on the front stairs for a while; but the chillness and dampness got into her fingers, and she got a little tiny bit of library paste on the stair runner. She scooped it up on her finger, and went back to the kitchen.

Father sat just as she had left him, and mother was beginning to get dinner.

Margery pulled out the front leaf of the table, crawling under it to get the wooden bracket straight. The oilcloth cover was already on it. She set the three blue-and-white plates, the knife, fork, and spoon at each place, the cups and saucers, the butter and sugar-bowl and spoon-holder. Then she went back to her place by the fire. She had forgotten the *salt*. Had father ever gone into one of those spells about *salt*? She couldn't remember, but she was glad he hadn't sat down to the table without it. She had to step in front of him every time she put anything on his side of the table. Of course, every time she did so she said: "S'cuse me, papa—" but he never answered her.

When the hash was browned in the "spider," and mother had put a handful of tea in the brown pot, and set it forward on the front part of the stove to steep, she said:

"All ready, Sam. Pull up to the table and eat your dinner."

But her father didn't stir. Margery had known from the first that he wouldn't. She was very fond of hash herself. It looked so kind of pretty and tasty, with the red beets and the carrots sticking out, and the lovely brown crust mother made on it. She got up from her own chair, and then sank back into it again.

"All right, Sam," her mother said again. She cleared her throat and spoke up more loudly. "Didn't you hear me? I said that your dinner was ready."

"Your dinner is ready, papa," Margery said. Sometimes if you acted just as if there was nothing the matter, he came out of it more quickly. But her father only smoked faster, as if no one at all had been speaking to him.

"Come, eat your dinner, Margery," her mother said drawing out her own chair.

Margery helped herself to the hash before she seated herself, and took a lovely, fragrant mouthful.

"Aren't you going to eat, mother? Aren't you going to have some?"

But her mother shook her head. "I ain't hungry," she said.

The hash suddenly began to taste funny—salt and dry, as if she were eating chips or shavings. She looked around for the bread. Her mother always put it on the last thing, so it wouldn't get dry.

"Can I have a piece of bread, mother?" she asked. "If you'll tell me where 'tis, I'll get it."

Her father snorted. Then he got up out of his chair, and snapped his fingers over the table. "That's it! Expect me to sit down to a table half set, day after day! Nothing ever ready!" He thrashed out of the room, slamming the door so the dishes all rattled.

Her mother just leaned her head over her plate and cried into it. Margery slipped out of her chair and stood beside her, her hand on her shoulder.

"I do the best I can," her mother sobbed. "I always try to make everything that he likes, and cook it the way he likes, but nothing I do ever satisfies him. Nothing I do is right. He abuses me the same way for everything. I'm tired of it. I'm tired of it all."

It was almost always like this. Yesterday had been very pleasant, and the day before, but Monday he had had one of his spells. They had had stew. Margery didn't like stew as well as she liked hash, but nobody had taken even a taste of it.

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She didn't know what made her father behave so. It was hard to afford meat for stews and big cuts of corned beef, now that he hadn't any regular employment. It was hard to get the money to pay rent, and she hardly ever had any new dresses or stockings. She was too big a girl to wear aprons to school, but she had to. Her mother's gray suit was all darned and made over.

They couldn't afford to waste so much of the food that they cooked for him. He knew they couldn't. When he worked every day in the shop he got very good wages, but he quarreled with the man who was over him, and he wouldn't go back if he starved, he said. *Why* wouldn't he? Margery kept wondering. What hurt would it do if he went back? They were perfectly willing to have him come back, at the shop, her mother told her.

She decided to go out to play after she did up the dishes. There was only her own plate and knife and fork, and the spider the hash had been cooked in.

She wanted to wear her red coat, and take a walk down the street to the post-office; but she had to wear her old tan sweater, so she stayed in her own yard with her bisque doll and doll-carriage. She didn't intend to play with dolls any more after this spring was over, and she was trying to give Elaine

"I DO THE BEST I CAN," HER MOTHER SOBBED, "BUT NOTHING I DO EVER SATISFIES HIM." MARGERY SLIPPED FROM HER CHAIR AND STOOD BESIDE HER.

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—that was her doll's name—all the air that she could before it came summer.

In front of the house a big gray motor-car stopped, and a big man got out and began to work around it. In the car were two ladies, one very pretty and stylish and the other quite homely. They asked her what her name was, and she told them. Then they asked how long she had lived in Wisconsett. The pretty lady said that her husband had been born in Wisconsett, too, and that was why they came every year.

Margery said, "Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am" until the conversation was over. Then she wheeled the doll-carriage to the sunny side of the house. As she rounded the corner she heard the lady say:

"What a beautiful face! Whose child is she—do you know?"

"Her father's a man named Sam Bassett," the man answered. "A queer specimen. They came from good stock originally, but the man's rather a crank. Won't work and bullies his wife, they say. Carpenter, but won't work at his trade. That's he across the street there."

"He looks like a bully. It's always a weak man that bullies. The child's made of sterner stuff, I imagine. She's an almost pure type—that delicate early New England face, like all the old *Mayflower* portraits."

"She looks like a martyr all right."

When the big car had vanished with a great cloud of dust following behind it, Margery went to the outside of the window where her mother was sitting, her eyes swollen and red, working on some overalls for her father.

"Mama, what is a martyr?"

Her mother didn't look up from her work. "I don't know," she said. "Run away and don't bother me." Her mother always said she didn't know, because it was easier.

"Oh! Mama, you do know if you would only take the trouble to think."

"What do you want to know for?"

"A lady—out here in a car—and a gentleman said that I was one."

"I guess you didn't understand them," her mother said. "Don't stand in my light now. I need all the daylight I can get, such short days."

Margery went into the house and looked the word up in the dictionary. "*Martyr; one who is put to death for the truth, or on account of his belief.*" She couldn't be a martyr—you had to be put to death before you could be one.

Her father didn't come home to supper! Her mother ate a little of the hash warmed over, but Margery wasn't allowed to have any for fear it would "lay hard in her stomach." She felt very hungry for it. She hadn't had much for her dinner.

"What is an *early New England face?*" she asked as she crumbled her brown bread into her milk.

"I don't know."

"What is an *almost pure type?*"

"I don't know."

"I'm almost sure you would know," Margery persisted, "if you'd just pay a little attention. I do want to know so."

"What is it—somethin' else that those folks said about you?"

"Yes," Margery patiently repeated her questions.

"What talk! I guess they must of meant you looked like the first settlers."

"Do I?"

"I guess so."

It wasn't much use to try to make her mother take an interest.

"But they said—they said I was beautiful."

Margery didn't think that they meant it. Grown-up folks were always saying things that meant something else from the thing that they sounded like. But she wanted her mother's opinion.

"Some of these city folks think that a cracked earthenware pie-plate is beautiful, but that don't make it so."

"I guess papa isn't coming home tonight," Margery said after a little, to show she hadn't stopped being cheerful.

"He's down to Cummings's," her mother said bitterly, "throwing away his money on crackers and cheese just to spite me, an' he'll sleep to his sister's."

"He oughtn't to do it," Margery said.

"What difference does that make to him? He don't care what he does, as long as he's making me suffer. He ought to have some one that's strong enough to handle him; but I ain't, and I never shall be. I'm just about desperate."

"What would somebody do that was strong enough?"

"Lay down the law to him. Tell him to treat his family decent, and to get up and go to work, and bring in some money.

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'Tain't as if there warn't work to be had for the asking."

"Why does he have those cross spells, and then go without eating? What makes him a bully?"

"Just natural unlikeliness, near about. He ain't satisfied with himself, and he don't want anybody else to be satisfied. I guess that's the size of it."

"Why don't you tell him?"

"Tell him what?"

"Why, just lay down the law to him."

"He won't listen to nothing I say. There's no use in my talking."

"You could tell him to stop making you suffer, and to eat what you cooked, and not to behave so."

"Much good it would do!"

"But why don't you?"

"Why don't you do it yourself if you're so anxious?"

"I'm only a little girl, and I couldn't."

"Well, stop talking so foolish then. I got enough on my mind without listening to you going on that way."

When Margery went to bed that night she felt very queer. Her heart beat very hard, and her stomach was empty and achey. She got up in her nightie and folded her bedquilt two double. It wasn't so much that she was cold, but she felt rather shivery.

"Dear God in heaven," she prayed, "make my poor mother feel better, and give my father some work, and make somebody lay down the law to him. Or if there isn't any help for it, let me die, and go up into your—I mean Thy—heaven, where I can feel a little comfortable sometimes, and not have to suffer. I should be very glad if you—Thou—would help me to know what to do, or else wilt Thou please let me die, because it's the only thing I can think of to do, and we can't go on this way."

She got to sleep after a long time, and dreamed she was making hash for Elaine, who was starving.

Things kept getting worse all the week. There was hardly a day that her father wasn't having a spell. Her mother got so *she* wouldn't speak to her, either. She said she was just "so discouraged there was no use to talk—she only snapped out when she did."

There wasn't any school on account of the mumps epidemic. Lucy and Annie, Margery's two best friends, were sick, and she couldn't go over to play with them. She didn't play by herself very much because she couldn't get her mind off of her mother and father. She stayed in the house a great deal in her chair in the kitchen. She wondered if her mother's heart ached the same way that her own did. She could almost feel it paining her from the outside when she put her hand over it. She tried not to sigh very much. An old lady once told her that you "lost a drop of blood from the heart every time that you *sithed*." She didn't want her heart to get worse—it hurt so much already.

On Saturday morning she decided to *lay down the law* to her father. There was nobody else. She was terribly frightened. She stayed up in her room a long time, brushing her hair and tying it up with a navy-blue ribbon. Her hair was very yellow and wavy. She looked in the glass, and wondered if the early settlers had had big blue eyes, and were skinny.

Then she walked straight down-stairs to the kitchen. Her father was sitting in his chair by the stove. Her mother was washing the dishes.

She was shaking all over, but her voice came up out of her throat all right after a minute. "Father," she said, "you've got to try and be decent to your family, and get up and go to work and bring some money in. You've got to stop having those spells. You've got to eat what's set before you. You've got to be better! You've *got* to! Mother 'n' me, we can't stand it any longer."

Her father had turned away his head when she began speaking, and looked out of the window. "Papa," she said, "papa, do you hear me?"

"I hear ye," he said, without looking around.

"We're goin' away if you don't. We're goin' somewhere to the city where I can get work, and make mother a living."

"Margery!" her mother cried. "Margery!"

But Margery put out her hand. "Mama," she said, "mama, I'm talking." She turned back to her father. "You wasted that hash, and that stew, and you got to do better. You got to go back and earn your wages at the shop, no matter how much you quarrel with the man who is over you. It isn't right for you to make your wife

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and your little girl feel so. It isn't just not having clothes, and corned beef being high. It's the sufferin' and havin' a heartache. We can't stand it no longer. You got to do better, or I'll march right straight out of that door, and I'll take mother with me. Do you hear me, papa," she cried—"do you hear me?"

"I hear ye," her father said again, and he drummed on the sill with his fingers.

Margery walked to the sink where her mother was standing, twisting and untwisting a dish towel, "Come on, mama," she said, "let's be going."

For the first time her father turned toward them. His face was very white, and he panted. "Don't," he cried, "don't!" and he put his face down on his hands and sat groaning.

"Margy," her mother said, after a while, "go put your arms round your father, and kiss him."

After she had gone to bed that night her mother came and lay down beside her. Her father had kissed her good-night. He was going to the shop in the morning. Margery was very tired and glad to be resting.

"Mother," she said, "do you mind telling me to-night what *sterner stuff* is? That lady—you know, in the motor—she said that about me. She said papa was a weak man and a bully——"

"The idea!" her mother said. "He's just kind of childish. He's sorry for the way he has acted. It seemed as if he couldn't get hold of himself."

"You don't know do you, mama, the question I asked you?"

"I guess they was just talking to hear themselves talk, warn't they, baby?"

Her mother hadn't called her baby before for a long time. She cuddled up closer.

"But there's one thing they said that was right, Margy—they said you was beautiful, and you are—beautiful in body and soul and in spirit. You've done a big thing for your mother to-day—my dearest, my own little baby! From now on things is goin' to be different. It's not only me, but your father that says so."

"I didn't do nothing," said Margery. "I just laid down the law to him."

SEQUOIA GIGANTEA

by

CHARLES FARWELL EDSON

LONELY I stand! A masterpiece of God!
A living demonstration of His will.
Nations arise, decay, in wide array!
Religions wax and wane, strong men grow old;
While I with roots sunk deep in rock-ribbed earth
Fuse all its pigments into wonder tone.
I learned night's calm, the depth of boundless sea
Whose breath the winds bring to my purple vale.
Forty great centuries of evolving hope
Have ringed me since my seed first sprouted here,
And forty more in phalanxes of time
May come and go before my records cease.
I smile, as Man in curious ant-like towns
Wriggles in clutch of fate that drives him on.

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The PLAYERS

by BURNS MANTLE

PEGGY WOOD, WHO, AS THE COMMUTER'S BRIDE, IN "YOUNG AMERICA," REFORMS DELINQUENT VILLAGE YOUTHS, AND MAKES SUBURBAN LIFE SEEM EXCITING. SHE IS THE DAUGHTER OF EUGENE WOOD.

"WITH youth on the prow and pleasure at the helm," Charles Frohman steered his artistic craft successfully through shoals that wrecked many a manager of keener judgment.

Youth, he insisted, was the one quality demanded of the theatre. Art counted for much. Pictorial settings did their part in making the frame attractive. But youth, youth, youth—and the beauty that is youth—always had held and always will

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Where YOUTH *is Served*

Photograph by White Studio, N. Y.

VIVIENNE SEGAL, OF EIGHTEEN SUMMERS, WHO MAKES "THE BLUE PARADISE" ANYTHING BUT BLUE. SHE HAS PROVEN THAT ON BOARDS WHERE YOUTH AND BEAUTY MEET, EXPERIENCE IS NECESSARY ONLY TO THE STAGE HANDS.

hold the balance of power. If you were to divide into sections the Frohman earnings during the twenty most active years of his career as a manager, you would undoubtedly find the three biggest divisions set opposite the names of Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore and Billie Burke, to bear out his theory.

The Frohman judgment in theatrical matters was no more fallible than that of any of his associates, but in this one

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particular he capitalized his theories most successfully. Other managers noticed it. Many tried to copy the Frohman system; a few with some success. Hence the beginning of each theatrical season in New York there appears a new crop of youthful beauties seeking to make friends for their managers and acquire for themselves a Broadway reputation that shall keep them "at home" the season through. Traveling, you know, is such a bore, and "the road, my dear, is awful!"

A STAR AT EIGHTEEN

This year has proved no exception to the youth and beauty rule. With the very first play at the Casino, for instance—that being "The Blue Paradise"—a Viennese operetta characteristically Americanized, Vivienne Segal arrived. And just two weeks before she arrived Vivienne had no more idea of going upon the stage in New York than you have this minute. But she was pretty, of a promising talent, and she had youth.

She had sung occasionally in Philadelphia with the Philadelphia Operatic Society. She had had two professional engagements, in fact. Her soprano voice is attractively clear and fresh, and it was at one of these Philadelphia concerts that a Broadway manager saw and heard her. The next day he sought her out.

Would she not like to go to New York? Of course she would. Would she not like to try playing a part? Goodness, no! She couldn't think of such a thing. She never had spoken a line upon the stage in her life!

"I thought at first he was joking," she relates. "I told him so. I told him I never, never could speak lines, I was sure. But he only laughed and said he would make me do it. And he did."

He did more, in fact. On the night of her first appearance it was announced, with at least a suggestion of truth, though it did emanate from the office of the manager, that Miss Segal had rehearsed the part but half a dozen times. Yet she danced with a natural grace that was most becoming and sufficiently professional to convince any one that she had enjoyed a liberal stage training. She sang sweetly and she spoke the few lines that fell to her much better than they deserved to be spoken.

There was very little suggestion of the amateur in anything she did, and we daresay the membership of the Philadelphia Operatic Society was properly impressed. Miss Segal's mother has come from Philadelphia to live with her, and they have found their way to a small private hotel in the theatrical district. When we met them they were looking for an apartment, however. Vivienne is only eighteen, and this is her first New York engagement. Her mother confesses to being a "home body," and the honk of the wild taxi as it roams the streets at night does not appeal to her.

We asked Miss Vivienne upon what kind of success she had set her heart—operatic, dramatic, or purely domestic. She smiled seriously and announced that if it were ever permitted her to give a good working imitation of May Irwin she would be perfectly happy. She would love to be a comedienne. Which augurs that she probably never will be.

The part that Peggy Wood is playing in "Young America" is that of a commuter's bride, than which there can be no more uncertain occupation in comedy, in tragedy, or in fact. It happens, however, that "Young America" is the most human and truthful of all the early season plays, and so Miss Wood is happily cast.

Strictly speaking, this is not the season of her Broadway début, but she is most seriously to be reckoned as one of the débutantes none the less, for there is promise that she will distance most of them in her future climb to preference.

Last winter Miss Peggy was playing with George Cohan in that young man's sprightly revue, "Hello, Broadway." She had two or three parts in that entertainment, none of them of much importance, but in one she gave a brief imitation of Elsie Ferguson in a travesty of "Outcast." Mr. Cohan played with her in the scene, and one night followed her from the stage. She tells the rest of it:

"'Peggy, how would you like to do dramatic work!' he asked me. 'There's a note in your speaking voice that I want in a new play we are going to stage next season!'

"'My speaking voice?' I replied, being a little flustered. 'I didn't know I had one.'

"But I guess I had, for here I am, playing the part."

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Underwood & Underwood Studios, N. Y.

MARIE CARROLL, WHO IS PART OF THE MOSS IN "ROLLING STONES", ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL PLAY OF AMERICAN YOUTH. MISS CARROLL'S MAXIM IS, "BE CLEVER, AND LET WHO WILL BE BEAUTIFUL."

Yes, here she is and playing the part so well that though she is a leading woman in a Broadway success her second year out, the praise she won for her performance was greater than that accorded many an older and vastly more experienced actress. That, too, is the reward of youth—to be discovered by the watchful experts who write of the theatre, and are never quite so well pleased as when they discover a promising newcomer.

"Young America" is the first of what promises to be a long list of juvenile court plays, and in it Miss Wood, with the assistance of a kindly judge, strikes rather a new note in what constitutes good citizenship in America.

The play revolves about the unhappy experiences of Art Simpson and his dog Jasper. Art is the bad boy of the village; a "reg'lar degen'rit" in the estimation of those who want some one to blame for all the mischief committed. If there is a tick-tacking party, Art is held responsible. If a

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wire stretched across the street throws the Rev. Somebody prone upon his prayer-bones, Art is blamed. Being an orphan and more or less abused by the aunt who acts as his guardian, there is really no one to take Art's part until little Mrs. Doray, which is the Peggy Wood part, speaks up.

A DOG STAR

This happens after Art has been arrested for stealing chickens and is haled before the juvenile court. His guilt is proved, even though his pal, one "Nutty" Beemer, willingly perjures himself in an effort to clear him. It is the third time Art has been in this court. No one in the village will stand sponsor for him again, and the judge is reluctantly forced to sentence him to the reform school. The boy is sullen and indifferent until they tell him he can not take his dog with him. Then there is a scene. Art's plea for his dog, the only thing that loves him, is pitiful and his grief impressive. Little Mrs. Doray can't stand it. She begs her young husband to take the boy and give him another chance, but Mr. Doray will have nothing to do with him. "Take that little thief into his house? Never!" Then up speaks Mrs. Doray. If the judge will accept her, *she* will stand sponsor for Art Simpson.

Mr. Doray is dumbfounded. Also very, very angry. Is he or is he not master in his own home? "Adopt Art Simpson, indeed! She will do nothing of the kind," he informs the judge. He simply will not have that boy in his home, and that is all there is to it. Whereupon the judge tells him that being a good citizen involves something more than merely paying taxes, calmly silences his protest, and turns Art over to Mrs. Doray.

The problem finally solves itself. Mr. Doray threatens to leave home, but doesn't. His natural love of dogs attracts him to Jasper, and when the dog is injured he finds that he and Art have at least that much in common. Then he agrees to let the boy stay.

Nothing more reaching in the way of natural, human characterization than Peggy Wood's acting of Mrs. Doray has been seen in a long time on Broadway, so you may see she already has earned a position through something more than the appeal of her youth and her beauty.

She is the daughter of Eugene Wood, the humorist, was born in Brooklyn and went to school there. Her voice, a lyric soprano, has received considerable attention, and she sings well, but she believes she gets more good out of both her voice and her dramatic work by separating them. In her dressing-room she wore a rose-colored kimono. Rose is her color, and rosy will be her pathway if this, her first big success, is accepted as a criterion.

It is pleasantly surprising to learn, in talking with these young women, that not one of them is content to be merely beautiful, or convinced that in her case some kind god has created a special dispensation that will guarantee her future. They seem to realize that while their youth and their good looks have helped them to the place they occupy as decorative first aids to the drama, only by their own serious efforts can they hope to succeed.

For instance, we found Justine Johnstone of the "Ziegfeld Follies," whose claim to distinction is concerned principally with her great success as an artist's model for both face and figure, firmly convinced that only by a legitimate success as an actress could she hope to amount to anything.

"As soon as a girl is called a beauty it is assumed that she has no brains," pouted Miss Johnstone. She was decked in the flowing robes of Columbia, waiting for the finale of the first act of the revue in which she figures. "I want to go into the legitimate drama. I have my looks now, but the minute I get a little old they won't want me in musical comedy. I want to do something good enough so they'll have to *keep on* wanting me."

"Kid Liberty!" shouted one of a crowd of girls outside the door, "it's time for your entrance."

The fragmentary day-dream of Miss Justine was shattered, but she set her lips firmly together before she smiled her adieux, as though she were determined eventually to see her better plan through.

It is hard to live down a reputation as a beauty. But one thing is harder, and that is to live up to it. Consider, for instance, the case of Miss Johnstone. In Mr. Ziegfeld's fleshly and frivolous entertainment she is a beauty among beauties, and has been for a year. Not long ago, in a photographers' contest in which one thousand five hundred

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Photograph by White Studio, N. Y.

FRANCINE LARRIMORE, WHO HAS HER FIRST REAL PART IN "OVER NIGHT". NEVERTHELESS, SHE WANTS TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL AND HAVE SOME FUN WITH THE GIRLS. NOT THAT SHE LOVES HER ART LESS, BUT THAT SHE LOVES HER YOUTH MORE.

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selected photos were placed in competition, hers was adjudged the prettiest face of the lot. From end to end of the country she was hailed as the handsomest girl in America.

Shortly after this honor had been thrust upon her, she resumed her place in the Ziegfeld ensemble, and for the first few weeks of her engagement faced a steadily poised battery of opera-glasses that questioned her right to the reputation she had gained. In the company with her there were Olive Thomas, whose dainty Dresden prettiness has won her much fame, Kay Laurell, who was perhaps the most famous of all the artists' models who last winter found their way to the stage, and a half dozen other beauties of different but quite as striking type as she. Little wonder that Miss Johnstone was determined to succeed upon her merits as an actress rather than her beauty reputation.

"THE FOLLIES" OF YOUTH

"But you really shouldn't be talking with me," she asserted, earlier. "You should be interviewing Mary. She knows more than all the rest of us put together." Mary smiled and went on pottering about her lady's costume. Mary has been a "dresser" for years and years, and has happy memories of a stage world of which these fluttering "Follies" never heard or dreamed. Perhaps that is why she always smiles, no matter what she sees or hears or thinks. Smiles—and keeps more truly young than any of them.

Miss Johnstone will tell you that she was born in New York. Her biographers, keen for facts, might substitute Hoboken, N. J. But it is much the same. She graduated from the Emma Willard School at Troy, the preparatory school Mrs. Russell Sage endowed, and immediately afterward made for the stage. She is proud of having been one of the editors of her school paper, even though she was no more than the exchange editor. She clipped the best of the jokes from all the other school papers with a perfectly good pair of buttonhole scissors.

There are two interesting facts connected with the early season appearance of Julian Eltinge in a play called "Cousin Lucy." First, it is the last written work of the late Charles Klein, who went down with the *Lusitania*, and, second, it introduces to Broadway and environs Miss Olive Tell. The latter, we should say, is much the more important item of the two. The play will never do as a fitting monument for the man who wrote it, but it seems likely to serve Miss Tell as a very substantial sort of help in gaining a position in her profession.

Here is a young woman—she insists that she is twenty, though she doesn't look it—who frankly confesses that she is a graduate of a dramatic school. That, you may or may not know, is not being done at all these days. It is presumed to serve only as a handicap. To mention it to a manager is to be laughed, if not out of countenance, at least out of his private offices into the lobby, where the office boy does the rest by calmly pointing the way to the street.

But Miss Olive has courage. Having been warned not to admit that she had tried to learn anything from a teacher of acting, she told the first manager she met. And it must be said for him that he lived up to tradition. He promptly began to howl. Whereupon Miss Olive asked him why and at what he was amused.

He did not reply. He seemed willing to consider the subject closed. She was not. And before she had finished explaining to him her reasons for thinking she had learned at least the elementary requirements of a trained player, he had engaged her. That was nearly a year ago. Her first part was as a member of the "Our Children" company, which for many weeks played in Chicago.

Being leading woman in Julian Eltinge's company is not, one would naturally infer, an altogether satisfying position to hold. All the more credit is due Miss Tell, therefore, for having completely overcome this handicap. She was thoroughly womanly and delightful as the sub-heroine of the proceedings, and it is as plain as anything can be that the first impression she made on Broadway was distinctly favorable.

There are two of the Tell girls and both are making their most important Eastern appearances this season, Miss Olive in "Cousin Lucy," and Miss Alma in "Our Children." They were born in New York, educated both in New York and London, and went on the stage together because they thought it offered work for which they were fitted. They are conservative,

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Strony, N. Y.

JUSTINE JOHNSTONE OF "THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES", WHO HAS BEEN CALLED THE HANDSOMEST GIRL IN AMERICA. SHE WISHES TO LIVE DOWN THE REPUTATION, AND PROVE THAT BEAUTY AND BRAINS ARE NOT STRANGERS.

sensible young women, one gathers. Miss Olive, for instance, considers it quite pitiful that most of the young women connected with the stage should appear on the street in the exaggerated costumes and make-up they affect, an observation with which we all agree.

It is told of little Marie Carroll, a Broadway débutante of the early season in Edgar Selwyn's play of "Rolling Stones," that when she was attending the Convent of St. Agnes in Baltimore, and was assigned a boy's part in one of the amateur plays presented by the girls, she promptly went to her room and bobbed her hair. From which it would naturally be assumed that Miss Carroll is a realist. Yet she is nothing of the kind, if one may take her seriously. She was discussing the sort of part she would best like to play and she solemnly delivered herself of the statement that she wanted to play parts that required some little thought.

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"I want to play artistic parts," said she. "Anybody can be natural."

Anybody can, but very few are. This, however, is a common plaint of the ingénue. The parts written for them are usually the most awesomely insipid affairs ever conceived by the mind of a playwright. They twitter and coo to the juveniles, and nibble their way, mouse-like, into the hearts of the bachelors. But not one in ten of them is ever blessed with an ounce of common sense. We have, in fact, often pondered on the after life of the hero who marries the ingénue at the end of the play. Just how long do you suppose he could stand the cute little squeal with which she won him, if it were real? Imagine sitting opposite a stage ingénue at breakfast three hundred and sixty-five days a year!

THE INGÉNUE COMPLAINS

It is at these parts that the Carroll protest and that of her professional sisters is hurled. They all want to play "something worth while." In "Rolling Stones" this young woman is typically sweet and girlish, which is all she is expected to be. But to be typically sweet and girlish, even at a good salary and with a very good chance of seeing one's picture in the paper on Sunday, does not completely fill up the day, if one is young and ambitious.

And as for being a beauty! Some one ventured a half-spoken, half-thought query as to where Broadway found all its pretty actresses, and Miss Carroll, herself one of the prettiest of the lot, replied as smartly as though she had been awaiting the opportunity:

"Better ask what Broadway does with her beauties? You hear only of their coming—never of their end."

And when it was suggested that she should be included as a particularly pleasing specimen of the 1915 crop, there was a melancholy little lift to the shoulders that told plainly of her reluctance to discuss so trivial a subject.

"As a matter of fact, when I was little I believe I was considered an exceptionally homely child!" she said. "Even now, my family is aghast and unbelieving when the papers call me pretty! In California they said I must be good to be beautiful. In Washington, where I lived next, they said I must be clever to be beautiful. The admonition of Broadway, of course, is merely, 'Be beautiful, and let who will be clever.'

"If I have any looks, they are the kind that come from riding horses in sun and wind and rain, and camping on lone trails, and eating my own bad cooking, and all those things that go so gloriously with the Far West."

Miss Carroll was born in Tacoma, Washington, and after her experience with the amateur plays in the Baltimore convent had inspired her interest in the stage, she joined a Washington stock company for a season's experience that she still considers most wonderful.

Francine Larrimore is Jacob Adler's niece; and Jacob Adler is perhaps the best-known Jewish tragedian who has ever played in this country. Yet Miss Francine does not consider that her presence on the stage is to be traced to hereditary instinct. She, too, is one of the youthful and pretty actresses Broadway has been willing this season to accept as a probable leading woman of the future.

"I had never thought of taking up the stage as a profession, until I saw Maude Adams play 'What Every Woman Knows,'" she said. "Then I thought I would like to do something like that. So I had a talk with Daniel Frohman, whom I knew through my uncle."

Mr. Frohman's mind is broad and his experience with young ladies who watch Maude Adams play and then wish to go and do likewise is extensive. So he gave Miss Larrimore a note to a stage-manager friend and asked him to see that she was given a chance. The stage-manager did. He made her a supernumerary in the Robert Hilliard production of "A Fool There Was." She was Jacob Adler's niece — and she was both talented and pretty. Again youth called out its challenging "open sesame," and Francine walked into a real part in "Over Night."

She has had a year of varied experiences since then—spent a good part of it explaining to certain annoying persons employed on newspapers that just because her hair is auburn and her complexion fair she is *not* imitating Billie Burke. In fact, she is trying very, very hard to be an original sort of actress, and acquire a reputation as the only living auburn-haired ingénue who does not imitate that young woman.

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Miss Larrimore will be remembered by this interviewer as the one young actress of his acquaintance who feels that she has sacrificed something of her youth in going upon the stage. Most of them, eyes shining with the very ecstasy of enthusiasm, will tell you that their art is their all in all; that nothing else matters, nor ever can, so long as their careers are not interfered with.

"Do you know," she observed, "I miss being with girls—real girls. I feel so much responsibility that I find I'm getting too serious. I want to play as girls play. So I'm going back to school this winter. I have a lot of time on my hands, and I might just as well be studying. The languages, of course, I won't need so much, because all my family read and write French, German and Russian. I want to specialize in English. As I was born in Europe, and spent my time equally between

OLIVE TELL, WHO IS JULIAN ELTINGE'S RIVAL HEROINE IN "COUSIN LUCY." SHE IS THE FIRST WHO HAS DARED TO MENTION TO A MANAGER THAT SHE IS A GRADUATE OF A DRAMATIC SCHOOL.

France and Russia, I feel that my English is not quite thorough. I went to school here at the Normal College, but I tired of it, and didn't remain long enough. That was about the time I had a little fuss with my family. I thought I was terribly abused. I left home once with my nightgown and a copy of Shakespeare under my arm, but I got frightened after I had gone four blocks and went home again."

There are other beauties in the current Broadway list this fall. Inez Plummer for one, though strictly speaking Miss Plummer is a débutante of last season. In two seasons she has advanced far enough to be seriously considered a starring possibility next year. She came last winter as the worried fiancée in "Too Many

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Cooks," and this fall she is playing the heroine in a new farce called "The Last Laugh." She comes honestly enough by her interest in the stage, too. For years her father was an operahouse manager in Syracuse. It was there she surprised him one day by walking out on his own stage as an actress, having secretly applied for and secured a position with the company then playing there.

You will mark pretty Marguerite Skirvin, also of "The Rolling Stones" company, and Phoebe Foster, whose blonde beauty was noted a few months ago in "Under Cover." She has now been transferred to the same author's "Under Fire," a war play detailing with effective realism the first drive of the German army through Belgium, and the later turning movement that sent them back from the battle of the Marne less sure of doing their winter shopping in Paris, than they had been previous to that time.

YOUTH'S THE THING

Given youth and beauty, a stout heart and a good pair of walking shoes, any young woman with so much as a modicum of dramatic talent may go far on Broadway with better than fair chances of finding a profitable stage engagement during the life of the shoes. With intelligence and a real talent added unto these, the combination is all but irresistible.

We have in mind the case of Katherine La Salle, some time of Chicago and the West, but now unmistakably of Broadway and the East, where by playing the minister's daughter who helps inspire Billy Holliday to become a temperance evangelist she is helping "Hit-the-Trail Holliday" to a disputed success. This is George Cohan's newest comedy, and the experts are in frank disagreement as to whether it is a success or not. Three years ago Miss La Salle was living the usual life of social ease that interests if it does not stimulate the Lake Geneva colony in Illinois. Her father died, her home was temporarily broken up, she felt that she wanted to do something and she much preferred the stage to stenography.

She had a few months' instruction in Chicago, and then started courageously for the theatrical capital of which all actors dream. Here she began that endless round of visits to impertinent office boys who guard the outer doors of managers' offices, until one day it happened that she gained an audience with one manager who needed a young woman of her particular type that particular day.

This was for the rôle of a nurse in a play called "Shorty McCabe" in which it was proposed to star Victor Moore. It was a small part, but it had sympathy and it was decorative. The opening night, which was in Chicago, after all the experienced actors had bustled and shouted their way through their parts, on walked little Miss Nobody, to speak her few lines in a soft voice with a true note of pathos in it, and immediately to perform that most interesting of athletic diversions, known professionally as "running away with the show."

There is, perhaps, a future for Helen Marche, a very decorative though not absolutely important figure in Mr. Belasco's production of the best light comedy of the season thus far, Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes's "The Boomerang." Miss Helen hails from the chorus of the Winter Garden.

En passant, what says Mr. Belasco of beauty in its relation to success on the stage?—particularly the Belasco stage:

"What has beauty to do with the making of an actress?" calmly inquires the master of moods and scenic detail. "All complexions look alike under a friendly coat of grease-paint. To me even the woman with lines in her face is beautiful if the lines are those of character.

"I never look for beauty in my leading women. They must have temperament and character; they must possess the power to feel and to make others feel. But, of course," the rascal added, with a sly pull at the famous forelock, "if with these virtues they also possess the quality of personal loveliness, that is an added point in their favor."

So much may be true of leading women, and particularly of Mr. Belasco's leading women. But it is better than a fairish sort of wager that managers generally do not count it true of ingénues. Their youth and their beauty, even as Charles Frohman insisted, furnish the one unfailing lure of the theater.

At least you never heard of a manager selecting an unattractive girl, no matter what her intellectual equipment might be, as one to be numbered among the leading women of the future, did you?

Neither did we.

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The GRAY-GREEN PLATYPUS

by ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

AUTHOR OF "PIGS IS PIGS," "THAT PUP," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL CRAWFORD

THE RATS MATCHED THE GRAY-GREEN SAMPLE PERFECTLY.

THE senior Mr. Schwartz, gray-bearded and bald, opened the door of the elegant mahogany partition that enclosed his private office and glared at the junior Mr. Schwartz, who, equally bald but unbearded, was apparently neglecting business. The junior Mr. Schwartz sat tilted back, his feet on his desk, with the cumbrous sixth volume of the ten-volume Imperial Cyclopedic Dictionary open in his lap.

"You should excuse me, Joseph, for interrupting you from such important matters," said the elder Mr. Schwartz sarcastically, "but if you could spare for business one minute I should be much obliged to you."

Joseph closed the heavy volume and laid it on his desk. The sarcasm of his father had been in unfailing supply ever since Joseph had signed the name of Schwartz & Son to the book agent's order.

His father, a strip of sample fur in one

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hand, held open the door of the private office until Joseph had entered. Then he closed it with a bang.

"You should look at this fur once if you got time from those dictionaries," said Mr. Schwartz. "Blochmann brings it in a while ago from the dye-room."

Joseph walked to the window to examine the fur in the better light. He looked at it with the keen eye of an expert. It was beautiful. It was a soft, downy fur, and Blochmann had given it a deep gray-green unknown on any fur-bearing animal on the face of the earth, but a gray-green that appealed to the eye as a luscious fruit appeals to the palate. It was masterly dye work.

Joseph ran his hand over the fur caressingly. "Well, couldn't you say anything except you read it out of a dictionary? What you think of it?" demanded his father.

"Nobody would believe for one minute it was rabbit," said Joseph. "If Blochmann could get this shade every throw out of the box——"

"What Blochmann could do you should worry," said his father. "A thousand times out of a hundred Blochmann could match sample and no trouble at all to him, Joseph, for Blochmann is a dyer all the time and not a dictionary buyer no time at all. The question is, would the trade stand for a green fur or what? Would our competitors laugh us out of the trade for putting out a green-color fur? You know how it goes, Joe. You get a laughing-stock into the line one year and stick your trade with it, and where are you the next year? Out of business!"

"Sure, I know," said Joe, fondling the gray-green sample, "but this looks more like the fur an animal might wear than a lot of blue fox on the market to-day, which the indigo in it is so strong all it needs is some stars to do for part of a flag. I give Blochmann credit: if any animal had green fur, this is the kind of green fur an animal would have."

"Only, where would you find a green-furred animal, Joseph? In those ten volumes of books you spend the firm's good money on, maybe? No, Joseph, sixty years old I am, and never yet did I see a green-furred animal."

"Nor you didn't see the North Pole, either," said Joseph. "But there could be one from all I hear about it. The way business is done these days, anybody should worry is there or ain't there a green-furred animal. Neither did I ever see a kobold monkey, father, nor wouldn't, should I live to be six hundred years old. The first kobold monkey is to be born yet. But look at the kobold monkey garments Darceau & Company put out last year, to say nothing of sets and odd pieces. Overtime they were working all season, and we laid off hands. Once, maybe, a lady went shopping with a natural-history book in the one hand, but all she wants now is that a fur should look stylish and have a swell name. You could call a fur dyed rabbit and keep it in the cold storage the year round, father, but call it kobold monkey and it sells like hot cakes. Am I right?"

"Yes," admitted his father, "but when you show the trade dyed rabbit and invent it a name like kobold monkey, you give it a color that there might be such a color on to a monkey somewhere. Am I right?"

"Sure!" agreed Joseph. "And a green like this green might be on an animal somewhere, for all I know. Every day these here nature-faker fellers find such new birds and animals nobody ever guessed at, even, and I give you my word, father, an animal with such a green fur like this any nature-faker might be tickled to death to find. If you want my advice, father, you should right away make up a few sets and sample garments for the salesmen out of this fur and put a swell price on it, such as Darceau never had the nerve to ask for kobold monkey. Sealskin prices, almost, I would put on it; and me—I will hunt up a name for it that should make a kobold monkey sound like thirty cents."

"With a good name on it maybe we could sell enough so we get back cost plus expenses," admitted Mr. Schwartz, "or yet make maybe a small profit on the right side of the books, Joseph; for, Joseph, when we live in a generation that a business man has money to throw away on ten volumes of dictionary books, it should not surprise me if people buy purple fur even. When I live long enough to see a son of mine, in his right mind, buy a set of ten volumes dictionary books——"

Joseph, leaving the office, turned back with a red face. "Enough, father!" he exclaimed. "A thousand times, if it is once, you have rubbed those ten volumes into me, and I don't say a word; for things should

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come to a pretty pass if a son is all the time to remind his father that day before yesterday ain't to-day no more. Enough, father! Those books I bought because a business-man should be up to date and, as the agent feller told me—any time you might get one word out of such a volume of works that would be worth the price ten times over to you. For example, father, from where should Marcel Darceau get that kobold monkey name but from just such a set of cyclopedias like I got?"

"So?" inquired the elder Mr. Schwartz, evidently impressed.

"I bet you!" declared Joseph. "And you give me half an hour yet and I should find another name that would fit that green fur like a nail in the wall."

"If you could find in *ten* sets of books a name that would sell a line of dyed rabbit like Darceau sells it for kobold monkey, I got nothing more whatever to say," said Mr. Schwartz, Senior.

II

Joseph went to his desk in the outer office and, after wiping the top of his head, drew the sixth volume of the Imperial Cyclopedic Dictionary toward him and began turning the pages, keeping a sharp eye out for animals pictured in the text. He studied the pictures of the *phascogale penicillata*, the *phascalomys* or wombat, the *phoca* or seal, and the other pictured quadrupeds from PHAR— to SALSE—, but none satisfied him, and he reached for volume five.

The fifth volume fell open in his lap at the page showing a fur-bearing animal of pleasing but curious aspect. The apparent texture of the fur was not unlike that of Blochmann's green-dyed rabbit; but what caught the practical eye of Mr. Schwartz, Junior, were the peculiar nose and the fore-feet of the animal. The nose was almost like the bill of a duck. In fact, the animal seemed not unlike a mole that had stuck its nose into a duck's abandoned and horny bill. It had the hind feet and sharp claws of a mole, but the fore feet were curiously webbed.

Mr. Schwartz, Junior, slapped his hand on the book. "I got him!" he exclaimed triumphantly.

Joseph glanced at the name under the picture.

"*Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*," he read slowly. "*Or-nith-o-rhyn-chus — par-a-dox-us*"—and his face fell. "*Himmel!* What a name to give to an animal! In a thousand years no salesman could pronounce such a name. Once you stick a name like that on to a fur and nobody would dare order it but professors out of colleges. If I had a mongrel dog I wouldn't be so mean I should give it a name like that."

He turned the pages, but almost involuntarily turned back to the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*. The picture pleased him. You could take the dyed rabbit skin and use duck feet for trimming. You could get duck feet in any quantity, and you could work in the bill of a duck and glass beads for eyes — He read the text under the picture:

"EXCUSE ME, JOSEPH, FOR INTERRUPTING YOU FROM SUCH IMPORTANT MATTERS," SAID MR. SCHWARTZ SARCASTICALLY.

"'The typical and only genus of the family *Ornithorhynchidæ*. There is but one known species, inhabiting Australia and Tasmania, of aquatic habits, living in burrows in the banks of rivers, laying eggs, feeding on insects, mollusks, and worms. The fur is thick and soft, of a glossy dark-brown color. Called also duck-bill, duck-mole, water-mole, and platypus, which see.'"

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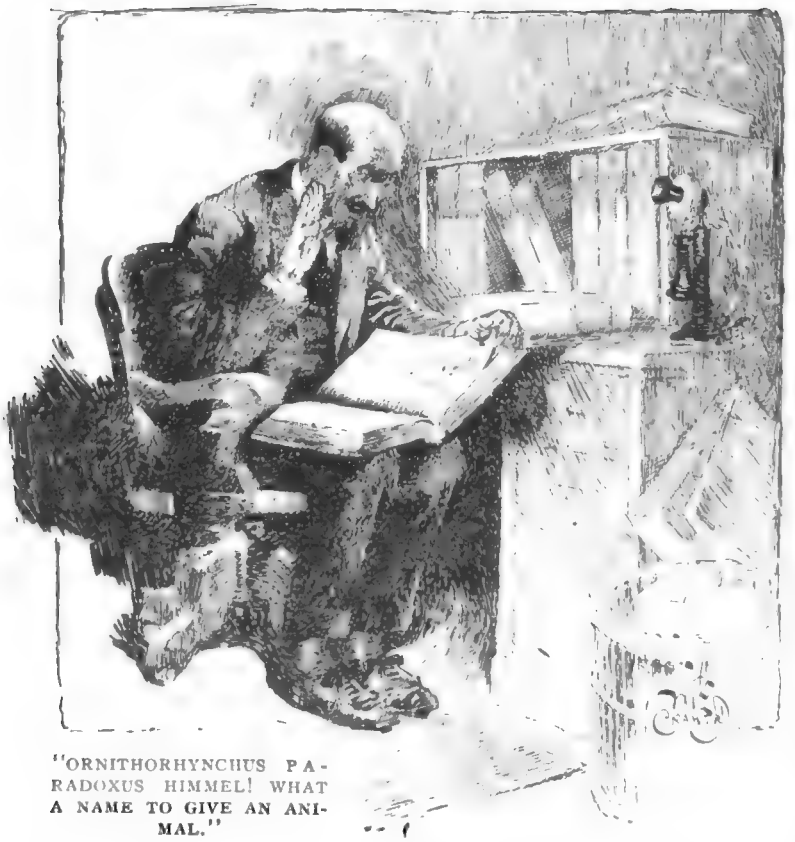

"ORNITHORHYNCHUS PARADOXUS HIMMEL! WHAT A NAME TO GIVE AN ANIMAL."

Joseph ran his hand back and forth over the bald dome of his head. The soft fuzz that met his hand was soothing and comforting and inspired thought. "Platypus," he said softly. "Platypus. It shouldn't be such a bad name for a fur, platypus. Anybody could say it." He let his eyes wander to his stenographer, Miss Schultheiss, who could be trusted, nine times out of ten, to spell incorrectly and unintelligibly any word of over two syllables. "Miss Schultheiss, here, please; a letter."

Miss Schultheiss came. Joseph leaned back and dictated:

"Gentlemen:

We are sending you by parcel-post to-day sample set in the new gray-green *platypus fur*, which I assure you we are lucky to get enough *platypus fur* to supply only our best trade, for it looks like Europe is gone crazy over *platypus fur* this season, and seal would be nowhere. Yours truly,"

In a few minutes Miss Schultheiss handed him the completed letter. Except that she had spelled "enough" "enouhg," not a word was as it should not have been. "Platypus" was correctly spelled each time. Even Miss Schultheiss was unable to go wrong on it.

Joseph turned to her. "Read me your notes," he ordered.

Miss Schultheiss read. The word "platypus" fell from her lips easily and smoothly. Joseph was satisfied. The fur was named.

With volume V of the Cyclopedic Dictionary under his arm he entered his father's office. Ten minutes later he came hurriedly from the private office and returned with volume X, the atlas volume. His father had not objected to "platypus," although he pronounced it "bladybus." And had grasped quickly the commercial possibilities of the duck-like bill and the mole-like claws and the web-feet.

"Bladybus could be as good a name as kobold monkey, Joseph," he said, "except that kobold monkey there ain't no such thing, and bladybus anybody could look into a dictionary and find out what it is. Kobold monkey could be green or purple or cerise, even, because there ain't no such animal; but bladybus, it says right away here, 'of a glossy black-brown color,' and it says there ain't but one bladybus—black-brown and no other color. Right away, Joseph, the trade looks up bladybus in the dictionary, and we get it in the neck because black-brown couldn't be gray-green unless it was dyed. Am I right?"

Joseph hesitated. "Yes," he said slowly, there could be plenty other places in the world an up-to-date nature-faker feller might find a platypus in, father, and nobody's business what color it should be.

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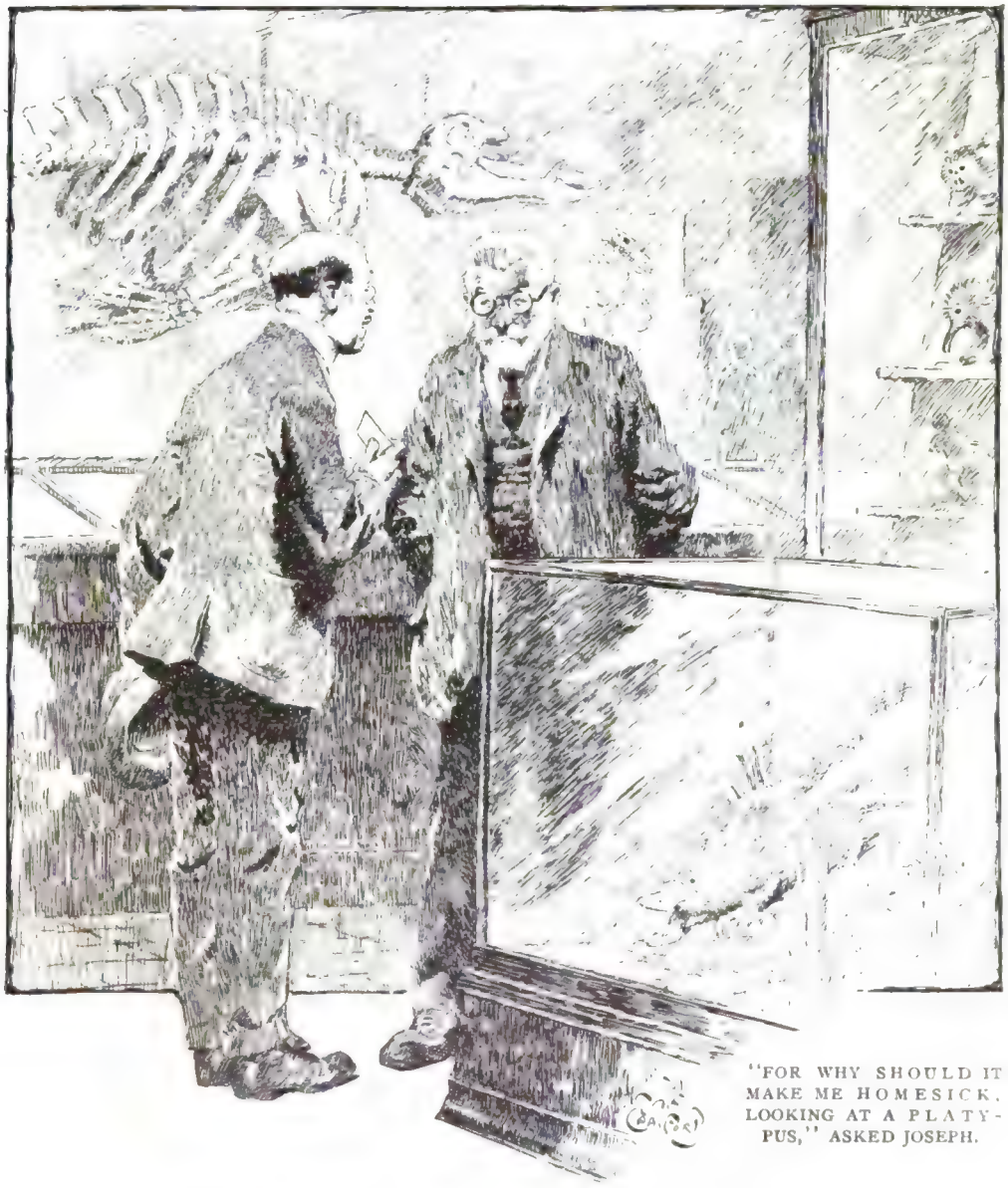
Every day these here nature-faker fellers find such new birds and animals nobody ever guessed at. So Australian platypuses could be black-brown, and Tasmanian platypuses could be black-brown, but—wait! I get the atlas book."

When he returned he opened the atlas at the map of the South Pacific.

"New Zealand," he exclaimed triumphantly, putting his finger on the map. "Could anybody tell me what color the New Zealand platypus could be? A New Zealand platypus could be gray-green, and gray-green it is, and, believe me, father, we will put out a line of gray-green New Zealand platypus this season that will make Darceau & Company turn gray-green in the face! So you should get Blochmann to work right away, while I take the subway to the Natural History Museum, and maybe they've got a platypus stuffed up there and we could match the duck-bill as close as



"FOR WHY SHOULD IT MAKE ME HOMESICK, LOOKING AT A PLATYPUS," ASKED JOSEPH.

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possible. Business is business; but if you got a genuine platypus to look at, you should match it as near as possible, everything else being equal. Am I right?"

"Joseph," said his father, "you could yet be a fine business man some day. When you go out you should tell Blochmann to step inside right away."

III

Joseph was fortunate in finding an *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus* at the Museum, neatly stuffed and posed on the edge of a looking-glass pool, and he was studying it when a man came and stood at his side.

"Makes you homesick?" suggested the stranger kindly; and Joseph turned. The stranger was an elderly man, with gray hair and shell-rimmed spectacles. Joseph saw he meant no offense.

"For why should it make me homesick looking at a platypus?" he asked.

"You seemed to look sad as you gazed at this peculiar animal which usually provokes only smiles," said the stranger.

"Sad?" said Joseph. "And I got a right to look sad when I come all the way up here in the subway in business hours to look at this here platypus and a duck should be a regular gia it to have such a bill on it. Yes, Mister I-don't-know-what-your-name-is, looking at museums for pleasure is one thing, but business is another thing, entirely. I have not the pleasure of knowing who you are, but——"

The stranger handed Mr. Schwartz his card. The card said he was Professor James K. Fielding. It gave his address.

"I have made a study of antipodean fauna," said the professor modestly, "so you will pardon my interest in one who seemed interested in what is, perhaps, the most remarkable animal known."

"Sure!" said Joseph good-naturedly. "And I ain't sorry to meet one of these here nature-faker fellers right now, for to tell you the truth, Mr. Professor, in business, you understand, you got to cut your coat according to your cloth, and a bill like that wouldn't go with the swell trade at all. Just as well might you try to get rid of a seal set with cow-horns sewed on to it for claws, you understand. No, sir! And unless you could assure me that a baby platypus has got a bill that ain't as big as a garden trowel, why, you and me can't do no business at all."

The professor smiled.

"The bill of the young *Ornithorhynchus* is, of course, much smaller than the bill of the full-grown animal," he said.

"About as big, now," suggested Joseph, "as a duck bill, I shouldn't wonder?"

"Undoubtedly, at a certain stage of its growth," smiled the professor.

"Have a cigar!" said Joseph promptly, pulling a long black one from his pocket. "And, believe me, if you should want to buy your wife or your lady friend a fur garment, all you got to do is come to this address a month from now and ask for Joseph Schwartz, and I guarantee you cost price on any New Zealand baby-platypus garment in the place."

"But my dear friend, New Zealand has no *Ornithorhyn*——"

"'S all right'! 'S all right!" exclaimed Joseph, and he shook the professor's hand warmly and hurried away. The professor looked after him and shook his head; but the ways of business were none of his affairs.

IV

The New Zealand baby-platypus sets, odd pieces, and garments—baby platypus at near-sealskin prices—made an immediate hit with the trade. Joseph himself took the samples around New York, and the orders he received convinced him that in the New Zealand baby platypus Schwartz & Son had the one great novelty of the season. And when the salesmen took the road, no room was left for even the slightest doubt.

Every customer wanted New Zealand baby-platypus. The orders piled up, and Blochmann worked his force night and day. The firm filled the want-ad columns of the newspapers with appeals for cutters, basters, and stitchers. New Zealand baby platypus was a tremendous success.

So well assured was this that Joseph had the pleasure of being asked, in midsummer, by the swell house of Bardenhauer & Betts, Fifth Avenue, to exhibit a garment and a set of furs in their window. It was most unusual. Seal, ermine, and the finer furs alone had the honor of a place in the window of Bardenhauer & Betts, and, had there been any such animal as a New Zealand platypus, it might well have felt proud of the honor.

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The display in the window attracted every passing woman, and it also drew the attention of Bobby Gates, as he swung up the avenue, his cane on his arm, his hat tilted saucily back, and his heart glad that he still had several hours before he had to show up at his reporter's desk in the office of the *Planet*. He saw the soul-satisfying green of the furs in the window and the placard, "The Latest! New Zealand Baby Platypus. The Top of the Mode." He pushed closer to the window.

"HE FOUND THE PLATYPUS IN NEW ZEALAND," SAID BOBBY. "HE'S BRINGING ONE BACK WITH HIM."

"Sunday feature!" his brain seemed to say of its own volition, and the next moment Bobby Gates was in the store asking for Mr. Bardenhauer, or any one who knew anything about baby platypus.

"Green fur is something new, isn't it?" he asked.

"The latest," said the store manager promptly. "It is the very latest. It is the top of the mode."

"I've got you," said Bobby. "But does the wool grow that color on the beast?"

"I have been given to understand," said the manager, "that this fur grows only on the New Zealand platypus."

"What's a platypus?" asked Bobby.

"It is a fur-bearing animal of New Zealand," said the manager with annoyance. "I am very busy, as you can see."

"That's all right," said Bobby, "but I'm from the *Planet*. Where can I dig up the right dope about this platypus animal? Who imports the fur, for instance?"

"If you want information, see Schwartz & Son," said the manager; and with the address in his note-book Bobby went. He stopped at the public library to look up platypus, and the picture of the animal made him feel that he could get an article on the platypus-fur craze past the Sunday editor. In his mind he saw the illustrative possibilities—a red and yellow New Zealand sunset, with a bright green platypus waddling into an indigo-blue river, and above this a charming society girl quite muffled up in the fur of the New Zealand baby platypus.

Joe Schwartz was standing in the outer office when Bobby Gates entered.

"Well, my friend, what could I do for you?" he asked, and Bobby wasted no time.

"I'm on the *Planet*. I saw something called New Zealand baby platypus in a window up Fifth avenue, and they told me you were the importer—you're Mr. Schwartz, I take it? Now I'll be frank. I don't know whether I can jam an article

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about this platypus thing into the Sunday *Planet* or not; but I'm willing to take the long chance always. I looked up this platypus beast. Book says these cute little fellows only grow in two places—Tasmania and Australia. Where does New Zealand come in?"

"On business matters I refuse to be interviewed," said Mr. Schwartz.

"Ever see the full page I got into the *Planet* about the Tasmanian devil? Great story, that was. Copied all over the U. S. A., and the Tasmanian devil, that never had a friend before, was one of our best-known characters in a week, running just behind Theodore and just ahead of Jack Rose. The zoo has been jammed to the doors ever since. That's what a good story does," said Bobby.

"I pay no money for advertising," said Mr. Schwartz shortly.

"You couldn't get a page about this platypus thing into the Sunday *Planet's* magazine section for a million dollars," Bobby assured him; "but I'm going to write a story about it, and I'm pretty sure the *Planet* will grab it. If I have to fake——"

"Come inside the railing once," said Mr. Schwartz immediately. "Have a cigar? Now, this here New Zealand platypus fur——"

"Is it gray-green?" asked Bobby Gates.

"I give you my word, Mr. Gates, if it ain't gray-green it ain't no color at all. I go further, Mr. Gates; I say if it ain't gray-green exactly like sample, there ain't no such animal."

"Fine," said Bobby. When he had completed his interview Mr. Schwartz shook him warmly by the hand.

"And any time you should want a nice set of furs, or an odd piece, or a garment, even, for your sister or your lady friend, all you got to do is to come here and I let you have it at cost, Mr. Gates. Glad to meet you."

The page, when it appeared in the *Planet*, was a great success. The mama platypus waddling down the river-bank followed by her babes, was drawn and colored with the Sunday edition vigor, and Bobby's article combined imaginative natural history with gray-green platypus fur as a style furor. Schwartz & Son bought a thousand copies, and in a thousand furriers' windows the page was pasted a few days later. Orders threatened to swamp Schwartz & Son's productive capacity before they were ready to make the first shipment.

Joseph Schwartz was leaning back in his chair at his desk one Tuesday afternoon when his telephone-bell rang.

"Yes?" he said. "Yes?—Mr. Bardenhauer?—Yes, Mr. Bardenhauer, this is Mr. Joseph Schwartz—No, Mr. Bardenhauer, I did not read any article in the *Earth*—Now, listen, Mr. Bardenhauer, if maybe a competitor of mine should publish such lies I could make a full explanation of it, I assure you, Mr. Bardenhauer, and lies or no lies, I guarantee you should find New Zealand baby platypus the best— All right, I come right up to see you, Mr. Bardenhauer."

"What is it, Joseph?" asked his father, as the younger Mr. Schwartz turned from the telephone.

"What is it? It is enough," said Joseph angrily. "Bardenhauer & Betts would cancel their entire order for platypus, you understand, because some nature-faker feller writes a piece in the *Earth* that there is no such a New Zealand platypus. A nice idea! Because some feller writes a half-column in the *Earth*, Bardenhauer would believe him, when already we have a full page with colored pictures in the *Planet*. I go up right away."

He found Mr. Bardenhauer waiting with the *Earth* in his hands. Joseph took the paper without a word. The article was headed "Our Silly Wives," and seemed to have been written by a man well acquainted with his subject. It asserted that no known animal possessed gray-green fur, and that New Zealand never had a platypus. It chided the silly wives for thinking there existed a gray-green New Zealand platypus.

"Well?" queried Mr. Bardenhauer, "what have you to say to that?"

"I got this to say, Mr. Bardenhauer," said Joseph promptly. "Is it fair you should cancel an order on us because some such nature-faker feller don't happen to go to New Zealand and step on a gray-green platypus? Some such nature-faker fellers couldn't believe anything until it crawled up and bit him on the leg, as I might say, Mr. Bardenhauer. I am surprised at you talking about a cancelation when all this feller says—when you come right down to it—is he don't know nothing about it, and I can show you gray-green New Zealand platypus garments by the gross, Mr. Bardenhauer, right in my own business place,

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ready for prompt delivery. What you read in a paper is one thing, Mr. Bardenhauer, and a swell line of fur goods like these New Zealand baby platypuses is quite another, I assure you."

"A house like Bardenhauer & Betts can't take chances, Joe," said Mr. Bardenhauer kindly. "New Zealand baby platypus is one thing; but when a fancy fur gets a bad name the very first of the first season, what chance has it? No, Joseph, if this knocking keeps up I'll have to cancel."

Joseph rammed his hands deep into his pockets and frowned. "Listen, Mr. Bardenhauer," he said suddenly, "I know a regular A-1 nature-faker feller, a regular professor feller, the same feller that gave me the tip I could use duck bills to trim baby-platypus sets, you understand, and I know a reporter feller on this *Planet* newspaper. You leave it to me, Mr. Bardenhauer. I go right away to see this professor feller, and I bet you I get from him a statement that gray-green platypuses might exist in New Zealand, or in Ireland, for that matter, for all this here other nature-faker feller knows for a fact, and I get this reporter feller friend of mine to write an article about it that would make this *Earth* article feller look like thirty cents. Things has come to a pretty pass, Mr. Bardenhauer, if Joe Schwartz couldn't keep an animal into existence through one fur season, believe me!"

VI

As it happened, Mr. Schwartz did not need the assistance of Bobby Gates. Professor Fielding had read the article in the *Earth* and it touched him in a tender spot, for he was the author of "Antipodean Fauna," a scholarly work, that proved that the islands of the Southern Pacific had once formed a great continent, and that the fauna and flora of any one island might well be looked for, either alive or fossilized, on all the other islands. In less than a week a masterly article appeared in the *Earth* pleading the cause of the New Zealand platypus, and Mr. Bardenhauer and the numerous other customers of Schwartz & Son were convinced—not, perhaps, that rabbit fur dyed green was baby platypus from New Zealand, but that gray-green fur was good for one prosperous season. When the time for making shipments drew near, Joseph's face bore a smile of satisfaction.

He was smiling as he stepped out upon the street and found himself face to face with Bobby Gates.

"Hello, Mr. Schwartz," said Bobby. "I haven't been in yet to get that fur set for my lady friend, but say! I'm going to have a story in the Sunday *Planet* that will interest you. Fritchie is on the way back."

"Fritchie?" queried Joseph.

"Yes, Fritchie—the Kingdon University naturalist, you know. Fellow that fitted out the faunal exploration party to go to the South Pacific. *Planet* has a full-page spread —pictures and interview. He found the Australian black swan in New Guinea. Found a whole lot of new beasts and birds. And, say!—he found that web-footed platypus thing in New Zealand!"

"He—he found the platypus in New Zealand!" exclaimed Joseph, letting his cigar drop in his surprise.

"Found the regular old *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus* in New Zealand," said Bobby, "and he can prove it. He's bringing one back with him."

Joe Schwartz gasped. The beads stood out on his high forehead like pearls.

"Alive," said Bobby. "Honest, I thought that story you gave me was a fake."

"Listen!" said Mr. Schwartz, taking Bobby by the sleeve. "Come right in and pick out the swellest baby-platypus set in the place for your lady friend, and it don't cost you a cent! When I like a young feller I like him, you understand? Did—did this Fritchie feller say, Mr. Gates, anything about the color of the New Zealand platypus?"

"Not a word," said Bobby promptly.

Mr. Schwartz wiped his forehead with a sigh of relief. "And he isn't back here yet?" he asked.

"Coming back in the *Plutoria*, due next Wednesday," said Bobby promptly. "I'm to interview him when she docks. He'll make a big story."

Mr. Schwartz pulled a big black cigar from his pocket and thrust it at Bobby. "Come right up now and pick out that fine set of furs, Mr. Gates," he urged. "Between friends like you and me what is a set of furs? Nothing! And maybe you would oblige me by letting me go with you to meet this nature-faker feller when he should arrive, if it wouldn't be imposing upon you?"

"Not a bit," said Bobby.

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VII

"Now!" said Joseph to his father when Bobby had departed with a cardboard box containing one set, No. 968B, New Zealand baby platypus. "Now! A nice fix we got ourselves into, father. Comes a nature-faker Fritchie feller with a live New Zealand platypus, which, according to all accounts, should be the eighth wonder of the world, and crowds would go by the millions to see it, and we will right away be a laughing-stock in the trade, for everybody could see with the naked eye the actual color of a New Zealand platypus. Am I right?"

"Not once, but a thousand times, Joseph," groaned Mr. Schwartz, "have I told you my idea of buying ten volumes of dictionary books, and now you see what comes of it."

"What comes of it is neither here nor there," said Joseph angrily. "We got to take some action about this Fritchie feller or everybody in America knows next week what color a New Zealand platypus is. Now is no time to talk books, father. Our foot is in it and we should talk how to get it out, and let bygones be bygones. Unless you got a better idea, I send this nature-faker feller a wireless right away."

"For why should you send him a wireless?" asked Mr. Schwartz, senior. "Would you throw good money after bad?"

"Yes!" said Joseph energetically. "Good money I would throw after bad, rather than we should get cancelations from every customer we've got, and be a laughing-stock into addition. What is a thousand dollars when the profit on that neck set No. 968B, New Zealand baby platypus alone, is over ten thousand dollars if every customer don't cancel? What is five thousand, even?"

"Five thousand dollars!" exclaimed the elder Mr. Schwartz, aghast.

"Five thousand dollars even, I would pay this Fritchie feller for that New Zealand platypus, father, provided he should deliver it to me before it sets foot on the dock, you understand, rather than our trade should start canceling. He could think I want to start a side-show with it, for ten cents a look, for all I care."

The elder man nodded his head approvingly. "And you could wring its neck," he suggested.

"I could do nothing of the sort, father," said Joseph. "How could I wring its neck with everybody crazy to have a look at the eighth wonder of the world? No, father; I could place the animal on exhibition in the show window of Bardenhauer & Betts."

"Are you crazy?" cried Mr. Schwartz.

"Believe me, father, I am not," said Joseph. "Have we, or haven't we, got in Blochmann a feller that could dye a last year's bath-towel so you couldn't tell it from a Bengal tiger hardly, and what wouldn't think nothing whatever of dyeing a platypus, alive or dead? Yes, father, give Blochmann a chance at a platypus, with a little peroxide and some dye, and the platypus would match up to any New Zealand baby-platypus garment we've got in stock. And after—we should worry!"

Blochmann, called into consultation, admitted reluctantly that he had never dyed a living animal; but he went back to his dye-room to try his skill on rats, and in a few hours he was able to show Joseph a trap full of lively rats that matched the gray-green sample perfectly. Thus encouraged, Joseph sent a wireless to Professor Fritchie on board the *Plutoria*. The inter-communications consumed several days, during which Joseph's offer gradually increased from one thousand dollars to four thousand, and at four thousand dollars Professor Fritchie closed the bargain.

The approaching arrival of the great faunal naturalist filled the newspapers, and the New Zealand platypus received the largest share of attention. Wednesday morning Mr. Bardenhauer telephoned Mr. Joseph Schwartz and asked anxiously for news. A pile of mail a foot high lay on Joseph's desk—letters threatening cancelation unless Schwartz & Son could give some assurance that there was such an animal as the New Zealand platypus, and that its coat of fur was gray-green.

An hour before the *Plutoria* was due to dock, Joseph went to the dye-room. Blochmann stood like a soldier awaiting the command to go into battle. Ten minutes later Bobby Gates came to the office, and Joseph, with a certified check for four thousand dollars, left the office with Bobby, followed by two husky shipping-clerks bearing a large dog-basket. They walked rapidly to the *Plutoria's* dock.

Mr. Schwartz had omitted nothing. He had his pass permitting him to go upon the dock; he had his pass permitting him to go aboard the *Plutoria;* he had arranged to have

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a customs official accompany him aboard the boat and permit him to carry off the New Zealand platypus without delay. A taxicab waited at the entrance of the dock. Fifteen minutes—or twenty at most—after the *Plutoria* docked, the New Zealand platypus would be in Blochmann's hands.

VIII

Bobby Gates spied Professor Fritchie leaning over the railing as the great ship was being warped into her berth, and the moment the gangplank touched the dock Joseph leaped up the incline, followed by Bobby Gates, the customs man, and the two husky shipping-clerks bearing the dog-basket. Professor Fritchie, browned and wearing a pith helmet, left the group of associate explorers and came to meet Joseph and his party. A welcoming smile creased his thin face, and he held out his hand.

Joseph mistook the meaning of the extended hand. He pressed the four-thousand-dollar certified check into the extended palm.

"Well, where is it?" Joseph asked eagerly.

"Where is—oh! the platypus? Down in my stateroom. As soon as I get the reporters off my hands——"

"Reporters! Do reporters bring checks for four thousand dollars?" demanded Joseph with angry impatience. "Reporters could wait awhile—me, I am a busy man, Mr. Professor, and could not stay away from my business while nature-faker fellers talk to reporters. With me time is money, Mr. Professor."

Professor Fritchie laughed. He took Joseph's impatience to be the desire of a showman to get the New Zealand platypus on exhibition at the very moment its discoverer landed. He led the way to his stateroom.

At the door the steward stopped the professor to ask a luggage question, and the professor waved his hand to the door.

"In there," he said, "in the cage on my berth," and he continued explaining about his luggage while he folded the four-thousand-dollar check and tucked it into his vest-pocket. Mr. Schwartz, Bobby Gates, and the two husky shipping-clerks pushed into the room.

The slatted box stood on the berth, a sheet of white cloth covering the front of the cage. With eager hands Joseph raised the cloth and stared into the cage. As he looked, his jaw fell, and the perspiration once more stood in beads on his forehead. He breathed hard, like a man who has run a race.

"WHERE IS IT?" HE ASKED EAGERLY.

"Swindled!" he gasped. "Swindled!" Bobby Gates and the two shipping-clerks stared eagerly into the cage.

No, the cage was not empty. No, the New Zealand platypus was not dead. It raised its head, opened and closed its duck-like bill, and peered at Mr. Schwartz with its beady black eyes in a manner almost affectionate.

But Mr. Schwartz glared at it angrily. He had wasted four thousand good American dollars.

The fur of the *Ornithorhynchus Novæ Zealandiæ*, or New Zealand platypus, was a soft, beautiful gray-green; exactly matching sample!

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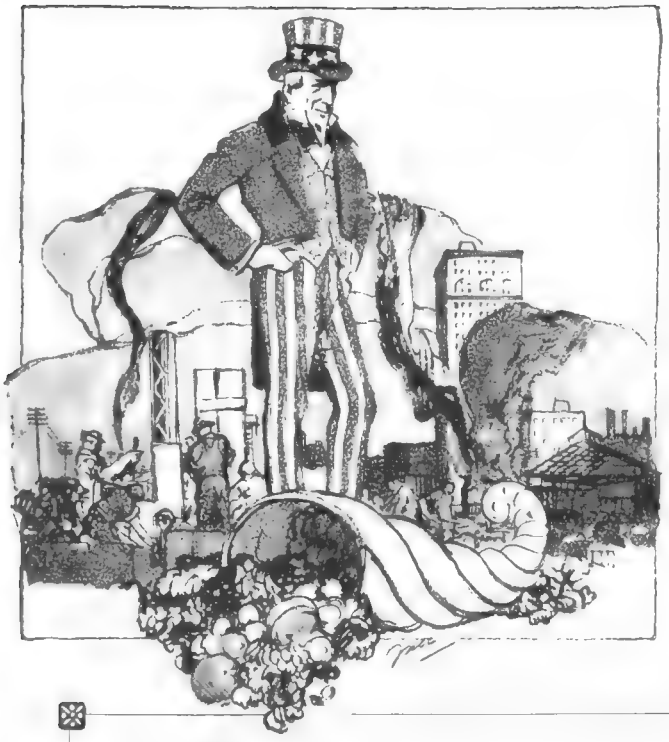

HOW ABOUT BUSINESS *after the* WAR?

DECORATIONS BY
C. B. FALLS

Will it be good? Is it up to us? What can we do about it? What will prices be—and wages?

These are the really interesting questions about the war – and the darkest.

We asked a business man, an economist, a banker, to let in a little light on them—out of their expert knowledge and large experience. They have done it.

It's a reasonable and a reassuring light.

WHAT WE CAN DO

BY JOHN H. FAHEY, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

NO BUSINESS man who sets out to analyze the figures and review the commercial history of the United States for the past fifteen months, impersonally, can fail to realize the tremendous change which business has undergone in this country since the outbreak of the war or to appreciate that business generally is now experiencing an extraordinary impetus. Business is surely on the upgrade, and there is strong evidence to indicate that we are on the verge of a period of activity and prosperity which will equal if not surpass anything the United States has ever seen.

The results of nation-wide inquiries made by the Committee on Statistics of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, summarizing the situation at the middle of July, showed that 25% of the country was enjoying good business, 65% of it fair, and about 10% poor. The Government reports, and those of private statistical organizations agree approximately with this estimate, though some of them are more optimistic. Moreover, most of the authorities look for

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steady improvement from now on. Even if the United States should be drawn into the war eventually, there is every reason to believe that business would be stimulated still further rather than retarded.

When the Government financial conference was called in Washington just after the war began, to consider foreign exchange and shipping, there were financiers of high reputation who were insisting that we should pay our debit balance to Europe by the immediate export of gold and that the contention that this balance would soon be wiped out by exports from this country was unfounded. It was agreed that we would have great difficulty in financing the New York City loan, for example, and that the deluge of American stocks from Europe would overwhelm us. What *are* the conditions today?

Exchange on Europe has depreciated to a point never before known, and the American dollar is the most valuable monetary unit in the world.

We have taken care of all the American securities offered, very comfortably, and seek more as collateral for foreign loans.

The United States possesses over two billion dollars in gold, the greatest stock of any country in the world and probably greater than that of any other two countries. Furthermore, the prospect is for a steady increase in this reserve unless offset by the placing here of large loans for European countries, for it is to be remembered that a large part of the goods ordered in this country for European consumption has not yet been shipped or paid for.

Following our biggest wheat crop of last year we will apparently harvest a still larger crop this year, while the corn crop will probably be 10% in excess of 1914, and other crops are in most satisfactory condition.

Our foreign trade balance shows that the world now owes us more than it ever owed any other country in the history of commerce, and the prospect is that the present formidable trade balance in our favor will be increased 75% or more before January 1, 1916.

The steel business, often accepted as a safe barometer of trade with us, is now in the midst of an extraordinary upturn. Shipbuilding is more active than it has ever been since the construction of iron ships began in the United States.

Railroad earnings are steadily improving. The textile industry generally is in satisfactory shape, but spotty in some directions. The copper, zinc, and metal industries are experiencing abnormal conditions. Automobile manufacture is enjoying a startling development. These are some fundamentals of prosperity.

It has taken the shock of the present war to give the rank and file of American business men who have not come in touch with foreign trade, as well as farmers and industrial workers, a clear exposition of the fact that the business of the United States *is* involved in the commerce of the world as a whole. Our people have never quite appreciated this before.

The radical changes affecting commerce, which began in the United States last fall, were not without significant precedent in previous important wars. In every great war in history the neutral nations have benefited enormously.

Our sale of food-stuffs, of munitions and supplies, must have an effect on domestic business in nearly every line during the coming fall and winter, for not only is the farmer being put in funds, but the purchasing power of the workers in the industrial districts is now increasing at a rapid pace. Confidence—optimism, those primary factors in better business, are gaining every day. In addition to our business with Europe our foreign trade in other countries should grow substantially in the months to come. Conditions in South America, China, and elsewhere, which experienced a tremendous upset at the beginning of the war, have been improving, and slowly these countries are developing ability to buy. Our laws, which prevent the maintenance of the strongest kind of organization for trade promotion abroad, and our lack of shipping, have been and still are serious handicaps. But we are intelligently studying these export problems now, and the outlook is hopeful.

THE CALL FOR ENTERPRISE

I am one of those who believe that the effect of the war on the business of this country is within our control. It will be governed by the courage and ability with which we utilize the opportunities confronting us, employ our brains and our enterprise, and so far as human intelligence permits scientifically plan for the future.

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Probably the whole world will have to contribute to repair the destruction being wrought. There is some very interesting evidence in history, however, tending to prove that in many wars the economies and savings of the world during the period of strife have practically equaled the losses incurred. The extent to which savings-bank deposits have been increasing in this country as well as in European countries in the past year is significant. The peasants of Russia are reported to have deposited in their savings banks since the war began almost one-half the amount they have saved during the previous ten years.

It is argued that after the war Europe will be pauperized and unable to buy our goods, but in the past the great bulk of our sales to Europe have been of food products and raw materials. They have bought of our manufacturers only those things they could not get satisfactorily elsewhere. The people left in Europe must still eat and live, and it is fair to assume, therefore, that they will continue to buy from us a good part of the things they have purchased in past years.

THE PROBLEMS AHEAD

After the war there must be a tremendous amount of rebuilding and repair. Isn't it likely that this will call for steel and structural material from us? Meanwhile, the rapid increase of wealth at home should give us the basis of prosperity for many years *if we develop our efficiency*. We should be able to make faster progress in that direction than ever before, for we are developing a world outlook which we have never had before.

It is said that after peace is declared we must expect a tremendous dumping of cheap goods from Europe. If we undergo that experience it will be our own fault, for we can prevent it.

It is claimed that there will be a liquidation of wages across the Atlantic, and that labor costs will go down. I am not convinced on that point. With practically all the countries of Europe engaged in murdering their best and most efficient men; with a tremendous reduction in the man power available to them, I do not yet see why wage costs should go down.

In general, I believe that the aftermath of the war will be largely influenced by the kind of settlement which is effected. If a settlement is reached which may make practically impossible for all time a repetition of the present conflagration, the resultant relief to mankind will greatly stimulate progress.

We confront some dangers, and the time has probably come in the life of this republic when it is going to meet its real test: is democracy efficient? We should adjust ourselves wisely to the changes that are to come. The tariff ought to be taken out of politics. A commission, which will command public confidence, should be established to report to Congress the facts concerning industry, and let Congress revise schedules in groups from time to time as changes are needed.

We should create a merchant marine, and in the process we should forget party politics and sectional prejudices. If we are to be permanently successful in foreign trade we must devise some plan by which large numbers of small manufacturers can mobilize their resources through common selling-agencies or through combination, and this can be done without fostering domestic monopoly.

The railroad problem should be re-examined in the light of present conditions, and a fair opportunity should be given to the transportation companies to develop greater service to the country and receive a reasonable return for it.

Our labor problem demands a solution in the interests of both capital and labor. Moreover, there never was such need for industrial education as there is to-day; and Germany has demonstrated the wisdom of it. Can you imagine what Germany would be doing to-day if she were a neutral nation and all the other big powers were at war? Her trade development during the past twenty-five years has been the logical result of her persistent scientific investigation of the markets of the world and her wonderful industrial educational system that has trained efficient producers.

We have made wonderful progress during the last hundred years in almost every direction, but we have only begun the development of America. This century holds out to us the opportunity not only of great betterment to all our people, but of a contribution to the progress of civilization more important than any yet recorded in history.

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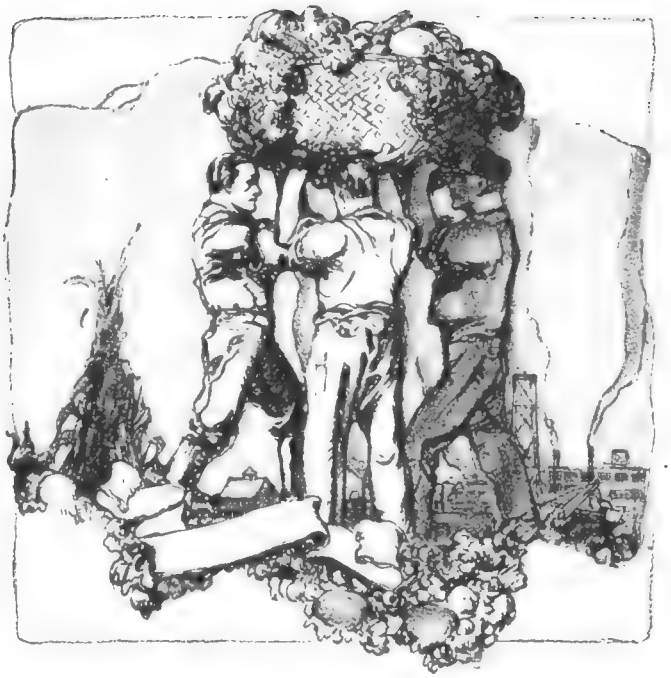
THE BALANCE SHEET OF WAR

BY JOHN BATES CLARK, PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

AUTHOR OF "THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH," ETC.



ALL that a nation hath will it give for its life. In the face of a possible conquest by a foreign enemy all ordinary values are as nothing, and what the nation chiefly cares about money is how it may get its hands on a vast amount of it. The after-effects are not in plain sight, and, in any case, freedom with poverty is better than subjection with any prosperity that it can buy. But subjection does not often buy prosperity, as witness unhappy Belgium. With huge indemnities in prospect in case of defeat, a belligerent nation may have to choose between freedom tempered by some poverty and subjection embittered by more of it. The rule *vae victis* has not been confined to Brannus and his Gauls of early Roman days, and it is to escape the woe that awaits the conquered and to preserve their chance of prosperity that most of the nations are fighting. It is not strange that their citizen soldiers are ready to die in the last ditch.

Tragic enough, however, will be the merely economic effects of the present Armageddon. The minimum estimate of the direct outlay of the nations now at war is fifty million dollars a day—more than eighteen billion dollars a year. The indirect cost of the war is much harder to compute, but in all probability it will far exceed the direct one. It is a safe guess that, with expenditures by governments and wastes and losses suffered by the peoples, the belligerent states are losing a hundred million dollars a day with a very large plus mark attached to the figure.

The worst fact about these costs is the relative permanence of their effects. What we chiefly want to know is how badly off the survivors of the war will find themselves, and through how many generations the hard condition will last. The dead will have made their quick contribution to the sum total of sacrifice, and the maimed and the enfeebled will have done so in a few years; but the economic blight may show itself through a succession of generations.

What, in an economic way, is really happening is disguised by the complicated mechanism of finance by means of which much of it is accomplished. When two wild tribes make war on each other the operation is simple. Men quit hunting and tilling the fields, take war-clubs, bows, and javelins, each tribe aiming to destroy or enslave the other. If they have been living from hand to mouth and have no store of provisions, some part of each tribe must bend its energy to the creation of food. Women must quit making blankets and till the fields or search for game. Old men and boys must make arrows and javelins. The real loss which the tribe sustains comes from diverting productive energy into destructive channels. The tribe loses chiefly what its members

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would have created if all had been working and living in peace. In such primitive fighting no war debt is created, although something analogous to it may come about when a tribe pays tribute to a conqueror or its members become his serfs. In the absence of this the tribe loses nothing except what comes about, first, by the direct ravaging of its land, and, secondly, by its failure to create the wealth which it would have produced in time of peace.

This reveals one leading fact of the present war—the greatest loss comes through just such a diversion of energy from productive occupation. There is much destruction, but great as this is, it counts for less than does the fact that the machinery that has heretofore produced a myriad of articles for human comfort is partly or wholly idle or perverted to making what destroys life instead of supporting it. But yesterday, as it were, a dozen millions of men, now killing each other or awaiting a chance to do so, were in the fields, the shops, the mines, the ships, the railway trains, etc., and their abandonment of them is the cause of the larger part of the cost which the war entails.

WHAT WAR LOANS MEAN

War loans, however, affect very seriously the arithmetic of the case, and whether they are made within the fighting countries or in neutral ones they mean that productive energy which the money that is loaned represents—the energy that, but for the war, would have built mills, warehouses, shops, dwellings, ships, railroads, locomotives, and cars, or would have dug tunnels and canals or used these things productively—all this energy is taken away from its productive fields of action and forced to make or use the enginery of murder and devastation. The nation is not obliged, as is a primitive tribe, to support itself and make its weapons. It can induce other peoples to help in supporting it and in furnishing weapons. The world is willing to give over its capital to destruction and receive in return therefore a lien on the future industry of the fighting lands. Their children and children's children to remote generations will have to pay costs now accruing day by day in the world war. This is what the making of munitions in America and the exchanging of them for bonds really signify. Munition-makers may get money for their products, but America must become a creditor of foreign states if the exporting of supplies to them is long continued.

If, as seems probable, the present war shall be decided by the process of attrition —if numbers of men and extent of ultimate resources shall finally decide it—there can not fail to be a reduction of population which will afford some temporary relief from the necessity for lands in which to expand. There will be fewer laborers and a smaller total production, but there will be a larger production per man. Population has not shrunk as much as has the available capital of the belligerent countries, but the number of mature working men has shrunk by a much larger percentage than has the total population. Men capable of taking up those industries which they alone can carry with advantage will be scarce, and efficient male labor will be more needed in its own countries than it was before they entered the war.

Working capital will be scarcer than it was, but land will remain, and, on the whole, the surviving population will be under a lessened inducement to migrate to foreign countries or to annex foreign lands. This relief will be temporary. The world is very far from seeing the end of the old tragedy of growing population and limited lands. An offhand impression prevails that, after peace shall be restored, unprecedented migrations will begin at once. If so, it will not be because of the old economic pressure. The war may leave great misery in its train, but there is little in natural economic forces alone that justifies the conclusion that mature laboring men will migrate in great numbers. Social disorders or the exactions of governments might cause such a migration; but if order is well preserved and industrial organization soon restored, there is no reason to expect a greater exodus from Europe than was constantly occurring before the outbreak of the struggle.

On the general ground that what makes life difficult in Europe will send people away from it, there is one powerful influence that will make for migration of both labor and capital, and that is taxation. With the burdens of governments doubled by war loans, and with property reduced, taxes direct and indirect may give to every class an increased reason to flee. The force of this motive will be greater the longer the war

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lasts and the deeper the financial abyss into which the belligerent countries will be plunged. One year of war has not meant bankruptcy. A second year probably will not mean this, but it must mean a terrible increase of public burdens and a great motive for escaping from them, while a third year would mean more than it is now worth while to try to take account of.

With a second year of war in prospect, we see standing conspicuously in the foreground a demand for more democratic government and for far-reaching social reforms. Loud enough heretofore have been the calls for increased ownership of capital and management of industries by the state, and very considerable have been the responses to that call. Here and there old-age pensions have been asked for and secured, and emergency employment will have to be provided. Practical training in a great number of industries and many another costly public activity will have to be entered on—and all this in countries which will be staggering under such a burden of debt as has never before been known. It will be difficult to concede the demands, but it will be perilous to refuse them, and many of them will have to be conceded.

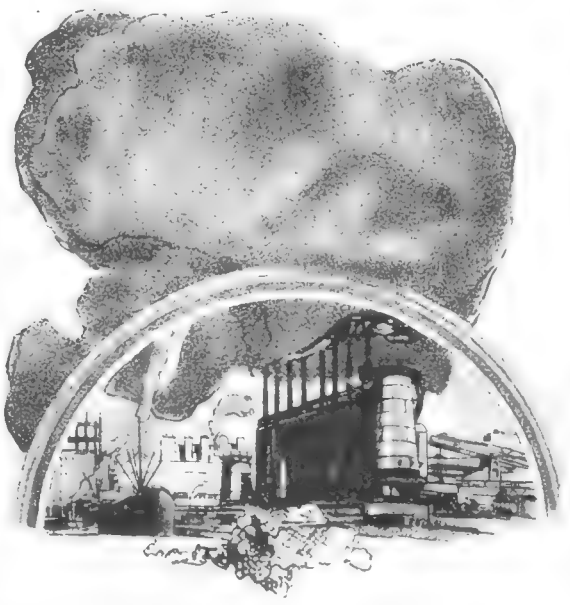
America has drifted unconsciously and unavoidably out of its policy of isolation. The sea is no barrier, and finance and commerce have tied the continents together. They are foreordained to tie themselves more closely by treaties. Nevertheless America is more capable of leading an independent economic life than is any European nation. Its industries will continue to be mainly self-contained. It would be idle to expect and unwise to wish for exportations of any kind of manufactured goods to become so overwhelmingly large as to rival our home consumption. We shall consume in the main what we produce, although in various directions we can make profits by exchanging. The war yields gains to munition-makers, but the markets it closes will outweigh those that it opens, and we shall share, in some degree, in the commercial losses caused by the war. The sheer destruction of capital will further injure us as it will others.

If we avoid, not "entangling alliances," but the entangling enmities that would draw us into the great struggle, we shall have, by reason of our economic independence, a power to do more than help to end the war, namely, to serve humanity in the less tragic but equally serious issues of the ensuing peace.

U. S. A.—CREDITOR NATION

BY GEORGE E. ROBERTS, FORMERLY DIRECTOR OF THE MINT; NOW OF THE NATIONAL CITY BANK, NEW YORK

AUTHOR OF "MONEY, WAGES, AND PRICES," ETC.



A GENERAL state of prosperity is one in which all branches of industry are well employed, with a good demand for their products at fair prices. In other words, it is a well-balanced state of industry, where the workers are so well distributed in the various lines of production and distribution that they supply each other's wants and absorb each other's products efficiently and completely.

Fortunately, the United States is a very

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large country, with a great variety of products, and no other country in the world is so nearly self-supporting. The bulk of our imports are tropical products or raw materials, which we continue to receive without serious interference. Aside from certain dyes and chemicals, which we have been accustomed to buy abroad, the war has not deprived us of anything we need, or forced any important changes in our industries.

Nor has the war deprived us to any great extent of foreign markets for our products. We were much concerned a year ago over our cotton, but the world finally took nearly as much of our 1914 crop as of any previous one. As cotton is one of the cheapest materials for clothing, and the United States is the most important source of supply, we may expect that after the war is over the business of growing cotton in the Southern states will be on about the same basis as in the past.

The grain and live-stock farmers will be in about the same situation after the war as before; and for fifteen years they have had almost uninterrupted prosperity. The fact that capital will be scarce and dear in European countries, and that men of the emigrant class will be reduced in numbers, will tend to delay the development of new countries which might become competitors of the United States in the production of food. The people of all countries must have food and clothing ahead of everything else, and the farmers of the United States, as producers of the agricultural staples, occupy as secure a position as any class of people in the world; moreover, they are still the most important single factor in the prosperity of this country.

THE CONSTRUCTION BOOM

The mining of the metals, particularly of copper, lead and zinc, has been stimulated by the war, and is now in an extraordinary state of prosperity. The restoration of peace must be followed by extensive reconstruction, and the world will have to look to the United States to supply such needs, for while the war is going on the exploitation of new mines in other parts of the world has practically ceased. If construction is at a normal rate in this country, the mining industry should do its part toward sustaining the general industrial situation.

The important group of industries that at present are stimulated by war orders are for the most part, steel-working establishments, whose regular business is making equipment of various kinds for railways and industrial plants. They were not busy before the war, nor for several years, because little was doing in large constructive work. Right here is the situation that deserves most careful consideration.

In a growing country like the United States, an important percentage of the industrial population is normally engaged in constructive work, and the fluctuations between good times and bad times are largely due to activity or inactivity in building operations. The last great period of construction followed the period of stagnation that existed while the country's monetary system was under attack. When that question was settled, enterprise fairly leaped forward. The railways entered upon very large improvements, employing armies of men, and using great quantities of iron and steel, lumber, cement, etc. Some of their work has hung over until recently, but they have begun little new work since 1912. The principal reasons for the cessation are that capital has cost more, while the margin of safety upon railway investments has declined.

At this time our railway expansion is unquestionably falling behind the progress of the country. If we judge by the past, the volume of traffic may be expected to double in the next fifteen years, and a very large amount of work should be done to put the roads in condition to meet it. This refers particularly to what may be called roads of the second and third class. If the public attitude toward the railways should be so modified as to strengthen general confidence in such investments, improvements of this character would probably take over a large part of the labor now employed on the war orders, and thus effect the transition to normal conditions without demoralization. But unless there is a resumption of constructive work on a large scale, there will be a serious amount of unemployment.

The question whether the United States, independent of Europe, will be able to supply the capital for another period of active construction in this country, may, I believe, be answered in the affirmative. Our heavy exports during the war will enable us to buy back many of our own securities from Europe, and the returns upon them will

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hereafter belong to us. The United States is no longer in a dependent position financially. It is much the richest country in the world, and when all its industries are in full action it is able to make new capital in the form of tools, equipment, buildings and supplies with unparalleled rapidity.

Much is said of the opportunity now offered for the United States to take a new position in international trade and finance. It is plain that the opportunity is here, but to what extent we will improve it remains to be seen. We have the chance to introduce our goods in new markets, but it must be borne in mind that we can do nothing permanently abroad unless we keep our costs down somewhere near the level upon which the business of the world is done. Moreover, we shall not hold our own market unless we do this, and here is the greatest danger we have to avoid. For the time being, we are relieved of the pressure of European competition, but it will be at our gates, as keen and alert as ever, soon after the war ends. If, in the meantime, under the intoxicating influence of war orders or other conditions that mean easy money, manufacturing costs are lifted in this country, the home market will be invaded, the balance of trade will be turned against us, gold will flow out, credits will be contracted, labor will be thrown out of employment, and times will be bad.

These are not imaginary dangers. If we judge of the future in this instance by what has occurred under similar conditions in the past, we will conclude that the above is what will happen. If an extraordinary amount of money is suddenly turned into a country, as gold is now being turned into the United States, it will give an abnormal stiumulus, with the almost certain result that a great amount of new indebtedness is created. Sudden prosperity, instead of enabling people to get out of debt, encourages them to go into debt, and when the temporary influence is spent they are worse off than they were before.

Whether the warnings that are now being uttered will save American business men and American wage-earners from the mistake that has always been made under similar conditions, only time will tell. If they will keep their heads and make the most of the opportunity, they may not only avoid a collapse of prosperity after the war is over, but place this country in a new and secure position in international affairs. If from the earnings of the present period of prosperity we should save enough to buy control of the leading industries of Latin-America now to be had, we would open new and permanent channels for the distribution of our goods. A South American railway owned in Europe will buy its supplies in Europe, but, if owned in the United States, will buy its supplies here.

A BIG JOB OPEN

It would be a most fortunate result if the many demands upon the United States for capital should stimulate among our people an ambition to make this country the leader of the world's industrial development; not simply a creditor nation in the lazy sense of having interest and dividends coming to it from other countries, but in the sense of guiding and aiding the newer and more backward countries along the path of progress, supplying them with machinery by which their production may be increased, with railways and steamships by which they may be transported, constructing warehouses by which the waste of products may be prevented, building smelters by which their ores may be extracted, and furnishing engineers and managers by which the most modern methods may be introduced. This is what it means to be a creditor nation. This is the work that Great Britain, France, Germany, Holland and Belgium have been doing, and which the war has suddenly suspended. It would be a great service to the world in an hour of need if the United States would now assume the part.

We all hope that this country will keep out of the war: why not go farther, and resolve that we will make good the capital losses of the war, so that the normal progress of the world will be maintained? This could soon be done if our people seriously set about saving for that purpose. We ought to be a great investing, bond-buying people, and if we were, we could lift all the peoples of the earth to higher levels of efficiency and comfort.

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The REAL ADVENTURE

by

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

AUTHOR OF "THE BUTTERFLY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD L. CHASE

FOR Rose Stanton and Rodney Aldrich the "real adventure" is marriage. They had fallen in love on their first encounter, and become engaged in two weeks. After her marriage, Rose, whose life had been of rather meager comfort, found herself in a magical new world of pleasure and luxury. The only cloud on her horizon was the gradual realization that she had no real share in the work-and-thought life of the husband who loved her so rapturously. She began to realize, too, that she had let him clutter his life—which he had kept free and untrammeled—with considerations of money and social obligations.

Secretly she tried various plans for making herself his companion, and one night she attempted to talk it all out with him, pleading for a less expensive manner of living, and for a responsibility of her own. But Rodney's pride rebelled, and then, when she told him they were to have a child, he put all her ideas down as obsessions.

Temporarily defeated, Rose waited patiently for her motherhood, believing it would bring her a real job. But when the time came, and there were two babies instead of one, Rose was refused even the smallest responsibility for their care. She made one final appeal to Rodney, and when that failed, she told him the whole story of her struggle to win his friendship; told him she had held him only by sex-charm; and at last announced that she was going away to work until she could make herself really his partner.

After a terrible struggle, she left, ostensibly to visit her mother and sister in California. Really, she went to a rooming-house in a part of Chicago not far from her husband's home in distance, but infinitely removed in life; and the same afternoon she got a job as chorus-girl. She worked with a passionate intensity that at once won the favor of Galbraith, the director, and was soon promoted to the sextette, a sort of super-chorus. She scored another triumph by teaching a fellow-member of the sextette, Edna Larson, to say her few lines with proper inflections. Galbraith himself had failed in the effort, and when Rose succeeded he offered her the job of teaching the other four.

IF THERE was a profession in the world which Rose had never, either idly or seriously, considered as a possible one for herself, that of a teacher was it. And yet the first money she ever earned in her life was the twenty dollars the management paid her for teaching the other four girls in the sextette to say their lines.

She was a born teacher, too. Those four sulky, rather supercilious chorus-girls,

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"WHAT'S THE IDEA?" HE ASKED. "DO YOU WANT TO BE AN ACTRESS?"

coming to Rose under a threat of dismissal, for lessons in the one last thing that a free-born American will submit to dictation about, might not want to learn, nor mean to learn, but they couldn't help learning. You couldn't be unaware of Rose, and, being aware of her, you couldn't resist doing things as she wanted you to.

Informally, too, she taught them other things than speech. "Here, Waldron!" Galbraith would say. "This is no cake-walk. All you've got to do is to cross to that chair and sit down in it like a lady. Show her how to do it, Dane." And Rose, with her good-humored, disarming smile at the infuriated Waldron, would go ahead and do it.

I won't pretend that she was a favorite with the other members of the sextette, barring Edna Larson. But she managed to avoid being cordially hated, which was a very solid personal triumph.

I have said that there were two small incidents destined to have a powerful influence at this time in Rose's life. One of them I have told you about—the chance that led her to teach Edna Larson to talk. The other concerned itself with a certain afternoon frock in a Michigan Avenue shop.

The owners of "The Girl Up-stairs" were staggered by the figure that Galbraith indicated as the probable cost of having a first-class brigand in New York design the costumes, and a firm of pirates in the same neighborhood execute them. Itwas simply insane. New York managers might be boobs enough to submit to such an extortion, but they,

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believe them, were not. Many of the costumes could be bought, ready made, on State Street or Michigan Avenue. Some of the fancy things could be executed by a competent wardrobe mistress, if some one would give her the ideas. And ideas—one could pick them up anywhere. Mrs. Goldsmith, now—she was the wife of the senior of the two owners—had splendid taste and would be glad to put it at their service. There was no reason why she should not at once take the sextette down-town and fit them out with their dresses.

Galbraith shrugged his shoulders, but made no further complaint. It was, he admitted, as they had repeatedly pointed out, their own money. So a rendezvous was made between Mrs. Goldsmith and the sextette for Lessing's store on Michigan Avenue at three o'clock on an afternoon when Galbraith was to be busy with the principals. He might manage to drop in before they left to cast his eye over the selection.

It was with some rather uncomfortable misgivings that Rose set out to revisit a part of town so closely associated with the first year of her married life. The particular shop was luckily, one that she hadn't patronized in that former incarnation; but it was in the same block with half a dozen that she had.

The day was cold and blustery—a fact that she was grateful for, as it gave her an excuse for wearing a thick white veil, which was almost as good as a mask. It was with a rather breathless excitement that persisted in feeling like guilt that she debouched out of Van Buren Street, around the corner of the Chicago Club, and into the avenue. Unconsciously, she had been expecting to meet every one she knew, beginning with Frederica, in the course of the two blocks or so she had to walk. Very naturally, she didn't catch even a glimpse of any one she even remotely knew. Suppose there should be any one in the store! But this, she realized, wasn't likely. It wasn't a really smart shop, though it paid an enormous rent in that neighborhood in order to pretend to be.

Rose, arriving promptly at the hour agreed upon, had a wait of fifteen minutes before any of her sisters of the sextette or Mrs. Goldsmith arrived. She told the suave manager that she was waiting for friends, but this didn't deter him from employing a magnificent wave of the hand to summon one of the saleswomen, and consigning Rose, almost tenderly, to her care. He didn't know her, but he knew that that ulster of hers had come straight over from Paris, had cost not less than two hundred dollars, and had been selected by an excellently discriminating eye; and that was enough for him.

"I don't want anything just now," Rose told the saleswoman. But she hadn't, in these few weeks of Clark Street, lost the air of one who will buy if she sees anything worth buying. In fact, the saleswoman thought, correctly, that she knew her, and was in for a shock a little later when Mrs. Goldsmith and the other five members of the sextette arrived.

Meanwhile, she showed Rose the few really smart things they had in the store—a Poiret evening gown, a couple of afternoon frocks from Jenny, and so on. There wasn't much, she admitted, it being just between seasons.

The rest of the sextette arrived in a pair and a trio. One of them squealed "Hello, Dane!"—the saleswoman got her shock on seeing Rose nod an acknowledgment of this greeting, and just about that time they heard Mrs. Goldsmith explaining who she was and the nature of her errand to the manager.

The sort of gowns she presently began exclaiming over with delight, and ordering put into the heap of possibilities, were horrible enough to have drawn a protest from the wax figures in the windows. The more completely the fundamental lines of a frock were disguised with sartorial scroll-saw work, the more successful this lady felt it to be. An ornament, to Mrs. Goldsmith, did not live up to its possibilities, unless it in turn were decorated with ornaments of its own; like the fleas on the fleas of the dog.

Rose spent a miserable half-hour worrying over these selections of the wife of the principal owner of the show, feeling she ought to put up some sort of fight and hardly deterred by the patent futility of such a course. To rest her esthetic senses from the delirium of fussiness that was giving Mrs. Goldsmith so much pleasure, she began thinking about the Poiret frock—the superb, simple audacity of it! It had been made by an artist who knew where to stop. And he had stopped rather incredibly soon. Just suppose . . . And then her eyes

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lighted up, gazed thoughtfully out the window across the wind-swept desert of the avenue, and presently she smiled—widely, contentedly.

For the next hour and a half, during the intervals of her own trying on, she entertained herself very happily with the daydream that she herself had a commission to design the costumes for "The Girl Upstairs." She had always done that more or less, she realized, when she went to musical comedy shows with Rodney, especially when they were badly costumed. But this time she did it a good deal more vividly, partly because her interest in the piece was more intense, partly because her imagination had a blank canvas to work upon.

All the while she kept one eye on the door and prayed for the arrival of John Galbraith.

He came in just as Mrs. Goldsmith finished her task—just when, by a process of studious elimination, every passable thing in the store had been discarded and the twelve most utterly hopeless ones—two for each girl—laid aside for purchase. The girls were despatched to put on the evening frocks first, and were then paraded before the director.

He was a diplomat, and he was quick on his feet. Rose, watching his face very closely, thought that for just a split-second she caught a gleam of ineffable horror. But it was gone so quickly she could almost have believed that she had been mistaken. He didn't say much about the costumes, but he said it so promptly and adequately that Mrs. Goldsmith beamed with pride. She sent the girls away to put on the other set—the afternoon frocks; and once more the director's approbation, though laconic, was one hundred per cent. pure.

"That's all," he said in sudden dismissal of the sextette. "Rehearsal at eight-thirty."

Five of them scurried like children, let out of school, around behind the set of screens that made an extemporaneous dressing-room, and began changing in a mad scramble, hoping to get away and to get their dinners eaten soon enough to enable them to see the whole bill at a movie show before the evening's rehearsal.

But Rose remained hanging about, a couple of paces away from where Galbraith was talking to Mrs. Goldsmith. The only question that remained, he was telling her, was whether her selections were not too—well, too refined, genteel, one might say, for the stage. Regretfully he confessed he was a little afraid they were. It needed a certain crudity to withstand the glare of the footlights, and until these gowns had been submitted to that glare, one couldn't be sure.

He wasn't looking at her as he talked, and presently, as his gaze wandered about the store, it encountered Rose's face. She hadn't prepared it for the encounter, and it wore, hardly veiled, a look of humorous appreciation. His sentence broke, then completed itself. She turned away, but the next moment he called out to her: "Were you waiting to see me, Dane?"

"I'd like to speak to you a minute," she said, "when you have time."

"All right. Go and change your clothes first," he said.

Out of the tail of her eye as she departed, she saw him shaking hands with the owner's wife and thanking her effusively for her help. Incidentally, he was leading her toward the door as he did it. And, at the door, he declined an offer to be taken anywhere he might want to go in her electric.

She found the other girls on the point of departure. But Edna offered to wait for her.

"No, you run along," Rose said. "I've some errands, and I don't feel like seeing a movie to-night, anyway."

Edna looked a little odd about it, but hurried along after the others.

A saleswoman—the same one the manager had assigned to Rose, under the misconception which that smart French ulster of hers had created, when she came into the shop—now came around behind the screen to gather up the frocks the girls had shed.

"Will you please bring me," said Rose, "that Poiret model you showed me before the others came in? I'll try it on."

The saleswoman's manner was different now, and she grumbled something about its being closing time.

"Then, if you'll bring it at once . . ." said Rose. And the saleswoman went on the errand.

Five minutes later, Galbraith, from staring gloomily at the mournful heap of trouble Mrs. Goldsmith had left on his hands, looked up to confront a vision that made him gasp.

"I wanted you to see if you liked this," said Rose.

"If I liked it!" he echoed. "Look here! If you knew encugh to pick out things like

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that, why did you let that woman waste everybody's time with junk like this? Why didn't you help her out?"

"I couldn't have done much," Rose said, "even if my offering to do anything hadn't made her angry—and I think it would have. You see, she's got lots of taste, only it's bad. She wasn't bewildered a bit. She knew just what she wanted and she got it. It's the badness of these things she likes. And I thought . . ." She hesitated a little over this . . . "I thought as long as they couldn't be good, perhaps the next best thing would be to have them as bad as possible. I mean that it would be easier to throw them all out and get a fresh start."

He stared at her with a frown of curiosity. "That's good sense," he said. "But why should you bother to think of it?"

Her color came up perceptibly as she answered. "Why—I want the piece to succeed, of course. . . ." Rose turned rather suddenly to the saleswoman. "I wish you'd get that little Empire frock in maize and cornflower," she said. "I'd like Mr. Galbraith to see that, too." And the saleswoman, now placated, bustled away.

"This thing that I've got on," said Rose swiftly, "costs a hundred and fifty dollars, but I know I can copy it for twenty. I can't get the materials exactly, of course, but I can come near enough."

"Will you try this one on, miss?" asked the saleswoman, coming on the scene again with the frock she had been sent for.

"No," said Rose. "Just hold it up."

Galbraith admitted it was beautiful, but wasn't overwhelmed at all as he had been by the other.

"It's not quite so much your style, is it? Not drive enough?"

"It isn't for me," said Rose. "It's for Edna Larson to wear in that 'All Alone' number for the sextette."

Galbraith stared at her a moment. Then, "Put on your street things," he said bruskly. "I'll wait."

Rose Enters on Her Profession

"WHY, this was what I wanted to say," said Rose, taking up the broken conversation as he pulled the shop door to behind him. She didn't go out on to the sidewalk, but lingered in the recessed doorway. "I thought if you'd let me fake that evening frock for twenty dollars, and then buy the little Empire one for Edna Larson—it's only eighty—that the two would average just about what Mrs. Goldsmith was paying for the others."

"Why not fake the other one, too?" he asked.

"It couldn't be done," said Rose decisively. "There's no idea in it, you see, that just jumps out and catches you. It gets its style from being so—reserved and so just exactly right. And of course that's true of the girl herself. She's perfect, just about. But it's a perfection that it's awfully easy to kill. She kills it herself by the way she does her hair."

Buzzing around in the back of John Galbraith's mind was an unworded protest against the way Rose had just killed her own beauty, with a thick white veil, so nearly opaque, that all it let him see of her face was an intermittent gleam of her eyes. Keenly aware—a good deal more keenly aware than he was willing to admit—of the sort of splendor which, but for the veil, he'd be looking at now, he was not quite in the mood to wax enthusiastic over a beauty so fragile as that of the girl they had been talking about. There was a momentary silence, broken again, by Rose.

"Of course you'll want to take a look at her for yourself, before you decide," she concluded; "but I'm pretty sure you'll see it." She put a cadence of finality into her voice. The business between them was over, it said, and all she was waiting for was a word of dismissal, to nod him a farewell and go swinging away down the avenue. Still he didn't speak, and she moved a little restlessly. At last:

"Do you mind crossing the street?" he asked abruptly. "Then we can talk as we walk along." She must have hesitated, because he added, "It's too cold to stand here."

"Of course," she said then. All that had made her hesitate was her surprise over his having made a request instead of giving an order.

It was an axiom in Galbraith's experience, that any personal feeling—any sort of human relation with one of the units in the mosaic he was building, was to be avoided like the plague. His professional and personal contempt for a colleague capable of a love affair with a woman in a company he

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was directing, would be inexpressible—unfathomable. Of course when a man's job was finished—why, after that, his affairs were his own affair. Rose was a working member of his production, and it was therefore flagrantly impossible that his relation with her should be other than purely professional.

And yet there had been something intangibly personal, from the very first, about every one of their broken momentary conversations—almost about every meeting of their eyes. It had disturbed him the first time he had ever seen her smile. And then the way she worked for him in rehearsal! He'd seen girls work hard before—desperately, frantically hard, under the fear that they weren't good enough to hold their jobs. That wasn't the spirit in which this girl worked. She seemed possessed by a blazing determination that the results he wanted should be obtained.

The wonderful thing about it was that she carried that eagerness beyond the confines of her own job. And she put it to good effect too. She had taken that Larson girl and, by the plain force of personal dominance, made her talk right. Well, why? That was the question. Who was she, anyway? Where had she come from? Who was "the only person who really mattered" to her—the person who wasn't a pussy-cat?

Up to the hour when he had turned into Lessing's store this afternoon, for a look at the dresses Mrs. Goldsmith had been picking out for the sextette, a feeling of baffled curiosity and of irritation over the etiquette which forbade his satisfying it would have summed up, adequately enough, all the emotions he was conscious of toward the girl. His professional admiration for her was another thing, of course—a perfectly legitimate thing. But with her appearance from behind the screen, in that French evening gown—a gown she wore with the indescribable air of belonging in it, with all her vibrant, irregular, fascinating beauty fully revealed, his mood of impatient acquiescence had fallen away. The basis of his feeling toward her shifted in a manner that Jimmy Randolph wouldn't have had a moment's difficulty in explaining, although Galbraith didn't understand it himself.

The thing he was conscious of was, when she made that offer to copy this gown herself for twenty dollars and so leave him leeway for the purchase of the Empire frock for Edna—offering to go to that trouble not for herself or her friend, but to further the accomplishment of what he wanted—what he was conscious of then, was an overpowering desire to make a confidante of her; to talk matters out with her, show her some of the major strategy of the game that he had to consider, and find out how the thing would look to her.

It was all against the rules, of course. But to this case—the one in a thousand certainly, in ten thousand maybe—the rules manifestly did not apply.

If it hadn't been for that opaque white veil, the glow of light and eagerness in her face would probably have conquered his resistance finally and for good, while they stood there in the entry to the store. As it was, he was still hanging on a dead center as they walked down the east side of the avenue together.

"Do you think you'll be able to convince Mrs. Goldsmith," she asked, "that her gowns don't look well on the stage?"

"Probably not," he said in quick relief. Rose had decided the issue for herself; brought up the very topic he'd wanted to bring up; got him off his dead center at last.

"Certainly not," he went on, "if you're right about her, and I fancy you are, that her taste isn't negative, but bad, and that it's the very hideousness of the things she likes. No, she won't be convinced, and if I know Goldsmith, he'll say his wife's taste is good enough for him. So if we want a change, we've a fight on our hands."

The way he had unconsciously phrased that sentence startled him a little.

"The question is," he went on, "whether they're worth making a fight about. Are they as bad as I think they are?"

"Oh, yes," said Rose. "They're dowdy and fourth-class, and ridiculous. Of course I don't know how many people in the audience would know that."

"And I don't care," said John Galbraith, with a flash of intensity that made her look around at him. "That's not a consideration I'll give any weight to. When I put a production under my name, it means it's the best production I can make with the means I've got. When I have to take a cynical view and try to get by with bad work because most of the people out in front won't know the difference, I'll retire. I'm only fifty, and I've got ten or fifteen good years in me yet; but before I'll do that,

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GALBRAITH LOOKED UP TO CONFRONT A VISION THAT MADE HIM GASP.

I'll go out to my little farm on Long Island and raise garden truck."

There was another momentary silence, for the girl made no comment at all on this statement of his *credo*. But he felt sure, somehow, that she understood it, and there was nothing deprecatory about the tone in which, presently, he went on speaking.

"Of course a director's got only one weapon to use against the owners of a show, when it comes down to an issue, and that's a threat to resign unless they let him have his way. I've used that twice in this production already, and I can see one or two places coming where I may have to use it again. So, if there's any way of throwing

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out those costumes without giving them their choice between getting new ones and getting a new director, I'd like to find it. Would it be possible, do you think, to get better ones that would also be cheaper? That argument would bring Goldsmith around in a hurry. It's ridiculous, of course, but that's the trouble with making a production for amateurs. You spend more time fighting them than you do producing the show."

"I don't believe," said Rose, "that you could get better ready-made costumes a lot cheaper; at least, not enough to go around, and in a hurry. Of course, every now and then, you can pick up a tremendous bargain—some imported model that's a little extreme, or made in trying colors. But the two or three we might be able to find, wouldn't help us much."

"And I suppose," he said dubiously, "it's out of the question getting them any other way than ready-made; that is, and cheaper too."

The only sign of excitement there was in the girl's voice when she answered, was a sort of exaggerated matter-of-factness. "I could design the costumes and pick out the materials," she said, "but we'd have to get a good sewing-woman—perhaps more than one, to get them done."

He wasn't greatly surprised. Perhaps the notion that she might suggest something of the sort was responsible for the tentative, dubious way in which he had said he supposed it couldn't be done.

But Rose, at the sound of her own voice and the extraordinary proposition it was uttering, was astonished clear through. She hadn't had the remotest idea of saying such a thing a moment or two before. But, having heard her own voice say the words, she resolved, in spite of her fright—because she was frightened—to back them up.

"You've had—experience in designing gowns, have you?" Galbraith asked.

"Only for myself," she admitted. "But I know I can do that part of it. I'm not good at sewing, though"—she reverted to the other part of the plan. "I'd have to have somebody awfully good, who'd do exactly what I told her."

"Oh, that can be managed," he said a little absently, and with what struck Rose as a mere man's ignorance of the difficulties of the situation. Expert sewing-women didn't grow on every bush. But at the end of a silence which lasted while they walked a whole block, he convinced her that she had been mistaken.

"I was just figuring out the way to work it," he said then, explaining his silence. "I shall tell Goldsmith and Block (Block was the junior partner in the enterprise) that I've got hold of a costumer who agrees to deliver twelve costumes satisfactory to me, at an average of, say, twenty per cent. less than the ones Mrs. Goldsmith picked out. If they aren't satisfactory, it's the costumer's loss and we can buy those that Mrs. Goldsmith picked out, or others that will do as well, at Lessing's. I think that saving will be decisive with them."

"But do you know a costumer?" Rose asked.

"You're the costumer," said Galbraith. "You design the costumes, buy the fabrics, superintend the making of them. As for the woman you speak of, we'll get the wardrobe mistress at the Globe. I happen to know she's competent, and she's at a loose end just now, because her show is closing when ours opens. You'll buy the fabrics and you'll pay her. And what profit you can make out of the deal, you're entitled to. I'll finance you myself. If they won't take what we show them, why, you'll be out your time and trouble, and I'll be out the price of materials and the woman's labor."

"I don't think it would be fair," she said, and she found difficulty in speaking at all because of a sudden disposition of her teeth to chatter—"I don't think it would be fair for me to take all the profit and you take all the risk."

"Well, I can't take any profit, that's clear enough," he said; and she noticed now a tinge of amusement in his voice. "You see, I'm retained—body and soul, to put this production over. I can't make money out of those fellows on the side. But you're not retained. You're employed as a member of the chorus. And, so far, you're not even paid for the work you're doing. So long as you work to my satisfaction there on the stage, nothing more can be asked of you. As for the risk, I don't believe it's serious. I don't think you'll fall down on the job, and I don't believe Goldsmith and Block will throw away a chance to save some money."

And then he pressed her for an immediate decision. The job would be a good deal of a scramble at best, as the time was short. If

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she agreed to it, he'd get in touch with the wardrobe mistress at the Globe to-night. As for the money, he had a hundred dollars or so in his pocket which she could take to start out with. She needn't regard it as in any sense a personal loan to her. They were simply cooperating for the good of the enterprise.

Of course the only lie involved in all this was the warp of the whole fabric: that he was doing it impersonally, for the success of the show. And that might well have been true. Only in this case, it definitely wasn't. He was doing it because it would establish a personal connection, the want of which was becoming so tormenting a thing to his soul, between himself and this girl, whom he had to order about on the stage and call by her last name, or rather by a last name that wasn't hers. She was an imagination-stirring, question-compelling, warm human creature, who, up to now, had been as completely shut away from him as if she had been a wax figure in a show window.

They had reached the Randolph Street end of the avenue, and a policeman, like Moses cleaving the Red Sea, had opened a way through the tide of motors for a throng of pedestrians.

"Come across here," said Galbraith, taking her by the arm and stemming this current with her. "We've got to have a minute of shelter to finish this up in," and he led her into the north lobby of the public library. The stale, baked air of the place almost made them gasp. But anyway, it was quiet and altogether deserted. They could hear themselves think in there, he said, and led the way to a marble bench alongside the staircase.

Rose unpinned her veil and, to his surprise, because of course she was going in a minute, put it into her ulster pocket. But, curiously enough, the sight of her face only intensified an impression that had been strong upon him during the last part of their walk—the impression that she was a long way off. It wasn't the familiar contemplative brown study, either. There was an active, eager excitement about it that made it more beautiful than he had ever seen it before. But it was as if she were looking at something he couldn't see—listening to words he couldn't hear.

"Well," he said a little impatiently, "are you going to do it?"

And at that the glow of her was turned fairly upon him. "Yes," she said, "I'm going to do it. I suppose I mustn't thank you," she went on, "because you say it isn't anything you're doing for me. But it is—a great thing for me—greater—than I could tell you. And I won't fail. You needn't be afraid."

Inexplicably to him (the problem wouldn't have troubled Jimmy Randolph) the very completeness with which she made this acknowledgment, the very warmth of the hand-clasp with which she bound the bargain, vaguely disappointed him—left him feeling a little flat and empty over his victory.

He counted out a hundred and twenty dollars, which he handed over to her. She folded it and put it away in her wrist-bag. The glow of her hadn't faded, but once more it was turned on something—or some one—else. It wasn't until he rose a little abruptly from the marble bench that she roused herself with a shake of the head, arose too, and once more faced him.

"You're right about our having to hurry," she said. "Don't you suppose that some of the department stores on the west side of State Street would still be open—on account of Christmas, you know?"

"I don't know," he said. "Very likely. But look here!"—he pulled out his watch. "It's after seven already. And rehearsal's at eight-thirty. You've got to get some dinner, you know."

"Dinner doesn't take long at the place where I go," she reminded him. "But if I can get one or two things now—I don't mean the materials—why, I can get a start to-night after the rehearsal's over."

"I don't like it," he said glumly. "Oh, I know it's a rush job and you'll have to work at it at all sorts of hours. If only you . . . If I could just ease up a bit on your rehearsals. Only, you see, the sextette would be lost without you. Look here! There's nothing life or death about this, you know. You don't want to forget that you've got a limit, and crowd the late at night and early in the morning business too hard. Think where we'd be if you turned up missing on the opening night!"

"I sha'n't do that," she said absently, almost, and not in his direction. Then, with another little shake, bringing herself back to him with a visible effort: "If you only knew what a wonderful thing it's going

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to be, to have something for late at night and early in the morning. . . . "

Before he could find the first of the words he wanted, she had given him that curt farewell nod which from the first had stirred and warmed him, and turned away toward the door.

And she had never seen what was fairly shining in his face; any more than she had heard the thing that rang so eagerly in his voice, through the naive disguise of an impersonal, director-like concern that she shouldn't impair her health so far as to spoil her for the sextette!

The First Step Toward Home

SHE couldn't, of course, have missed a thing as plain as that but for a complete preoccupation of thought and feeling that would have left her oblivious to almost anything that could happen to her. Galbraith himself had detected this preoccupation, but he would have been staggered had he known its intensity. He had likened it, in his own thoughts, to an effect that might have been caused by the presence with her of another person whom he could neither see nor hear. And that, had he believed it seriously, would have been an almost uncannily correct guess.

The flaming vortex of thoughts, hopes, desires which enveloped her, was so intense as almost to evoke a sense of the physical presence of the subject of them—of that big, powerful-minded, clean-souled husband of hers, who loved her so rapturously, and who had driven her away from him because that rapture was the only thing he would share with her.

She had been living, since that day of his departure for New York, when she had felt the last of his strong embraces, a life that fell into two hemispheres as distinct from each other as night from day. One-half of it had been lighted and made tolerable by the exactions of her new job.

But when evening rehearsal was over and she came back to her room and had to undress and put out her light and relax her mind for sleep, letting the terrors that came to tear at her do their unopposed worst, then the girl who sang and danced and was so nearly happy snatching John Galbraith's intentions half formed, and executing them in the thrill of satisfaction over work well done, became an utterly unreal, incredible person—the mere figment of a dream that couldn't—couldn't possibly—recur again even as a dream.

The only self in her that had any actual existence was Rodney Aldrich's wife and the mother of his children, lying here in a mean bed, or looking with feverish eyes out of a window in a north Clark Street rooming-house, in a torment of thwarted desire for him that was by no means wholly mental or psychical.

And what was he doing now in her absence? Was he in torment, too; shaken by gusts of uncontrollable longing for her; fighting off nightmare imaginings of disasters that might be befalling her? Or was he happy, drinking down in great, thirsty drafts the nectar of liberty which her incursion into his life had deprived him of? She didn't know which of these alternatives was the more intolerable to her.

And the twins! Were they the fine lusty little cherubs she had parted from that day, smiling up with growing recognition into other faces—Mrs. Ruston's and the maid Doris's? Or might there have been, since the last information relayed by Portia, a sudden illness? Might it be that there was going on now, in that house not a thousand yards away, another life-and-death struggle like the one which had made an end of all her hopes for the efficacy of her miracle?

The only treatment for hobgoblins like that was plain endurance.

So far, the queerly incredible quality of the lighted half of her life—the half that John Galbraith's will galvanized into motion, prevented any afterglow from illuminating and making tolerable the dark half. No achievement of her days—not even teaching the sextette to talk, had the power to give her, in her nights, a sense of progress, or to lessen the necessity for that sheer dumb endurance which was the only weapon she had.

But when she heard herself telling John Galbraith that she could design those costumes for him, and in a flame of suddenly kindled excitement resolved to make that unexpected promise good, a light of realization began to break upon her. The wonderful—almost incredible—truth kept coming up brighter and clearer as she

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walked silently along beside him down the avenue.

The real beginning of the pilgrimage that was to carry her back into her husband's life, wasn't a thing that had to be waited for. It could begin now! No, the truth was better than that; it had begun already! Because if John Galbraith had come to her house a month ago, when she was casting about so desperately for a way of earning a living, and had offered her the chance just as he had offered it to-night, she'd have declined it. She wouldn't have known what he wanted. She'd rightly have said that the thing was utterly beyond her powers. To-night she knew what he wanted and she was utterly confident of her ability to give it to him.

And the one word that blaze of confidence spelled for her in letters of flame, was her husband's name. This chance that had been offered her was a ladder that would enable her to climb part of the way back to him. Her accomplishment of this first breathlessly exciting task would be a thing, when it was achieved, that she could recount to him—well, as man to man. Her success, if she succeeded—the alternative was something she wouldn't contemplate—would compel the same sort of respect from him that he accorded to a diagnosis of Jimmy Randolph's, or an article of Barry Lake's, or a brief of his own.

Since she had left his house and begun this new life of hers, she had, as best she could, been fighting him out of her thoughts altogether. She had shrunk from anything that carried association of him with it. That all thoughts and memories of him must necessarily be painful, she had taken for granted.

But with this sudden lighting up of hope, which took place within her when she made John Galbraith that astonishing offer and he accepted it, she flung the closed door wide and called her husband back into her thoughts—greeted the image of him passionately, in an almost palpable embrace. This hard thing that she was going to do—this thing that meant sleepless nights, and feverishly active days—was an expression simply of her love for him—a sacrificial offering to be laid before the shrine of him in her heart. And she understood somehow, even then, that everything she might undertake in the future, no matter how wildly high her career might carry her in the eyes of the world, granting all the mad successes one dreams about—every one of them would still be a sacrifice to be laid upon that same altar.

Well, it was no wonder then that to John Galbraith she had seemed preoccupied and far away, nor that amid the surging thoughts and memories of her lover, coming in like a returning tide, she should have been deaf to a meaning in the director's tones that any one of the stupid little flutterers in the chorus would instantly have understood.

Yet, the fact that Rose's heart was racing and her nerves were tingling a newly welcomed sense of her lover's spiritual presence, did not prevent her flying along west on Randolph Street and south again on the west side of State, with a very clearly visualized purpose.

As she came abreast of the first of the big department stores which line the west of this thoroughfare, she saw that her surmise had been correct. It was open. Throngs of weary shoppers were crowding out, and a very respectable stream of them were forcing their way in.

Rose joined them; and half an hour later, from the same doorway, hailed a passing cab and deposited within it, with the door-porter's help, one dressmaking form, a huge bundle of paper cambric—in black, white, and washed-out blue, and her own weary but still excited and exultant self.

It was after eight o'clock when she reached her room. Rehearsal was at eight-thirty and she had had nothing to eat since noon. But she stole the time, nevertheless, to tear the wrappings off her "form" and gaze on its respectable nakedness for two or three minutes with a contemplative eye.

Then, reluctantly—it was the first time she had left that room with reluctance—she turned out the light and hurried off to the little lunch-room that lay in the way to the dance hall.

She never again knew anything quite like the ensuing seventy hours. Every stimulus was, of course, abnormally heightened. There was the novelty, the thrilling sense of adventure which missed being fear only through an inexplicable confidence of success. And then, anyway, her imagination was a virgin field that had never been cropped, and the luxurious fertility of it was amazing.

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It was during that first rehearsal, which she so narrowly missed being late for, that she got the general schemes for both sets of costumes. That there must be a general scheme she had decided at once. The sextette was a unit; none of the members of it ever appeared without the others, and it would be immensely more effective, she perceived, if this fact were expressed somehow in the costumes. Not by means of a stupid uniformity, of course. The effect she wanted was more subtle than that. If each one of the six costumes in which these girls first appeared could be made somehow to express the same thing in a different way —not only in different, though harmonious, colors, but in different, though related, forms, the effect produced by the six of them together would be immensely greater than the sum of their individual effects.

This, of course, wasn't what Rose said to herself. She just wanted a scheme, and with ridiculous ease she got it. She didn't even get it. There it was staring at her. And the other scheme for the evening frocks was knocking at the door, too, eager to get in the moment she could give it a chance. She began studying the girls for their individual peculiarities of style. Each one of the costumes she made was going to be for a particular girl.

At last when a shout from Galbraith aroused her to the fact that she had missed an entrance cue altogether, in her entranced absorption in these visions of hers, and had caused that unpardonable thing, a stage wait, she resolutely clamped down the lid upon her imagination and, until they were dismissed, devoted herself to the rehearsal.

But the pressure kept mounting higher and higher, and she found herself furiously impatient to get away, back to her own private wonderland, the squalid little room down the street, that had three bolts of cambric in it and a dressmaker's manikin —the raw materials for her magic!

Rose couldn't draw a bit. Her mother's fine contempt for ladylike accomplishments had even intervened in the high-school days, to prevent her taking a free-hand course required in the curriculum, during which you spent weeks making a charcoal study of a bust of Demosthenes.

But this lack never even occurred to Rose as a handicap. She hadn't the faintest impulse to make a beginning by putting a picture down on paper and making a dress of it afterward. She went straight on at her materials, or the equivalent of her materials, as a sculptor at his clay. She couldn't have told just why she had bought those three shades of paper cambric. But what she had felt, of course, at the very first outset, was the need of something to indicate, roughly, the darks and lights in her design. And, short of the wild extravagance of slashing into the fabrics themselves and making her mistakes at their expense, she could think of nothing better than the scheme she chose.

Rehearsal was dismissed a little early that night, and she was back in her room by eleven. Arrived there, she took off her outer clothes, sat down cross-legged on the floor, and went to work.

When at last, with a little sigh, and a tremulously smiling acknowledgment of fatigue, she got up and looked at her watch, it was four o'clock in the morning. She'd had one of those experiences of which every artist can remember a few in his life, when it is impossible for anything to go wrong; when the vision miraculously betters itself in the execution; when the only difficulty is that which the hands have in the purely mechanical operation of keeping up.

And all through those five hours, fast as her mind flew, utterly absorbed as it seemed to be, she never once lost the consciousness of the almost palpable presence of Rodney Aldrich there in the room with her. Once she laughed outright at the memory of a girl who had tried to win her husband's friendship by studying law. Fancy Rodney trying to study costumes! But he would understand what it meant to conceive them and the sort of work it took, once they were conceived, to project them as something objective to herself—something that had to challenge expert opinion. He'd understand the thrill, too, of seeing them come up for judgment—the triumph of getting them accepted and paid for.

And, in the confidence born of that understanding, he'd be able to offer, for her to understand, the fundamentals of his own work. Not the dry husks of technical considerations; but the live thing itself—the thing that spelled challenge and work and victory for him—that thing, since at last she'd grown to deserve it, he'd give her. Freely, fully—just because he couldn't help giving it.

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Tired as she was, she could hardly bear to stop work. The half-finished thing on the manikin lured her on from one moment to another. It was really insane not to stop. She must get up at seven-thirty, three hours or so from now, in order to get to the shops ahead of the crowds and begin the selection of her fabrics. At last, with a single movement of resolution, she turned out the gas and undressed in the dark, amid a litter of pins and paper cambric.

And now, for the first time in this squalid, mean little room, the dark had balm in it, became a fragrant miracle, obliterating the harsh actualities of her immediate yesterdays and to-morrows, winging her spirit for a breathless flight straight to the end she sought—to the time when the long pilgrimage before her should be accomplished.

What a wonderful thing Rodney's cool, firm friendship would be! Worth anything, anything in the world it might cost to win it. But . . . But . . . She drew in a long, unsteady breath and pressed her cooling hands down upon her face. What a thing his love would be, when it should come, free of its tasks and obligations, no longer in the treadmill, making her world go round, but given its wings again.

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"THAT'S ALL," HE SAID IN SUDDEN DISMISSAL. "REHEARSAL AT EIGHT-THIRTY."

The First Night

THERE is a kaleidoscopic character about the events of the ten days or so preceding the opening performance of most musical comedies which would make a sober chronicle of them seem fantastically incredible. This law of Nature made no exception in the case of "The Girl Upstairs." There were rehearsals which ran so smoothly and swiftly that they'd have done for performances; there were others so abominably bad that the bare idea of presenting the mess resulting from six weeks' toil, before the people who had paid money to see it, was a nightmare.

Of all the persons directly, or even remotely, affected by this nerve-shattering confusion, Rose was perhaps the least perturbed. The only thing that really mattered to her was the successful execution of those twelve costumes. The phantasmagoria at North End Hall was a regrettable, but necessary, interruption of her more important activities.

She wakened automatically at half-past seven and was down-town by half-past eight, to do whatever shopping the work of

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the day on the costumes made necessary.

At nine-thirty—an unheard-of hour in the theater—the watchman at the Globe let her in at the stage-door, and Rose had half an hour, before the arrival of the wardrobe mistress and her assistant, for looking over the work done since she had left for rehearsal the day before.

She liked this quiet, cavernous old barn of a place down under the Globe stage; liked it when she had it to herself before the two sewing-women came, and later, when, with a couple of sheets spread out on the floor, she cut and basted according to her cambric patterns, keeping ahead of the flying needles of the other two. After her own little room, the mere spaciousness of it seemed almost noble.

As the work went on, her confidence in the success of this initiatory venture became less ecstatic and more reasonable. A few of the costumes were finished and, seen on live models (a couple of girls in the chorus of the Globe had volunteered to try on), were, if Rose knew anything at all about clothes, without doubt or qualification, good.

In keeping with the good luck which had attended everything that happened in connection with this first venture of hers, she was able to tell Galbraith. Finally both sets of costumes were done and ready for inspection, this on the very day he announced that the next rehearsal would be held at ten to-morrow at the Globe.

It just chanced that, up to the morning of Rose's little triumph, no one beyond Galbraith and Rose suspected the identity with Dane of the chorus, of the costumer who was to submit, on approval, gowns for the sextette. The fact, of course, was bound to come out on the day the company moved over for rehearsals to the Globe, and the event was very happily dramatized for Rose by her ability to let the costumes appear first and her authorship of them only after their success was beyond dispute.

She persuaded the girls to wait until all six were dressed in the afternoon frocks and until she herself had had a chance to give each of them a final inspection and to make a few last touches and readjustments. Then they all trooped out on the stage and stood in a row, turned about, walked here and there, in obedience to Galbraith's instructions shouted from the back of the theatre.

It was dark out there and disconcertingly silent. The glow of two cigars indicated the presence of Goldsmith and Block in the middle of a little knot of other spectators.

The only response Rose got—the only index to the effect her labors had produced was the tone of Galbraith's voice. It rang on her ear a little sharper, louder, and with more of a staccato bruskness than the directions he was giving called for. He was excited, therefore. But was it by the completeness of her success or the calamitousness of her failure?

"All right," he shouted. "Go and put on the others."

There was another silence after they had filed out on the stage again, clad this time in the evening gowns—a hollow, heart-constricting silence, almost literally sickening. But it lasted only a moment. Then,

"Will you come down here, Miss Dane?" called Galbraith.

There was a slight, momentary, but perfectly palpable shock accompanying these words—a shock felt by everybody within the sound of his voice. Because the director had not said, "Dane, come down here;" he had said: "Will you come down here, Miss Dane?" And the thing amounted, so rigid is the etiquette of musical comedy, to an accolade. The people on the stage and in the wings didn't know what she had done, nor in what character she was about to appear, but they did know she was, from now on, something besides a chorus-girl.

Rose obediently crossed the runway and walked up the aisle to where Galbraith stood, with Goldsmith and Block, waiting for her. She was still feeling a little numb and empty.

Galbraith, as she came, held out a hand to her. "I congratulate you, Miss Dane," he said. "They're admirable. With all the money in the world, I wouldn't ask for anything handsomer."

The rest of it didn't matter to Rose—the more guarded but nevertheless cordial approval of the two owners, who had yet to make sure on the figures; and the details of settlement, which left her more than a hundred dollars' profit, even after she had deducted the hundred she owed Rodney. The point—the point—settled by Galbraith's praise—was that she had succeeded.

It was, on the whole, a good bargain on both sides. But Goldsmith and Block came back next day and drove another

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bargain, principally to their own advantage.

"You've certainly got a good eye for costumes, Miss Dane," Goldsmith said, "and here's a proposition we'd like to make. A lot of these other things we've got for the regular chorus don't look as good as they might. You'll be able to see changes to make in them that'll improve them maybe fifty per cent. Well, you take it on, and we'll begin paying you your regular salary now; you understand, twenty-five dollars a week, beginning to-day."

Rose accepted this proposition with a warm flush of gratitude. But, from the moment her little salary began, she found herself retained, body and soul, exactly as Galbraith himself was. They'd bought all her ideas, all her energy, all her time, except a few scant hours for sleep and a few snatched minutes for meals.

She gave her employers, up to the time when the piece opened at the Globe, at a conservative calculation, about five times their money's worth. Even if she hadn't been in the company, she'd have found something like two days' work in every twenty-four hours, just in the wardrobe room. There wasn't a single costume outside Rose's own twelve that didn't have to be remodeled more or less.

On top of all that, the really terrible grind of rehearsals began: property rehearsals, curiously disconcerting at first, where instead of indicating the business with empty hands, you actually lighted the cigarette, picked up the paper-knife, pulled the locket out from under your dress and opened it—and, in the process of doing these things, forgot everything else you knew; scenery rehearsals that caused the stage to seem small and cluttered up and actually made some of the evolutions you'd been routined in, impossible. And, last and ghastliest, a dress rehearsal, which began at seven o'clock one night and lasted till four the next morning.

They followed the traditions of the Globe in giving "The Girl Up-stairs" its tryout in Milwaukee—four performances, from a Thursday to a Saturday night, with rehearsals pretty much all the time in between.

About all that this hegira meant to Rose was that she got two solid hours' sleep on the train going up on Thursday afternoon and another two hours on the train coming back on Monday morning. She had domesticated herself automatically in the little hotel across from the theatre, and she had gone right on working just as she did at the Globe. Oddly enough, she didn't differentiate much between rehearsals and the performances.

The piece was rewritten more or less after every performance. The principals, after having for weeks been routined in the reading of their lines and the execution of their business, were given new speeches to say and new things to do at a moment's notice—literally, sometimes, while the performance was going on.

Ghastly things happened, of course. A tricky similarity of cues would betray somebody into a speech three scenes ahead; a cut would have the unforeseen effect of leaving somebody stranded, half-changed, in his dressing-room when his entrance cue came round; an actor would dry up, utterly forget his lines in the middle of a scene he could have repeated in his sleep. The amazing way in which these disasters were retrieved, the way these people who hadn't, so far, impressed Rose very strongly with their collective intelligence, extemporized, righted the capsizing boat, kept the scene going somehow—no matter what happened, gave her a new respect for their claims to a real profession.

If you'd walked through the train that took them back to Chicago Monday morning; had seen them, glum, dispirited, utterly fagged out, unsustained by a single gleam of hope, you'd have said it was impossible that they should give any sort of performance that night—let alone a good one. But by eight o'clock, when the overture was called, you wouldn't have known them for the same people.

There is, to begin with, a certain magic about makeup which lends a color of plausibility to the paradoxical theory that our emotions spring from our facial expressions rather than the other way about. And beyond that was the feeling, on the edge of this first performance, that they were now on their own. The appearance, back on the stage, of John Galbraith in evening dress, just as the call of the first act brought them trooping from their dressing-rooms, intensified this sensation. He was going to be, to-night, simply one of the audience.

Rose herself was completely dominated by the new spirit. Her nerves—slack, frayed,

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numb an hour ago—had sprung miraculously into tune. She not only didn't feel tired: it seemed she never could feel tired again.

It wasn't until along in the third act that the audience became, for her, anything but a colloid mass — something that you squeezed and thumped and worked as you did clay, to get it into a properly plastic condition of receptivity, so that the jokes, the songs, the dances, even the spindling little shafts of romance that you shot out into it, could be felt to dig in and take hold.

But along in the third act, as she came down to the footlights with the rest of the sextette in their "All Alone" number, one face detached itself suddenly from the pasty gray surface of those that spread over the auditorium; became human—individual—and intensely familiar; became the face, unmistakably, of Jimmy Wallace!

It is probable that of all the audience, only two men saw that anything had happened, so brief was the frozen instant while she stood transfixed. One of them was John Galbraith, in the back row, and he let his breath go out again in relief almost in the act of catching it. He guessed well enough what had happened—that she'd recognized one of those friends whose potential horror had made her willing to give up her promotion and her little part; the one she'd spoken of, perhaps, as the "only one that really mattered." But it was all right. She was going on as if nothing had happened.

The other man was Jimmy Wallace himself. He released, too, a little sigh of relief when he saw her off in her stride again after that momentary falter. But he hardly looked at the stage after that; stared absently at his program instead, and presently availed himself of the dramatic critic's license and left the theatre.

From the moment of Rose's first appearance on the stage, he had been tormented by a curiosity as to whether she were indeed Rose, or merely some one unbelievably like her. Because the fantastic impossibility that Rose Aldrich should be a member of the Globe chorus, was reinforced by the fact that her gaze had traveled unconcernedly across his face a dozen times—his seat was in the fourth row, too—without the slightest flicker of recognition. Of course the way she had stood there frozen for a second, when at last she did see him, settled that question.

But this certainty merely left him with a more insoluble perplexity on his hands; two in fact, oh, half a dozen! What was she doing there? Did Rodney know? Well, those questions, and others in their train, could wait. But—what was he going to do about it?

As for Rose herself, incredible as it seems, she had utterly overlooked Jimmy—overlooked the fact that, as a dramatic critic, he'd be certain to be present at the opening performance of "The Girl Up-stairs;" certain to be sitting close to the front, and certain, of course, to recognize her the moment she came on the stage. She hadn't even had him in mind when the fear lest some one of Rodney's friends might, for a lark, drop in at the Globe and recognize her, had led her to tell John Galbraith that she couldn't be in the sextette. Since that question had been settled, she hardly considered the possibility at all. And, during the three weeks before the opening, since she'd embarked on her career as a costumer, she literally hadn't given it a thought.

So the sight of Jimmy Wallace had something the effect that a sudden awakening has upon a somnambulist—bewilderment at first, and after that a sort of panic. Her first thought was that she must get word to him, somehow, before he left the theatre. Unless she could do that, what was to prevent his going straight to Rodney to-night and telling him all about it?

It didn't take her long to make up her mind, though, that he wouldn't do that. Jimmy was never precipitate. He'd give her a chance. She could call him up at his office to-morrow morning.

But as she began formulating her request and phrasing the preface of explanations she'd have to make before she'd be—well, entitled to ask a favor of him, she found herself in a difficulty. She didn't want to enter into a secret with him—with any man, this meant, of course—against Rodney. She couldn't think of any way of stating her reason for wanting her husband kept in the dark that didn't seem to slight him, belittle him, make him faintly ridiculous—like the pussy-cat John Galbraith had snapped his fingers at.

So she came, rather swiftly indeed, to the decision that she wouldn't make any appeal

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SHE SAT DOWN CROSS-LEGGED ON THE FLOOR, AND WENT TO WORK.

to him at all. She'd do nothing that could lead him to think, either that she was ashamed of herself, or that she was afraid Rodney would be ashamed of her. In the absence of any appeal from her, mightn't he perhaps decide that Rodney was in her confidence and so say nothing about it? But even if he did tell Rodney . . .

In her conscious thoughts, she went no farther than that; didn't recognize the hope already beating tumultuously in her veins, that he would tell Rodney—that perhaps even before she got back to her dismal little room, Rodney, pacing his, would know.

It was so irrational a hope—so unexpected and so well disguised—that she mistook it for fear. But fear never made one's heart glow like that.

That's where all her thoughts were when John Galbraith halted her on the way to the dressing-room after the performance was over.

Rose Accepts a New Proposition

HE SAID: "I want a talk with you," and she, thinking he meant then and there, glanced about for a corner where they'd be tolerably secure against the charging rushes of grips, property men, and electricians, all racing against time to get the third act struck and make their escape from the theatre.

"Oh, I don't mean here in this bedlam," he explained with a tinge of impatience. And then his manner changed. "I'd like, for once, a chance to sit down with you where it's—quiet and we don't have to feel in a hurry." He added, a second later, answering a shade of what he took to be doubt or hesitation in her face: "You're frightfully tired, I know. If you'd rather wait till to-morrow . . ."

"Oh, it wasn't that," said Rose. "I was

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just trying to think where a place was where one could be quiet and needn't hurry and where two people could talk."

He smiled. "You can leave that to me," he said. "That is, if you don't mind a restaurant and a little supper."

"Of course I don't mind," she said. "I'd like it very much."

He nodded. "Don't rush your dressing," he suggested, as he moved away. "I've got plenty to do."

Rose didn't spend much time over her dressing, just the same. She took a few minutes to tell Edna Larson how pleased she was over her little triumph. For it had been a triumph. Galbraith had persuaded Goldsmith and Block to buy for Edna the little Empire dress in maize and cornflower; Rose had done her hair, and Edna had been allowed to sing, on the first encore, the refrain to "All Alone," quite by herself. She'd gone up an octave on the end of it to a high A, which in its perfect clarity had sounded about a third higher and had brought down the house. And she stemmed as best she could the torrent of the girl's protestations of gratitude and devotion. But then the thought of what John Galbraith's disgust would be, in spite of his good-natured assurance she needn't hurry, if she really kept him waiting, set her at her task with flying fingers.

She caught sight of him down at the end of the corridor, but she paused a moment, pulled in a long breath, and grinned at herself. In her impatience to get back to her own room where her thoughts could be free to run upon the one theme they welcomed, the poor man was in danger of having a pretty unsatisfactory sort of hour with her. She must brace up and really try to be nice to him.

So through all the preliminaries to the real talk which he'd said he wanted with her, she was consciously as cordial and friendly as she knew how to be.

He asked her if she had any preference as to where they went for supper. The way she acknowledged, with a smile, that she'd rather not go to Rector's, nor to any of the places over on Michigan Avenue, was an admission, in candid confidence, of the existence of another half of her life which she wished to keep unentangled with this.

She showed herself frankly pleased with the taxi he provided, sank back into her place in it with a sigh of clear satisfaction, and was, so far as he could see, completely incurious about the address he gave the chauffeur. The place he picked out was an excellent little chop-house in one of the courts south of Van Buren Street, a place little frequented at night—manned indeed, after dinner, merely by the proprietor, one waiter, and a man cook in the grill, and kept open to avoid the chance of disappointing any of the few epicurean clients who wouldn't eat anywhere else.

But neither the neighborhood nor the loneliness of the place got even so much as a questioning glance from Rose. She left the ordering of the supper to him, and assented with a nod to his including with it a bottle of sparkling Burgundy.

There is nothing quite so disconcerting as to be prepared to overcome a resistance and then to find no resistance there; to be ready with convincing arguments, and then not have them called for. This, very naturally, was the plight of John Galbraith.

Rose wasn't a child even on the day when she came and asked him for a job, and in the six weeks which had intervened since then, she'd been dressing in the same room with chorus girls—hearing the sort of things they talked about in the wings. Indeed, unless he was mistaken, she must have heard them linking her own name with his. His very special interest in her, and the way he'd shown it, promoting her to the sextette, and giving her a chance to design the costumes, was a thing they wouldn't have failed to put their own construction on. She must know, then, what their inferences would be from the fact of his asking her out to supper on the opening night.

What he'd been prepared to urge was that now that his connection with the enterprise had terminated, now that he was no longer a director and the representative of her employers, she should take him on trust simply as a friend. He was prepared to answer protests, to offer compromises—concessions to appearances. He'd expect her to exhibit some shyness of the taxi. According to his unconscious ideal of the situation, she should have looked questioningly at him—hesitated, and then let him assure her that it was all right. She should have gasped a little when the car turned south in the dark little court below Van Buren Street; have shrunk a little at the isolation the emptiness of the restaurant enforced upon them, and declined, with something

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not far short of panic, her share of that bottle of Burgundy. All these flutters and questionings would just have opened the way for his assurances—perfectly honest assurances, too, so far as he knew—of the candor of his feelings and intentions toward her.

But what was one to do—how was one to make a beginning, when she trusted him as a matter of course, without the glimmer of any emotion whatever—about as if he'd been—well, say, her brother-in-law?

He was at a loss for a peg to hang his definite sense of injury upon. He couldn't blame the girl for having trusted him, nor for proving so perfectly adequate to the unconventional situation he'd created. But the moment he had been planning—counting on for days (weeks, if it came to that) with an excitement he couldn't deny, was not exciting for her. If anything, she'd relaxed a little, as if the big moment of her day had passed, or, postponed by this affair of his, were still to come.

Once or twice, when her gaze detached itself from him and rested unfocused on the other side of the room, he saw little changes of expression go over her face that didn't relate to him at all. He simply wasn't in focus, that was the size of it. He had never seen her look lovelier, more completely desirable, than she did right now, dressed as she was in her very simple street clothes, and relaxed by the surrounding quiet and comfort and her own fatigue. And yet, all alone with him as she had so confidingly permitted herself to be, and near enough to reach with the bare stretching of a hand, she'd never been farther away nor seemed more unattainable.

As she came back from one of these momentary excursions, she found him staring at her, and with a faint flush and a smile of contrition, she pulled herself back, as it were, into his presence.

"I know you're tired," he said bruskly. "But I fancied you'd be tireder in the morning, and I have to leave for New York on the fast train. So, you see, it was now or never."

Strangely enough, that got her. She stared at him almost in consternation. "Do you mean you're going away?" she asked. "To-morrow?"

"Of course," he said, rather sharply. "I've nothing more to stay around here for." He added, as she still seemed not to have got it through her head: "My contract with Goldsmith and Block ended to-night, with the opening performance."

"Of course," she said in deprecation of her stupidity. "I didn't think you were going to stay indefinitely—as long as the show ran. And yet I never thought of your going away. It's always seemed that you were the show—or rather, that the show was you; just something that you made go. It doesn't seem possible that it could keep on going with you not there."

The sincerity of that made it a really fine compliment—just the sort of compliment he'd appreciate. But—the old perversity again—the very freedom with which she said it, spoiled it for him.

"I may be missed," he said—it was more of a growl really—"but I sha'n't be regretted. There's always a sort of Hallelujah Chorus set up by the company when they realize I'm gone."

"I shall regret it very much," said Rose.

The words would have set his blood on fire, if she'd just faltered over them. But she didn't. She was hopelessly serene about it.

"You're the person who's made this six weeks bearable, and, in a way, wonderful. I never could thank you enough for the things you've done for me, though I hope I may try to some time."

"I don't want any thanks," he said. And this was completely true. It was something very different from gratitude that he wanted. But he realized how abominably ungracious his words sounded, and hastened to amend them. "What I mean is that you don't owe me any. Anything I've done that's worked out to your advantage, was done because I believed it was to the advantage of the men who hired me—beginning with the afternoon when I first took you on in the chorus."

This didn't satisfy him either. Rose said nothing. But there was a look of perplexity in her eyes—as if she were casting about for some *bêtise* of her own to account for his surliness—that made him recant altogether.

"I don't know why in the world I should have said a thing like that!" he burst out. "It wasn't true. I've wanted to do things for you—wanted to do more than I could, and I want to still. You've done a lot to make this show go as well as it did, in—more ways than you know about. It wasn't for me, personally, that you did it. But all

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the same, I'm grateful. And it's to convince you of that that I asked you to come around here to-night. I want to talk about you. I want to know what you're aiming at. I don't mean to-morrow or next week. You'll stay with this piece, I suppose, as long as the run lasts. But in the end, what's the idea? Do you want to be an actress?"

He had kept on going after that first question of his, because it was obvious the girl wasn't ready to answer. She seemed to be struggling to get the bearings of a perfectly new idea. At length she gave him the clew.

"It's that forty weeks," she said. "The notion of just going on—not changing anything or improving anything; doing the same thing over and over again for forty weeks, or even four, seems perfectly ghastly. And yet I suppose that's what everybody in the company is hoping for—just to keep going round and round like a horse at the end of a pole. What I'd like to do, now that this is finished, is—well, to start another."

His eyes kindled. "That's it," he said. "That's what I've felt about you all along. I suppose it's the reason I felt you never could be an actress. You see the thing the way I do—the whole fun of the game is getting the thing. Once it's got . . ." He snapped his fingers, and with an eager nod she agreed.

He was in focus now, there could be no doubt of that. But it didn't occur to him that it was the director who was in focus, not the man.

"Well then, look here," he said. "I've an idea that I could use you to good advantage as a sort of personal assistant. There'll be a good deal of work just of the sort you did with the sextette, teaching people to talk and move about like the sort of folk they're supposed to represent. That's coming in more and more in musical comedies, the use of the chorus as real people in the story—accounting for their exits and entrances. It would be done more if we could teach chorus people to act human. Well, you can do that better than I, that's the plain truth. And then I think after you've got my idea of a dance number, you could probably rehearse it yourself, take some of that routine off my hands. Under this new contract of mine that I expect to sign in a day or two, I'll simply have to have somebody. And then, of course, there's the costuming. That's a great game, and I think you've a talent for it. There you are! The job will be paid from the first a great deal better than what you've got here. And the costuming end of it, if you succeed, would run to real money. Well, how about it?"

"But," said Rose, a little breathlessly—"but don't I have to stay here with 'The Girl Up-stairs'? I couldn't just leave, could I?"

"Oh, I sha'n't be ready for you just yet, anyway," he said. "I'll write when I am, and by that time you'll be perfectly free to give them your two weeks' notice. They'll be annoyed, of course. But, after all, you've given them more than their money's worth already. Well—will you come if I write?"

"It seems too wonderful to be true," she said. "Yes, I'll come, of course."

He sat there gazing at her in a sort of fascination. Her eyes were starry, her lips a little parted, and she was so still she seemed not even to be breathing. But the eyes weren't looking at him. Another vision filled them. The vision—oh, he was sure of it now!—of that "only one," whoever he was, "that mattered."

He thrust back his chair with an abruptness that startled her out of a reverie, and the action, rough as it was, wasn't violent enough to satisfy the sudden exasperation that seized him. If he could have smashed the carafe or something . . .

"I won't keep you any longer," he said. "I'll have them get a taxi and send you home."

She said she didn't want a taxi. If he'd just walk over with her to a Clark Street car. . . . And she thanked him for everything, including the supper. But all the time, he could see her trying, with a perplexity almost pathetic, to discover what she had done to change his manner again like that.

He was thoroughly contrite about it, and he did his best to recover an appearance of friendly good-will. He didn't demur to her wish to be put on a car, and at the crossing where they waited for it after an almost silent walk, he did manage to shake hands and tell her she'd hear from him soon, in a way that he felt reassured her.

But he kicked his way to the curb after the car had carried her off, and marched to his hotel in a sort of baffled fury. He didn't know exactly what had gone wrong about the evening. He couldn't, in phrases, tell

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himself just what it was he'd wanted. But he did know, with a perfectly abysmal conviction, that he was a fool!

Rodney Sees a Musical Comedy

IT WAS out of the limbo of the unforeseeable that the blind instrument of Fate appeared to tell Rodney about Rose. He was a country lawyer from down-state, who, for a client of his own, had retained Rodney to defend a will which presented complexities utterly beyond his own powers. He'd been in Chicago three or four days, spending an hour or two of every day in Rodney's office in consultation with him, and, for the rest of the time, dangling about, more or less at a loose end. A belated sense of this struck Rodney when, at the end of their last consultation, the country lawyer shook hands with him and announced his departure for home on the five o'clock train.

"I'm sorry I haven't been able to do more," Rodney said—"do anything, really, in the way of showing you a good time. As a matter of fact, I've spent every evening this week here in the office."

"Oh, I haven't lacked for entertainment," the man said. "We hayseeds find the city a pretty lively place. I went to see a show just last night called 'The Girl Up-stairs.' I suppose you've seen it."

"No," said Rodney, "I haven't."

"Well, the title's pretty raw, of course, but the show's all right. Nothing objectionable about it, and it was downright funny. I haven't laughed so hard in a year. If you want a real good time, you go to see it."

The last part of this conversation took place in the outer office. Rodney saw the man off with a final hand-shake, closed the door after him, and strolled irresolutely back toward Miss Beach's desk.

It was true, he'd been taking it on rather recklessly during the past two months. But they'd been pretty sterile, those long, solitary evening hours. He'd worked fitfully, grinding away by brute strength for a while, and then, in a frenzy of impatience, thrusting the legal rubbish out of the way and letting the enigma of his great failure usurp his mind and his memories.

It had occurred to him to wonder, as he stood listening to his client's enthusiastic description of "The Girl Up-stairs," whether it would be possible, in any surroundings, for him, for an hour or two, to laugh and be jolly—and forget. It might be an experiment worth trying!

"Telephone over to the University Club," he said suddenly to Miss Beach, "and see if you can get me a seat for 'The Girl Up-stairs.' "

The office boy was out on an errand and in his absence the switchboard was in Miss Beach's care. "'The—The Girl Up-stairs'?" she repeated.

"That's what he said, isn't it?"

"Yes," she assented. "That's—the name of it."

There was nothing urgent about his order, of course, and it was natural enough that she would go on with her typing to the end of a sentence, or even of a paragraph. But she went steadily on beyond that. Finally Rodney, who had been standing about abstractedly, looked around at her.

"Go ahead and telephone," he said. "I want to find out if I can get a seat."

She arose obediently and moved over to the switchboard, then began fumbling with the directory.

"Good Lord!" said Rodney. "You know the number of the University Club!"

He was looking at her now with undisguised curiosity. She was acting, for a perfectly infallible machine like Miss Beach, almost queer. But she acted queerer the next moment. She laid down the directory, clasped her hands tight, and pressed her lips together. Then, without looking around at him, she said:

"You don't want to go to see that show, Mr. Aldrich. It—it isn't good at all."

Rodney was more nearly amused than he had been in a month.

"You've been to see it?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, and managed to go on a little more naturally: "Mr. Craig took me. We had a bet on what the Supreme Court's decision would be in the Roderick case—the theatre tickets against two pounds of home-made fudge, and I won. And—that's where we went."

By now he was grinning at her outright. "Is it vulgar?" he asked.

Her color had mounted again. "Yes," she said.

The notion of having his dramatic entertainment censored by a frail, prim little

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thing like Miss Beach tickled his burly sense of humor. "It would be a horrible thing if I should go to see anything vulgar, wouldn't it?" he observed. "I think I'll take a chance. Go ahead and telephone."

At that she rose and, for the first time, faced him. To his amazement, he saw that she was in a perfect panic of embarrassment and fright. But, for some grotesque reason, she was determined, too. She was blushing up to the hair, and her lips were trembling.

"Mr. Aldrich," she said, "you won't like that show. If—if you go, you'll be sorry."

While he was still staring at her, young Craig came bursting blithely out of his office. "Oh, Miss Beach!" he said, and then stopped short, seeing that something had happened.

Rodney tried an experiment. "Craig," he said, "Miss Beach doesn't want me to see 'The Girl Up-stairs.' She says I won't like it. Do you agree with her?"

A flare of red came into the boy's face, and his jaw dropped. Then, as well as he could, he pulled himself together. "Yes, sir," he said, swung around, and marched back into his own cubbyhole.

"You needn't telephone, Miss Beach," said Rodney curtly. And, without another word, he put on his hat and overcoat and left the office.

He was furiously impatient with the good intentions of his friends. He had been aware of a sort of unnatural gentleness about them ever since Christmas; but either it had intensified during the past ten days, or else he had suddenly got more sensitive to it. The latter, most likely. And yet Violet Williamson's manner the last Sunday evening he had spent at her house had stopped just short of a hushed voice and tiptoes.

But this paroxysm of tact that had just broken out in his office was really too much. Of course they'd been talking him over, those two. It must have been amply obvious to them for a good while that there was something more than met the eye about that long visit of his wife's to California. And it was nice and human of them, of course, to feel sorry for him. But that they should decide, because "The Girl Up-stairs" contained some rather coarsely derisive song, perhaps, about men whose wives run away from them, that he should on no account be permitted to see the show, was ridiculous. He walked straight over to the club and told the man at the cigar counter to get him a ticket for to-night's performance of "The Girl Up-stairs."

It was then after five, and he decided not to go back to the office before dinner. In fact, he might as well dine down here. So he went up to the lounge, armed himself with an evening paper against casual acquaintances, ordered a drink, and dropped into a big leather chair.

But all his carefully contrived environment hadn't the power, it seemed, to shift the current of his thoughts. They went on dwelling on the behavior of Miss Beach and young Craig, which really got queerer the more one thought about it. . . . He flung down his paper and went into the adjoining room—a room full of tables of various sizes, and thronged, at this hour, with members getting up an appetite for dinner by the shortest route. The large round table nearest the door was pre-empted by a group of men he knew, and he came up with the intention of dropping into the one vacant chair. But just before the first of them caught a glimpse of him, his ear picked up the phrase, "'The Girl Up-stairs.'" And then a lawyer named Gaylord looked up and recognized him. "Hello, Aldrich," he said, and Rodney would have sworn that the flash of silence that followed had a galvanic quality that wasn't given it merely by his own imagination. The others began greeting him, urging him to sit down and have a drink. But he said he was looking for somebody and walked away down the room and out the further door.

He knew now that he was afraid. Yet the thing he was afraid of refused to come out into the open where he could see it and know what it was. He still believed that he didn't know what it was when he walked past the framed photographs in the lobby of the theatre without looking at them and stopped at the box-office to exchange his seat, well down in front, for one near the back of the theatre.

But when the sextette made their first entrance upon the stage, he knew that he had known for a good many hours.

The next instalment of ***"The Real Adventure"*** *will appear in the December number.*

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"AH, SEÑOR, YOU SHALL NOT GO OUT THERE."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA

MANUELITA *of the* BEES

by HUGH LOFTING

FROM the doorway of his little hut, he looked down into the broadening valley below, where a level sea of bright green sugar-cane, surrounded on all sides by palm-studded hills, lay shimmering under the vertical sun.

No living thing seemed to have any inclination to move in that temperature.

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Near him on the slope, a few draft-oxen, recently released from the yoke, chewed drowsily in the grateful shadow of a mahogany tree; and a little way farther down, the motionless body of a negro lay sleeping on the shaded steps of the closed bodega.

One species of animal life there was, however, that appeared to Taylor to revel in the fierce heat: the bees. The air was thick with them. In millions, they flew back and forth between the tiny clustering blossoms on the "royal" palms and the honey ranch, hidden in the orange-orchard some half a mile to the west of his hut. They hustled and hurried while the air was still, for when the afternoon breeze from the Caribbean—that twinkled on the two horizons—should sweep the island with its welcome regularity, there would be no more honey garnered till the morrow. Those tiny living craft could not battle back against that seeming gale to the little white warehouses of the harbor-town amid the orange-trees.

"Manuelita!" he murmured softly, a dreamy smile lighting up his rugged face in an odd, unexpected kind of way. "She is magnificent—Manuelita of the Bees!"

A little sagging road joined his camp to the honey-farm, and from there continued on, swinging to the right, down the hillside into the valley, to join the government highway from Jovellanos to Limonar. The narrow branch-road had been made many years ago by Manuel Tolosa's forefathers, when they first set up their fifty hives under the Spanish régime. Those fifty hives had now become three hundred, owned and managed by old Tolosa and his daughter Manuelita. Every month four large barrels of honey were rolled down this track on to the main road below, where an ox-wagon took them to the railway.

Latterly Manuel's road had been used by the Englishman, James Taylor, when he acquired his mining concession that abutted on to the old man's lonely little farm. Here the prospector had installed a camp, some light machinery, and ten Spaniards. The employment of these hard-working Spaniards in preference to the shiftless local labor had caused a good deal of grumbling in the sparsely populated neighborhood.

However, it had not taken Taylor more than a month of investigation to discover that his copper concession was entirely worthless from a commercial point of view, and he had determined to abandon it. But in the meantime he had met Manuelita. That is why, in spite of insistent local rumors of a brewing revolution, he stayed on.

He was not above average height, handsome—for an Englishman—wiry, fair, and, in a curious, contradictory way, both cynical and cheerful. It was a very singular thing that this much-traveled, blasé man of the world should meet in the remotest part of this country, whose people he despised, the only woman that ever made a deep and lasting impression on him—who could alter the course of his energetic, moving life to keep him here at this derelict mine in this hot, dead valley—a dreaming, worshiping slave.

He called for Francisco, and his huge, shaggy-haired servant came out from a siesta behind the hut, rubbing his eyes.

"Any more news of the insurrectos, Francisco?"

"Nothing further, señor, except that the gatherings by night continue over at Cuernevaca—organized principally by that half-caste, Gonzales Ramon. There will certainly be trouble before long. I would not feel uneasy had not the señor aroused so much discontent by refusing to employ the natives—for which no man of sense could blame him. It would be better, if you do not intend to go further with the mining, that we retire closer to the protection of the foreign consuls. These storms, señor, burst suddenly."

"No; we are not going just yet, Francisco. Soon, perhaps; but not yet. In any case, I have already written down to the headquarters of the Guardia Rural, telling them of our suspicions, and asking that a detachment be appointed to reinforce this district. But keep your eyes open, and if you hear anything further, let me know at once. I am now going down to visit Manuel Tolosa. Stay on the place till I come back. Did you get my saddle mended?"

"Yes, señor. But if I might make a suggestion, would it not be safer if the señor went on foot? I am afraid of those bees. My senseless mule strayed into their enclosure yesterday and angered them. I had to pursue him three miles before I caught him, and he is still unmanageable. I learn that last year they killed a horse that was tethered in their compound; it had kicked over one of the hives."

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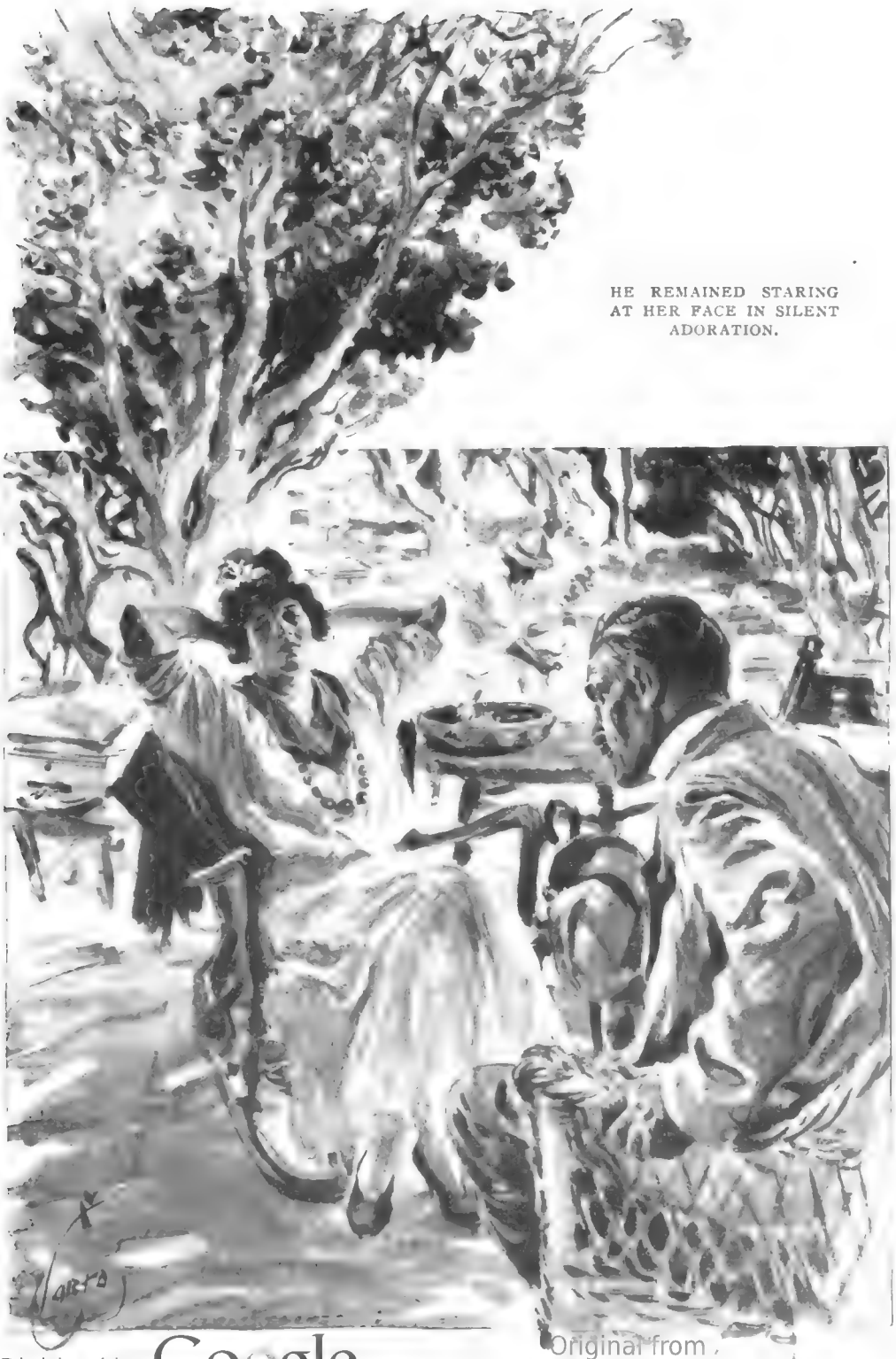

HE REMAINED STARING AT HER FACE IN SILENT ADORATION.

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Taylor agreed with the wisdom of his servant's suggestion and retired within the hut. With the perspiration streaming down his brow he struggled into a starched collar and his only tie. Despite the fact that he never under any circumstances wore stiff linen in the bush, this procedure did not strike him as at all ridiculous when he looked into the mirror and carefully brushed the hair back from off his damp, red face. But there were many of his acquaintance in the clubs of Piccadilly and Pall Mall who would have laughed at the picture as a preposterous absurdity. "The case-hardened Taylor!" Moreover, it did not even occur to him as strange that he was going, in trembling anxiety, to ask this woman, whom he had known but a few weeks, to be his partner for life—this girl whom those same sophisticated ones would have labeled as a mere savage.

It all seemed to have been arranged for him by some indomitable hand. It just had to be. Everything else was, or must be made, subservient. Her inviolate, optimistic freshness, her cheerful, vigorous enthusiasm, her infinite and undeveloped possibilities—the very contemplation of which was like setting one's foot upon a new planet—had taken an inevitable hold upon his senses, his mind, and his heart.

Besides, was she not the most graceful, the most beautiful creature God had ever made? How, then, could this collar be ridiculous? To think of it at all—that was the ridiculous thing. He dusted his shoes and sallied out into the glare.

II

As he made his way down the road, the demons of Doubt began to assail him. What if she should say No? The earth seemed to darken at the thought. She had not given him any encouragement, it was true. Yet surely she must see that he was genuinely, madly in love with her! Had he better postpone the proposal? Perhaps he was being too precipitate. Well, he would decide upon that when they were together.

Close to Manuel's encircling fence, the all-pervading drone of the bees—which on some days could be heard at a distance of three-quarters of a mile—grew and swelled into a loud, booming din, like the steady, high-keyed hum of some tremendous dynamo. Bees here seemed to possess the earth. Over the center of the small, leafy enclosure they hung as a column of black smoke. By watching this carefully, Taylor could just make out the individual bodies of the insects, as they shot up and down, circled, swirled and eddied in all imaginable kinds of flight—crossing and interpenetrating one another's paths so densely and swiftly that he wondered how they ever managed to avoid collisions.

"Wonderful traffic regulations!" he murmured, opening the gate. "But how do human beings live in here?" In spite of his many visits to the tiny farm, it always gave Taylor a queer sensation—a kind of feverish pricking of the skin—to come within the little fence. Bees settled on the lapel of his coat and crawled toward his neck; bees alighted on his hands and rubbed their wings with their hind legs; bees darted up from nowhere, hovered at his eyelids and disappeared—presumably into his hair.

Old Manuel had long since schooled him into the only safety that lies in absolute passivity; but it was a great tribute to the depth of his affection that the Englishman came here at all. He admitted that he was genuinely afraid of them.

The orange-orchard through which he wound his way by a narrow foot-path was quite dense, and formed an almost impenetrable ring round the low buildings of the farm. These were two: the living-house and the machinery-barn—both the very flimsiest of wooden structures with thatched roofs. From the veranda of the latter—carefully screened, like all the windows, with wire-netting to keep out the bees—there was a fine view of the valley below to the west. In front of the buildings a multitude of hives stood in even rows upon long, wide planks supported by trestles.

Between this compact city of beedom and the front of the living-house there was a clear, shaded space where three rocking-chairs stood round a small garden-table. Here, with her back to him, sat Manuelita singing to herself. The noise of the bees prevented him from hearing the words of the song till the last line: "*Y tus miradas me hacen morir!*," "And your glance kills me!"

He wondered of whom she was thinking. From where he stood he could only see the back of her graceful head, on which the luxuriant black hair was piled high, caught by a large wooden comb. In this a white

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bunch of jasmine was held, freshly gathered from the creepers on the house whose subtle fragrance hung upon the tranquil air.

"Señorita!"

Effortlessly, with a swift, graceful movement, she was suddenly standing facing him, her hand upon the chair-back.

"*Buenas tardes, señor!*"

Old Tolosa's grandfather had come of a noble Asturian line; and despite her tall, slim figure this girl's face was undeniably of Spanish type. Yet individually not one of the features seemed to belong to that nationality: the complexion was too light; the eyes and lashes were not black enough; the mouth, though kind, was not spoilt or coarse. In the expression there was no mystery or sadness, but a healthy, eager interest—honest, unaffected, loyal—that lent to her whole well-bred personality a very individual charm.

"I am glad you have come," she said simply. "Will you sit down? I have been dreaming about Paris and New York and all those wonderful places of which you told me. Are you going to tell me some more about them?"

Already he was beginning to feel nervous. He did not want to sit down: he feared that once he was deep in either of those rocking-chairs he would never be able to summon up the courage to ask the fatal question.

She seemed so terribly unprepared for it, too. That calm, unassuming composure of hers was dreadfully disarming. If she would only give him some kind of opening! And yet, no—he did not want her to do that. He sank limply into a chair, almost determined to postpone it altogether for today.

"Now, please, go on from where you left off," she said, sitting down opposite to him; "from the twelve avenues of Paris, spreading like a star, with the great Arch of Triumph in the center."

"Will you not tell me first," he pleaded haltingly, "of whom you were thinking when you sang the last words of that song just now?"

For a moment she was silent.

"I would rather not tell you," she said at length in a frank, confiding kind of way. Then apparently dismissing the idea on the instant: "Now continue about Paris. You have no idea how I like to hear of those fine places, those great men, those fortunate women. All my days I have spent in these two valleys. I see no one but the few country folk that come through this way. The books that I have read are three—all of them lent me by old Padre Miguel. Sometimes I wonder what I was put into this world for. To take care of my father and help with the honey? Poor father! He is getting old. And soon I shall be old like him. Won't you go on? I sit back and close my eyes while you talk, and then I can imagine I am there, in those great towns, living their life."

She leaned her head on the chair-back, and the long lashes dropped over her large, dark-brown eyes. She sighed comfortably, waiting for him to begin.

But the opportunity to admire her beauty without appearing to be rude was too much for him; and he remained staring at the lovely face in silent, contented adoration. To come a little nearer to his idol he stealthily moved forward in the chair, breathless, like one who watches a sleeping child.

When she finally opened her eyes she found him strangely embarrassed: "Won't you—please?" she asked. "You like telling me about those foreign lands, don't you?"

"Yes," he answered awkwardly; "so long as you can endure my terrible Castilian. I like it—very much. I have had more pleasure in telling you of these places than I ever had through living in them; because you are—well—what you are. Do not be so anxious to change yourself, señorita—I think you are very nice—like this."

"Do you? It makes me happy to hear you say that, for you must have seen many different kinds of women. But you are not thinking of my existence here. Sometimes—These bees, I have often thought that even they lead a better, bigger life than mine: they travel long distances—for them; they discover new countries, new flowers and new scenes; they have their adventures, their battles with the wind, their escapes from the bee-hawks. There is color to their busy, changing lives. And I— But I have grumbled enough."

Taylor thought he saw a tear in the corner of her eye as she halted. He longed to spring forward, to kneel beside her chair and tell her that life had nothing better to offer him than the task of making her own better, broader and brighter; that for him there was no more welcome fate than to spend his days giving her everything she could desire, in devising new ways and

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means of bringing that charmed light of happy wonderment to her enthralling eyes —to enjoy life's best all over again through watching her enjoyment.

But he was silent; these thoughts merely passed before his mind like the written form of some aspiring, imperfect prayer. She seemed to regard him so dispassionately. He was afraid.

The girl saw that he was about to say something, and with the same expression of candid, unaffected interest she waited, watching him. While he, poor man, with all his soul and happiness trembling in one sentence on his lips, suddenly blushed scarlet.

HORSES AND MEN SCATTERED MADLY DOWN THE SLOPE.

"It's very hot to-day, isn't it?" he said miserably.

"Yes. But soon it will be better; see, here comes the wind from the west."

He looked down into the valley that seemed all at once to have waked up. The negro on the steps of the bodega stretched his arms above his head, rose and slouched away; the cattle were moving off in search of pasture; the dense, dark-green orange-trees swayed and opened, giving glimpses of the red and yellow fruit that blushed within their jealous foliage. And as the cool breeze finally struck Taylor's face, he felt as if all creation were being touched into joyous life by some magic wand.

All but the bees; that dominant, even hum had suddenly ceased, replaced by the softer, rustling whisper of the palm-fronds; and the column of black smoke over the hives had disappeared. Swept away like thistle-down, the indefatigable workers were at last compelled to leave their labors, and to seek a scrambling refuge where they could.

Taylor drew in long breaths of the cool, refreshing air as he got up from his seat.

"Isn't it wonderful?" he exclaimed in a grateful admiration. "It's like— What is it like?— It is like the soothing hand of God."

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IN THE HAIL OF BULLETS HE OVERTURNED THE HIVES.

Manuelita glanced at him. Even to her inexperienced mind there was something strange in the reverent enthusiasm that burst from his worldly-wise heart.

"It is this that makes life possible here," she said, looking down into the green, moving amphitheatre. "Every day it comes like this, at the same hour—to fan the tired earth. I often watch it. It is a nice comparison of yours: *'la mano de Dios.'* "

III

That night the monster of Jealousy allied himself with the demons of Doubt for poor Taylor's benefit. Of whom had she been thinking when she sang that song? Why had she refused to tell him? Of course there must be some one else, whose more sympathetic, native methods accounted for her coldness to him. But then life in its present aspect did not seem wholly to satisfy her. He was baffled. Clutching at every straw of hope, he was yet bound to admit that she probably didn't care for him at all—in the way he wanted her to. Surely, if she did, she would have been betrayed into some sign—some insignificant thing that would have given him a clue. Yes: his chances were dreadfully poor. And yet— Well, tomorrow he would settle it finally one way or the other.

So the next day, full of artificial courage and real humility, he marched down and opened the little gate. As he came up to the machinery barn he spied old Manuel behind the wire-netting of the veranda. He was struggling with one of his antiquated separators—as usual, out of order.

"Ah, Señor Tylorr: *como está?*"

Taylor entered and stayed to chat awhile, helping with the readjustment of the machine.

Manuel was very fond and proud of his bees, and often in his talks with him, the Englishman had been struck by the almost human way in which the kindly little man regarded them.

But this afternoon the current of the conversation was early turned upon the threatened revolution. And Taylor soon became aware that his host was endeavoring to convey to him that his presence in the neighborhood was responsible for the local danger. Manuel Tolosa, to whom the generous code of Castilian hospitality was not second in importance to the Ten Commandments, was very much perturbed over his unpleasant

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task. He diffidently pointed out that with Taylor's person removed to the capital, there would most likely be no revolutionary activities at all in this valley. He, Manuel, had no sympathy with such cheap agitators as Gonzales Ramon, but he knew what these ephemeral insurrections could mean. They developed secretly; they flared out suddenly. The caballero would understand this churlish incivility: it was a father thinking of his daughter.

Taylor listened to it all with growing dismay. This aspect of affairs had not as yet occurred to him—that his presence here might be a source of real danger to Manuelita or her aged parent. He stared out through the wire-netting into the sunlit yard and thought a moment. And even while he pondered on his awkward predicament, his decision was made easy. For into his range of vision, across the little open space between the hives and the buildings, Manuelita walked—a young man's arm about her waist. The youth was handsome in the native way and was talking in an undertone to his smiling companion. As they halted not more than six paces from the house, Manuelita kissed him good-by. He started off down the path, out of the compound.

Taylor remained quite still, staring after the retreating figure under the large, conical straw hat. He felt neither jealous nor deceived. He seemed to be awaking from some dream—one of those perplexing illusions where not only the world appears strange and unfamiliar, but our own way of looking at life is different. Wretchedly he felt his old, blasé self reentering upon his consciousness, his old cynical way of regarding women and the world once more taking hold of his discontented heart.

He turned to the man at his side.

"Don Manuel, it grieves me more than I can say to think that my presence here could ever have been a menace to the safety of yourself or your daughter. I and my men will leave for the capital to-morrow morning. Your hospitality will always be cherished as the most pleasant memory I carry away."

Manuelita was standing at the open door of the veranda. He raised his hat, bowed and strode past her down the path.

That afternoon he went for a long, meandering walk over the stony hills before he dared go back to his hut. He wanted to shake off that dream entirely. He felt that there was some cruel sprite hidden under every leaf and stone, waiting for a chance to laugh at him—"The case-hardened Taylor!" It was better to laugh at himself than to be laughed at. He wrenched off the collar. Yes, that was funny—that limp, ridiculous, pathetic concession to fashion in the wilderness! He stopped, held it up and broke into a long, harsh laugh. But in the middle of it he seemed to choke, his arm fell, the miserable bit of linen dropped from his fingers, and he stumbled on, with a hard, hopeless look in his face.

IV

Half an hour had elapsed before he made his way wearily back toward the camp. Within two hundred yards of the hut he saw Francisco running toward him, holding his master's revolver in his hand.

"Señor! The insurrectos—with Ramon! Make for the woods behind the old mill. There are over fifty of them—all mounted. They have taken the camp. The Gallegos were warned and have got away. Ramon is searching for you. Carramba, they have seen us already, the dogs!"

Taylor snatched the gun from his outstretched hand and the two broke into a run down the road, while shouts and rifle-shots broke out behind them and the bullets began to sing around their heads.

As they dashed by Manuel's gate, making for the main road down in the valley, Taylor stepped upon a large, round stone, dislocated his ankle, and came down in the dust with a curse.

"Get on, Francisco! I'll manage—Confound you—who is the master here? Do as I tell you. Get on!"

But Francisco had both the physique and the loyalty of a Visigoth. He picked up the smaller Englishman, threw him across his shoulder like a sack of flour, and made for Manuel's gate.

"Not in there! Not in there—damn you! Anywhere but there!"

Still the Galician paid no heed. He kicked open the gate and carried his master—struggling like a refractory schoolboy—up the path through the orange-trees, while the bullets, thicker than ever, spat and hissed among the leaves around him. He kicked upon the door of the living-house.

"Open here!—Manuel—Open in the

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name of the Mother of Mercy!—unless you would see murder done upon your threshold!"

The door flew open, revealing the frightened face of Manuelita. Francisco stumbled in, and carried his burden to a couch across the room, while the girl slammed the door behind them.

Then from the ambush of the dense belt of trees around the buildings, a perfect fusillade began, the bullets ripping through the flimsy walls and roofs as though they were paper. The whole house was being riddled. Taylor limped up onto his feet, and before Francisco could stop him, he was across the room again with his hand upon the door-latch. His servant was about to spring on him, but Taylor spun around and covered him with the gun. The Galician saw a dangerous light in his master's eye, and did not advance.

"You stay where you are, Francisco. It's me that they want. Every soul in this shack will be shot in another ten minutes if I don't draw off the fire. I've been looking for a fight myself the last half-hour; now, by God, I'm going to give them a run for their money! Look after the señorita."

As his finger lifted the latch, there was a cry—a cry of fear from a darkened corner of the room. Heedless of the threatening revolver, Manuelita flung herself upon him, pressed him back against the closing door, and stopped his gasping protest with a kiss.

"Ah, señor, you will not go out there—you shall not! You are doing this for me. Well, I do not wish for safety at such a price. I would sooner face the danger here, with you; for your life is dear to me—dearer than my own. Stay for me—if you will not for yourself. And listen: we may all escape. Pedro, my brother, came here last night; and this afternoon my father sent him in to Limonar for the Guardia Rural. If we can hold out for a few hours, they will be here. You will stay? Tell me—for the love of Heaven, tell me you will stay!"

Taylor did not hear the vicious snapping of the rifle-fire, he did not feel the throbbing pain of his ankle, as he stared down, entranced, into those pleading dark-brown eyes so close to his own. He did not even make a move of any kind when Francisco stole up behind the girl and snatched the hanging gun from his unguarded grasp. Slowly a whimsical smile crept into his face, giving him a different, boyish look—as though he were being transformed by the sweet nearness of her fresh and healthy youth.

Old Manuel, bursting in from the next room, broke the spell for both of them. For the first time Manuelita realized the strangeness of her conduct. She blushed, and running to the sofa, hid her face upon her arms.

"My God, what do you think of me now! No, no, I am not like that—I did not think what I was doing. I only meant to stop you." She turned to her father. "He can barely walk. He was going to throw away his life out there—for us."

The old man turned quickly to the Englishman: "Of course both the caballeros will stay here: they are my guests."

"But, Don Manuel," Taylor broke out, hobbling forward, "this is madness." Francisco crept up to the door and put his back to it. "No one will be able to live in here another hour. I am the one they are after. They have no quarrel with you. What can one revolver do against fifty rifles?"

The fire from the orchard had now become indeed terrific. At almost every report some bottle, cup, glass, or picture on the wall would smash and fall, as though some invisible hand were striking round the room with a stick. Taylor stooped down and laced his boot tighter about the injured ankle.

When he stood up he found Francisco still guarding the door, but Manuel had disappeared. Then as he glanced through the netting he saw him out in the yard—in that hail of bullets—running to the hives. In a moment the old man had overturned the planks on which stood his three hundred swarms of bees and was back again within the house. With tears streaming down his wrinkled face he looked out at the wreck of his farm—at the rolling hives, at the seething litter of black, living balls upon the ground. "My little ones," he sobbed, "they will never forgive me. But what else could I do? He is my guest."

Then as four wagon-loads of bees struggled up into the air outside, the atmosphere around the buildings became a dense fog of furious, hunting insects. The light within the living-house grew dim. The hum rose to a roar—from that to a whirring shriek; and those within the little room had to shout

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to one another to make themselves heard.

"Block up the bullet-holes!" yelled Manuel; and the four of them set frantically to work plugging and stuffing, with cotton, paper, straw—anything that came to their hands, while a curtain of winged furies formed over the mosquito-netting, fighting to get in at them.

Presently the firing from the orchard grew less insistent; then suddenly ceased altogether. And now the noise of the bees that seemed to go up, and up, in a never-ending crescendo, was pierced repeatedly by the terrible sound of a horse's scream.

Soon, through a small, clear space in the netting, the prisoners could see them, horses and men, scattering madly down the slope. Some of the band, their rifles flung away, were chasing their terrified animals—from whose outstretched heads the broken tethers still hung. Others, more fortunate, were already mounted, many entirely covered by the clinging insects—all with a black veil following them like a shadow. One half-demented rider struck and spurred his mount over the most precipitous parts of the road. Despite the brutal punishment, the beast suddenly halted at a level stretch, and without a second's warning lay down and rolled to rid its flanks of that dreadful, clustering pestilence—then up again and away like an arrow, leaving on the road behind it the crushed, motionless form of its rider, over whom the avenging myriads still swarmed and swayed.

Manuelita turned away from the window with a shudder. But Francisco spat out a curse: "Damn the half-castes! That does me good. I hope it's Ramon."

One by one the flying figures disappeared into the distance, till neither horse nor man was visible. But still those black balls in the yard outside were not entirely dissolved; still they smoldered with their living smoke, adding to the burdened air. As Taylor observed their interminable numbers and lasting anger he wondered how anybody was ever going to escape from here.

Old Tolosa and Francisco had gone into the next room to see that no openings existed that could admit the swarms; and when Taylor looked around he found that he was alone with the girl watching at the window beside him.

"See!" she cried. "The Guardia Rural! They are coming up the road from Limonar."

He came close to her and following her gaze saw the nodding heads of the horses and khaki coats of the soldiers in single file.

Suddenly Manuelita grasped him by the arm. "But they have passed the turning. Pedro can not be with them: they do not know the way. They are going by—to Jovellanos!"

"*Oye! — Amigos — aqui estamos!*" she shouted; but the booming drone of the bees drowned her voice—even if it could have carried so far.

"Santa Maria! They do not hear—— And how could they approach us if they did? Ramon will come back with the nightfall. God help us!"

But as she covered her face with her hands, Taylor put his arm gently about her, and whispering in her ear he pointed far out to the distant hills across the valley, where on the skyline the palms had begun to sway and wave. Some bodiless power was sweeping caressingly over the level sea of sugar-cane, that bowed in a long, even line under its benign, mysterious touch.

Manuelita gave a happy little laughing gasp as she looked up into her lover's eyes.

"It is coming!" she breathed in a hushed whisper. "The wind from the west—*la mano de Dios.*"

"Yes," he said, pressing her to his heart. "Every day it comes—for the earth, but to-day it comes for you and me, my Manuelita — to give us liberty, happiness, and life."

As the wind reached the compound and whistled through the orchard, the roar of the bees suddenly dwindled and died in a pitiful way, like some piece of mechanism running down. Their anger seemed to be borne on, away—with the shimmering heat—by the breath of the breeze.

In a moment Francisco was out, through the gate, and racing down the hill after the departing troopers.

When the lovers ventured to the open door they found Manuel already out among the hives. Tearfully he was replacing the fallen domes, and gathering up in his hands the tiny bodies that crept numbly in the sudden chill. As the old man restored them to the shelter of their homes, Taylor heard him murmur apologetically to his "little ones":

"*Carramba, chicos!* What else could I do? He was my guest!"

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UNDER *the* SPREADING *Chestnut Tree*

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

A Baltimore woman has in her employ as butler a darkey of pompous and satisfied mien. Not long ago he permitted a chocolate-colored damsel, long his ardent admirer, to become his spouse.

On one occasion, when the lady of the house made temporary use of the services of her butler's wife, it was observed that whenever the duties of the two brought them together, the bride's eyes would shine with extraordinary devotion.

"Your wife seems wonderfully attached to you, Robert," casually observed the mistress.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Robert complacently. "Ain't it jest sickenin'?"

A recent headline states: "Great Britain washes all its fighting men once every ten days."

And we presume this atrocity is indulged in whether needed or not.

A teacher tells this story as illustrating the curious association of ideas in children's minds.

"I do love Bruce," one of her small pupils exclaimed in ecstasy. "He's so awfully dastardly. There's nothing under heaven that he doesn't dast do."

This is the dryest story ever told:

A Scotchman and an Irishman went into a Harlem saloon the other day to get a drink, and the Irishman had no money.

It was in a country store in Arkansas.

A one-gallus customer drifted in. "Gimme a nickle's worth of asafœtida."

The clerk poured some asafœtida in a paper-bag and pushed it across the counter.

"Charge it," drawled the customer.

"What's your name?" asked the clerk.

"Honeyfunkel."

"Take it," said the clerk. "I wouldn't write asafœtida and Honeyfunkel for five cents."

An elderly Philadelphia lady, a church member, active in good works, but quite conservative, went to San Francisco to visit relatives and see the fair. A few days before Billy Sunday began his revival there, a niece asked her:

"Aunty, you saw Billy Sunday in Philadelphia last winter, didn't you?"

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"Yes."

"He starts here next Sunday," said the girl. "I suppose I ought to go, oughtn't I?"

"Why, yes," said the old lady. "You ought to hear him, certainly—but it don't seem like a nice thing to do on the Sabbath."

Katherine and Margaret found themselves seated next each other at a dinner-party and immediately became confidential.

"Molly told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her," whispered Margaret.

"Oh, isn't she a mean thing!" gasped Katherine. "Why, I told her not to tell you!"

"Well," returned Margaret, "I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—so don't tell her I did."

At the wedding breakfast the bridegroom, an exceedingly bashful young man, was called upon to speak. Blushing to the roots of his hair, he rose, intending to say that he was no speech-maker. But, unfortunately placing his hand on the bride's shoulder, he stammered these opening (and closing) words:

"This—er—this thing has been thrust upon me."

A traveling salesman, newly wed, was "killing two birds with one stone" by taking his bride over his "territory" on a honeymoon trip.

He had boasted of his popularity, particularly at the hotels, to his wife. "My dear," he said at one place, "they not only reserve a room for me, without notice, but, knowing my fondness for honey, they always have a plate of it on my table, even when it is not on the regular bill of fare."

When they entered the dining-room, however, he was much embarrassed to find that for the first time in months, no honey had been placed on his table. Noticing his wife's smile, he turned to a waiter and said: "Look here, boy, where is my honey?"

The waiter looked embarrassed and, leaning over the bridegroom, he whispered, in a tone that could be heard three tables away:

"Why, boss, she don't work here no more; we has all cullud waiters now."

William J. Locke tells of a man of rather meager education who was "standing for Parliament" in an English shire. While giving a speech before those who he hoped would become his constituents, he noticed several persons who evidently belonged to the educated class. Wishing to impress them, he decided to attempt a classical allusion.

"Yes, gentlemen," he shouted, "while I am in office I must be like Cæsar's wife—all things to all men!"

The following is a prayer offered by a Scotch-Canadian dominie:

"O Lord, we approach Thee this mornin' in the attitude o' prayer, an' likewise o' complaint. When we cam' tae the land o' Canaday we expected tae find a lan' flowin' wi' milk an' hinney; but instead we found a lan' peopled wi' the ungodly Irish. O Lord, in Thy great mercy drive them tae the uttermost pairts o' Canaday; mak' them hewers o' wood an' drawers o' water; gie them not emoluments; gie them nae places o' abode; ne'er mak' them magistrates an' rulers amang Thy people.

"But if Ye hae any favors to bestow, or any guid lan' tae gie awa', gie it tae Thy ain, the peculiar people, the Scots. Mak' them members o' Parliament an' magistrates an' rulers amang Thy people; an' as for the Irish, tak' them by the heels and shak' them ower the mouth o' hell, but dinna let them fa' in; an' a' the glory will be Thine. Amen."

Young Wynn was sitting out a dance with a charming young woman.

"Do you approve of these new dances—the tango and fox-trot, for instance?" he asked.

"No, I don't," she replied.

"Why not?"

"Why," she explained, "it's really mere hugging set to music."

"Well," questioned Wynn, "what is there about that you don't like?"

"The music," replied the fair one.

Major George W. Teideman of Savannah, Georgia, tells the following about the old-time Georgia editor who was usually mayor, justice of the peace, real-estate agent, as well.

Upon one occasion one of these editors was busy writing an editorial on the tariff, when a Georgia couple came in to be married. Without looking up, without once slacking his pen, the editor said:

"Time's money; want her?"

"Yes," said the youth.

"Want him?" the editor nodded toward the girl.

"Yes," she replied.

"Man and wife," pronounced the editor, his pen still writing rapidly. "One dollar. Bring a load of wood for it. One-third pine; balance oak."

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KEEP POSTED

A BRISK SUMMARY OF BIG EVENTS AND ISSUES

A WEIRD WAY OF TRYING TO GET A PERMANENT TARIFF COMMISSION

WE extend the right hand of fellowship and of farewell to the hardy political arctic explorers who are off on the cold errand of trying to persuade Congress to enact a Permanent Scientific Tariff Commission. But who is this that we see among these heroes?

Mr. J. J. Hill, of the Great Northern. All right. A business man. Mr. William H. Childs, of the American Coal Products Company. All right. A business man. But Mr. A. P. Grout. Who is he? President of the National Alfalfa Growers' Association. And Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker. Who is she? President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs of the United States. And Mr. Warren S. Stone. Strange! He's Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. An officer now, along with the others, in the "Tariff Commission League."

More than strange. Wrong. Did you ever before see people going hunting for a tariff law in the open like that in company with farmers and clubwomen and labor leaders? The way to get a tariff law is to hold a meeting in a New York club behind a portière and hire a lawyer to go down to Washington on the midnight train and whisper to somebody in an elevator in the New Willard Hotel. That's the real way to do it and to make the country sore as a boil from Portland to Portland.

Who's responsible for this new way? Partly, we guess, the man who is the new League's president. He is the same man who persuaded Congress to pass the recent Smith-Lever bill — the most momentous educational bill ever passed anywhere in the world—a bill under which, within a few years, there will be ten million additional dollars going into the agricultural and domestic-scientific education of farmers and their sons and their wives and their daughters at home, in their own fields and kitchens.

He learned some things then, as President of the National Soil Fertility League. He raised a great deal of his campaign money, to start with, among railway men. Some doubters said to him: "If the farmers find out that it's railway money, you're dead. How're you going to fix it?" "Leave it to me," said this man. "I'll fix it." He did.

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In one of his first bulletins he printed the names of all his railway contributors in good black type on page one.

He is H. H. Gross, of Chicago, a portly, vigorous, home-y, easy-as-an-old-shoe, never-in-a-hurry, always-there man. On behalf of the Smith-Lever bill he constructed a boomerang organization which whirled into every little corner of the whole United States and rebounded with frightful effect upon Washington. He's going to make another one like that for a Tariff Commission.

The kind of Commission he wants is a very real kind. It's not to sit back and never speak till it's spoken to. It's to have the power to approach Congress on its own initiative with facts on any tariff theme—and with recommendations.

You are a consumer of a certain product. There is a duty on it. You think the duty is too high. You tell the Commission. The Commission inquires. It finds that the product in question can be made in this country now really more cheaply than in Europe. It reports that fact to Congress with the recommendation which is appropriate.

Recently, in Congress, in a committee meeting, there was a man who said nothing. He nodded whenever a suggestion was made. Ten cents a pound duty on that? Certainly. A charming man. "Shall we adjourn?" said the chairman. "Just one thing," said the quiet man. "A little chemical. They've been to me about it. Very reasonable. Ought to have—say—nothing much—half a cent a pound." What man, departing from a drug-store with his prescription filled, would notice half a cent a pound? So ordered. But that chemical doesn't sell by the pound for prescriptions. It sells by the ton for heavy manufactures.

The statesmen at Washington, including that good man, our respected and respect-deserving president, may say what they please. We never yet have had a tariff based on full open knowledge.

We have one suggestion of our own.

The Tariff Commission should be especially commanded to go about among the manufacturers, like a beadle among the worshipers in an old New England church, and tap the sleepers on the head. It should report them to Congress and say:

"The United States Government put a duty on such-and-such a product. We gave the makers of it a fair chance to serve the United States with it. But they have shown very little inclination to learn how to make it better and cheaper. They don't improve their machines. They don't improve their management of their men. They are just as backward now as they were when we gave them their duty. They need a scare. We recommend that their duty be lowered."

Congress can't keep track of manufacturers in that way. It can be done only by a body of permanent experts.

BIGGEST BOOM OF OUR TIMES IN POETRY! ACTIVE SPECULATION IN ISSUES OF NEW AMERICANS!

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, poet, of India, begins meditating at three A. M., and meditates lickety-split for two hours without moving his body once. A friend of his told this to W. B. Yeats, poet, of Ireland. Tagore's works have sold in this country to the extent of forty thousand copies. They are particularly popular with New Thoughters. Tagore says:

"I dive down into the depths of the ocean of forms, hoping to gain the perfect pearl of the formless."

You can meditate on that for two hours, and it gets better all the time. Fact. You may not think so. But try it.

Let Charlie Schwab send Bethlehem Steel Common to 390. Edgar Lee Masters has done a trick, for America, more wonderful. His "Spoon River Anthology" came out only last April. It is a miracle—a grim and sometimes ghastly one—performed upon the unsuspecting mute lives of the men and women and children of an Illinois small town. It is now in its seventh edition. You can buy a seventh-edition copy for $1.25. But a first-edition copy? Hurry. "Collectors" are already paying $5.00 for that.

From January one to September one of this year the publishers of the United States

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brought out 293 separate "titles"—that is, works—of poetry and of "shredded prose."

Shredded prose is prose
Twisted in heat to occasional rhythms,
And broken savagely into irregular lengths,
And packed and sold as verse.
  Yet
Our lives and thoughts are prose,
With only occasional bursts of rhythmic
    rapture
And with frequent broken jumps of change.
And so the prose-shredder
Often hits us in more intimate spots
Than the versifier,
It must be admitted.

Most publishers, a few years back, were printing most of their new poetry as a tribute to the Muses rather than to their stockholders. First editions of 250 copies were gratifying to débutant poets. To-day there are publishers who expect their new poetry to yield a genuine profit. And there are débutant poets whose first editions run to 1,500 copies and more.

Some of the newest poets get their vogue from being regular devils. Maxwell Bodenheim assures us:

My mind is a naked child,
Living in the half-crimson garden of my soul.

It is clear that he would go to any length —any.

Others deserve fairly the line with which Joyce Kilmer, a poet of health as well as of charm, has plastered them: "So mildly, delicately vile."

On the other hand, consider "Poems by John B. Tabb."

My soul is as the fainting noon-day star,
  And Thou, the absent night,
Haste, that thy healing shadow from afar
  May touch me into light.

A hundred and fifty or so of short poems, intricately severe in form, tenderly whimsical in thought, pious, to be read by candlelight in a side-chapel in a cathedral! Nevertheless, every year or two, there is a new edition of "Poems by John B. Tabb."

To get good selections from among the shorter offerings of contemporary American poetry, consult the following books:

For the last few years, in general—"The Little Book of American Verse," by Jessie B. Rittenhouse.

For the year 1912, "The Lyric Year," by Mitchell Kennerley.

For the year 1913, "Anthology of Magazine Verse," by William Stanley Braithwaite.

For the year 1914, the succeeding issue of "Anthology of Magazine Verse," again by Mr. Braithwaite.

Finally, to get a view of the best and of the worst that can be done by prose-shredders and imagists and other bareback riders of Pegasus, consult the monthly magazine called "Poetry." It is devoted entirely to poems and to comments on poems. It is at the sixth number of its sixth volume. It is the most notable periodical for poets, in the world. It is published in Chicago.

Whatever else it all may mean, it means this: there are many more Americans than there were ten years ago who are conscious of having souls in the library as well as at church—conscious, one might say, of having *secular* souls. For, in the end, poetry, no matter how secular, is, as Mr. Tabb says,

A silence, shell-like, breathing from afar,
The rapture of the deep—eternity.

UNCLE SAM BECOMES A COMMERCIAL AS WELL AS A SCIENTIFIC ADVISER OF BUSINESS

WE SAW a miserable man who owned 160,000 dozen pair of socks. He had to dye them. And he had only half a barrel of dye. We saw him in the anteroom of the office of Dr. Thomas H. Norton, commercial agent of the Department of Commerce, especially assigned to dyes.

We were already accustomed to the activity of our Government on behalf of business on the scientific, technical side.

From the ranks of Government chemists came Rittman with his process for getting benzol and toluol out of petroleum, a process which already has had a brand-new plant built for it in Pennsylvania by private

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capital, to the enlargement of American industry. Again, from a Government laboratory has now come an improved method of extracting yellow dyestuff from the osage-orange tree which grows thrivingly in our soil, to supplement or replace the similar dyestuff secured from the fustic tree, which grows in South America.

That kind of government help is common now. But Dr. Norton's kind of help is more novel. His work is not merely technical. It is very commercial.

Out of a hundred possible illustrations, this one:

A man invented a new petroleum-method of dye-making. He calls his dyes "petrocine" dyes. Dr. Norton knows about methods, technically. He also knows now about the men and the companies in the dye business and in the businesses surrounding the dye business, commercially. The petrocine man went to Dr. Norton, and Dr. Norton got him into touch with the commercial possibilities of his invention.

In other words, the Government, through Dr. Norton, has been providing the dye business with a kind of center to which inventors and investors and gentlemen with undyed socks can resort in order to be directed to their best opportunity of doing something for themselves and for American industry.

The German dye business has always had such a center. The manufacturers made it for themselves. The German Government permitted it. Our Government will not permit a center which fixes prices. Very well. But a center of some sort, in modern times, is necessary. We predict that Dr. Norton's mission is the mere beginning of a tendency which will at last bring the dye men together for common effort under Government encouragement.

There was another man in Dr. Norton's anteroom. He absolutely proved the necessity for common effort. He was from Switzerland, and he had a proposition to make to the United States.

The Swiss are manufacturers of dyes. But they are not plentifully supplied with the raw materials. They make the finished products. The United States is rich in the raw materials. Why shouldn't the United States send those materials over to Switzerland and then reimport the finished products?

Why shouldn't it? On the other hand, however if we started doing that sort of thing on a large scale, when would we ever get a strong finished-products dye-business of our own?

Such questions ought not to be settled entirely by individuals. They should be settled, in part at least, by the whole group of Americans concerned, pulling together toward whatever policy is best for the United States.

The British Government, last spring, announced itself ready to advance as much as $8,000,000, on certain terms, for the upbuilding of the dye business in the British Empire.

Dr. Norton's work is but the prelude to a grand sweet song of common effort which the business men and the Government officials of the United States must sing all together, or else take a very minor part in the international trade choir.

DANCING MOVES ON TOWARD VIRTUE—"CREATIVE FREEDOM"—AND EURYTHMICS

"OH, COME on. Be a eurythmist. I was afraid I'd scare you to death. Meant to keep that till later. But come on. Only four things to learn this year. Give you my word. Four will be enough.

"One-step. Fox-trot. Waltz—revived and mixed up with other things, so that it's better. And tango—simplified. It isn't like memorizing the whole of the Prussian drill-book any more. Easy.

"That won't work. I know you're virtuous. But those passionate dances are dead. You can see daylight between every couple on the floor. It's open-order work now. No more massed charges down the floor. That went, long ago. Dancing has become almost religious. Fact. They're teaching that Chalif stuff in Young Women's Christian Associations now.

"Will it? Not a bit. Instead of killing it,

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this new virtue is spreading it. There are more nice people than the other kind. Did you know that there are 20,000 dancing teachers in the United States now? Two thousand in New York City alone? And Chalif busy as Belasco standardizing the principal steps for the American Congress of Dancing Societies.

"You don't understand standardizing at all. He doesn't try to standardize everything you do all the way through and make the whole United States cross its right foot over its left at 9:33 P. M. He just standardizes a few standard *steps*. And then you take those steps and you combine them, if you want to, into airy, fairy lovely creations of your own. Yes, sir. That's what they call 'Creative Freedom.' It's the thing. 'Creative Freedom' is the noise this year.

"I tell you the Americans are becoming an esthetic people. Music-records by the billion. Poetry in sloshes. And everybody invents a new dance for himself every evening, to express his own beautiful personality. Come on. Four simple steps—and a bunch of Creative Freedom—and you're made.

"Yes, I know, she scares me, too. When I sit at my table in the restaurant and see her go out with her partner on the dancing-floor and dance there as composed as an Egyptian mummy, with a face as excited as the Sphinx and her clothes hanging on her as sleek as wax and her harem-veil never even fluttering, and she dances the Castle Syncopated Walk or the Tao-Tao or the Rouli-Rouli for fifteen minutes, and positively seems never even to wiggle an eyelash in the midst of her fearful exertions, and sits down without a single drop of damp on her chilly marble brow, and I put a new furrow in my forehead and wilt a new collar every time I hesitate——

"But you don't have to do the Rouli-Rouli. Stick to 'Creative Freedom' and make a dance of your own that you tell your partner is better.

"And then you'll want to go on and on and on till you come to eurythmics.

"Well, eurythmics is like this. Vernon Castle and Mrs. used to make you think of cabarets and nothing else a few years ago. Yes. Well, now in their school they've got a real imported Eurythmicist from the Eurythmicistical headquarters in Europe. Hellerav's the town. In Germany. Well, it's like this.

"You know, all nature is rhythmic. Solar systems. Orbits. Revolutions. Apogees and perigees. All that kind of thing. Swaying, you know, and pulsing and so on. Spring, summer, autumn, winter. The perpetual reverberations and sequences of the universe. Harmony, infusing and inspiring the multitudinous march of the atoms. Well, you do it with your feet.

"My dear chap, you can be as high-brow now with your feet as with your hair. Come on!"

RUMLESS ROADS— WETTEST STATES— AND DEADLY FIGURES "29 OF 36"

YOU can now start out on the Atlantic Coast and walk westward to the Pacific without ever getting into a "wet" town. Any gentleman of the road who wishes to follow this route can get it from the Anti-Saloon League, 30 Bliss Building, Washington, D. C.

The wettest states in the Union——

By wettest states we mean those in which at least ninety per cent. of the population is still living in wet territory——

The wettest states are: Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Nevada, Montana.

When the Canadian province of Alberta went dry on a referendum this year, it did it by a vote of almost 2 to 1; and there was a dry majority in every one of the larger cities, including Calgary and Edmonton.

Angola has gone dry. It is one-sixth as large as the United States. It is inhabited by Bundus, who cultivate the roots of the manioc, out of which comes tapioca. The Portuguese, who own Angola, which is still in Southwest Africa, where it used to be when you studied geography, are responsible, according to the Anti-Saloon League, for giving the Bundus this water-cure.

In the United States, if Congress should pass a nation-wide prohibition amendment

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to the Constitution, how would it fare when it went to the state legislatures?

With South Carolina, there are now 19 states which are state-wide dry. Also there are ten states in which at least half of the voters live in dry territory. These ten states are: New Hampshire, Vermont, Indiana, Minnesota, Nebraska, South Dakota, Kentucky, Florida, Louisiana, Texas.

It is surely likely that the legislatures of all these states would vote "yes" on the amendment. That makes 29 "yes"s. Thirty-six are needed; because the Constitution demands that three-quarters of the states shall vote "yes," and there are 48 states, and three-quarters of 48 is 36. Twenty-nine out of 36 already!

CAN COLORADO BE REALLY NEUTRAL?

THERE is one very unusual feature to be observed in the Rockefeller plan for "unionizing" the employees of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. In case of disagreement between the representatives of the employees on the one side and the representatives of the officers of the company on the other, an appeal may be taken to the Industrial Commission of the State of Colorado.

This Industrial Commission is, in a way, an imitation of the famous Industrial Commission of Wisconsin. It has charge, in general, of the administration of laws regarding labor. It consolidates the labor problem.

To such a body, purely public, young Mr. Rockefeller now engages to present all unsolved difficulties between himself and his employees for final settlement. The problem will be: Can the Industrial Commission of Colorado be neutral or will it, like the militia, become an organ of one side of the controversy?

The new "union" in the camps of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company is to have no association with unions in other camps. It will elect representatives to sit with an equal number of representatives of the "management" in various committees. These committees will deal with hours and wages and all other conditions. The employees will be weak in one respect: they live in towns and in homes which are owned by the Company, so that if they show independence they can be—in the future as in the past—not only discharged but driven out of the community. On the other hand, they will be strong in having an appeal to the Industrial Commission.

For this special reason the supreme industrial task of Colorado is to keep that Industrial Commission neutral.

THE TRENCH-BY-TRENCH METHOD OF INVENTING

MODERN inventing has come to be very much like modern trench-warfare. There is no "decision" till masses of persons have won hundreds of strategic points by hundreds of efforts widely separated in place and time.

It was a grand charge that the American Telephone and Telegraph Company made the other day when it talked, wirelessly, from Washington to the Hawaiian Islands. But it was a mass-charge, by the whole engineering department, and it had been preceded by months of heavy bombardment and by years of hand-grenades delivered by a multitude of gallant soldiers in this country and in Europe till the enemy's trenches had been completely shattered.

In 1912 Major Squiers of our army was doing heroic work in "tuning" the sending and receiving instruments to "resonance." In Italy Moretti and Vanni were talking 250 miles. In France Bethenod was increasing the length of the "wave" which projects the sound through the atmosphere.

Last year in America the Union Pacific communicated with moving trains from a distance of a hundred miles. In France the Colin-Jeance experimenters were trying an atmosphere of hydrogen and of acetylene to surround the electric arcs of their sending apparatus. In Italy Marconi talked from Rome to Clifden, in Ireland—a distance of 1750 miles.

Along came the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, with an engineering department headed by Mr. J. J. Carty, and talked 4,600 miles. But there is no prospect of the abandonment of the use of wires for regular telephone purposes, except perhaps between great trunk-stations. There are many more trenches to be taken before wireless telephoning is really an every-day matter for millions of people.

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TO MAKE A NEW OLD MEXICO BY MAKING A MIDDLE CLASS

IN MEXICO, at the last count, there were 4,206,111 goats and only 616,219 pigs. It will be clear to any Illinois farmer that no great civilization can be reared on that basis.

We commend to Mr. Wilson, for Mexico, a policy of Frank Finance to replace his policy of Constitutional Law.

The constitution of Mexico provides that the president shall be elected by the people. The Carranzistas, who now control five-sixths of Mexico, are laboriously teaching the A-B-C of local self-government to masses of penniless "peons," who, hearing that Huerta was as bad as Nero, want to know if Nero has yet been captured and shot. Self-government, genuine, democratic, on a national scale, is afar off. Why?

Because Mexico has no middle class. That, Mr. Wilson, is the real problem for you.

No nation composed of a few thousand rich feudal gentlemen on the one hand, and of millions of dependents of theirs on the other, has ever been able to hold an election that was anything but sheer total corruption and coercion. No nation has ever been able to hold a real election till it had produced a middle class, propertied, independent, numerous.

The Carranzistas now see—and say—that Mexico must get, above everything else, a middle class. How can we help? Why not by Frank Finance?

Let us compute the cost of invading and of conquering Mexico, and then let us not invade and conquer it. Let us put that money aside, as it were and so to speak, into a Mexican Investment Fund.

In the meantime let us hasten to recognize somebody in Mexico as Top Dog. Let us cut off all war-munitions from his rivals. Let us allow him or some friend of his to get nudged into the presidential chair by the prominent citizens of Mexico. Let us not worry too much about the Mexican constitution. Then let us proceed to the use of our Mexican Investment Fund.

The revolutionists in Mexico propose to create an agricultural middle class in Mexico, even as the British Government is creating such a class in Ireland. They propose to buy land from the large landlords and distribute it among the workers, the tenants, the peons. Money. Money.

Let us take part of our Mexican Investment Fund and finance that operation. Let us have an agreement between the government at Mexico City and the government at Washington. Let us extend a loan to Mexico, of private capital, perhaps, but certainly under public guarantees, for agricultural land-purchases. And let us take the rest of our Mexican Investment Fund and spend it, again under public guarantees, with international cooperation, on teaching farming, vastly, to the new small Mexican landholders.

As for an *industrial* middle class in Mexico, the first thing that Washington needs to do is to get over thinking that foreign capital is the great enemy south of the Rio Grande. The great enemy there was a special-privilege Mexican government.

There was a company in Mexico that dealt in a certain thing. There was an important duty on that thing. The charter of the company said that if anything happened to its plant it would not have to pay the duty. Of course, something did happen to its plant at once. Whereupon it paid no duty, and got all the business. Much of its stock was held by relatives of members of the Diaz government.

Mexico revolted against that sort of business. The Carranzistas are trying to make all companies pay taxes, and pay them equally. But they are not denouncing foreign capital. They want it. They invite it. They send couriers for it. They know that without it the creation of a middle class in Mexico would be postponed for generations.

To be helpful, Washington must think in terms of dollars. If Mr. Wilson does not like the phrase Dollar Diplomacy, we hand him herewith the phrase Frank Finance. Of course we don't want to rule politically in Mexico City. But, when the time comes,

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if we want to do our best for Mexico and for ourselves, we will sign a real commercial treaty with the government at Mexico City for getting American capital copiously into Mexico, in large sums and in small sums, on an equal-taxes no-special-privileges honorable plan, to the end that a large business element may be added to the Mexican population.

So shall we reach Mr. Wilson's own political aim. A Mexican middle class, industrial and agricultural, once established, will give Mexico an independent electorate and a government ultimately constitutional and stable.

"DUAL NATIONALITY" RAISES A ROOSEVELT RUCTION. WHAT IS IT? HOW CAN IT GET FIXED?

"EVERY person born of a Frenchman," even if brought to birth and to adult years in the United States under the glare of the torch of the Statue of Liberty, "is a Frenchman." So speaks Article Seven of Section One of the French Civil Code. Therefore that person, if a male and if of military age, might be requested, if he visited France, to throw hand-grenades at Germans. Which makes Mr. Roosevelt mad and also makes him shake the United States, demanding that the State Department at Washington shall be mad, too.

But how can the State Department get seriously and sincerely mad when, in this matter of "dual nationality," we, in our laws, do precisely what the French do in theirs?

If an American goes to Paris and if there a bouncing boy or girl is born to bless his home, do we surrender that offspring of American loins to a merely French fate? On the contrary, we rise in our might and our majesty and our Section 1993 of our Revised Statutes and cry: "The che-ild is mine!" "All children born out of the limits of the United States, whose fathers were at the time of their birth citizens thereof, are citizens of the United States."

Rather cooling, what?

That for aliens and their children. But what about aliens who cease to be aliens, and become naturalized? We maintain—always have done so and always must—that a man may change his nationality and get scot-free of the claims of his former sovereign. We admit that an American may become an Italian. We claim that an Italian may become an American.

Yet the Italian government has issued a "Notice to American Citizens formerly Subjects of Italy" in which it announces:

"Naturalization of an Italian subject without the consent of the Italian government is no bar to liability for military service," in case that subject returns to Italy.

This is really and truly maddening. EVERYBODY'S, however, is a very peaceful magazine. We believe in a great and good Navy and a good Army; but we do not believe in showing our teeth, when we've got them, to every nation in the world on every topic of difference.

Imagine ourselves in Italy's place. Imagine that our citizens were leaving our happy clime in hordes and going to a foreign strand and staying there a few years and then returning to us, again in hordes, and claiming the right to settle back down and live among us ever thereafter totally exempt from the recognized duties of American citizenship! Imagine that America might some day have several million native-born Americans who, because of a brief sojourn in Italy, were in a position to claim that they owed no allegiance to the American flag!

We wouldn't like it. Neither does Italy.

These things are things for calm diplomacy. Perhaps we might agree with France that the child of an alien, when he comes of age, should choose his own nationality—that choice to be binding on both governments. Perhaps we might agree with Italy that ex-Italians, returning to Italy, should be exempt from military service in case they have lived in the United States a certain increased length of time. Something like that.

The State Department ought to get busy. Mr. Roosevelt ought to demobilize. But, though his roar was several times bigger than the rat it was aimed at, we have to admit that he was the man who found and proved popularly that there was a rat.

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